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FOR MEN

AUGUST 2000

MASTER SEX MOVES
THE COMPLETE GUIDE

BUSH WHACKING!
Maxim Takes the White House! p. 82

EAT MY CLEATS!
The World's Bloodiest Sports Rivalries p. 64

WORLD WAR III
It's Coming Soon. Here's Why p. 94

THE BE-AOOOOO-TIFUL GIRLS OF COYOTE UGLY

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COYOTE UGLY'S BAR BELLES
Left to right: Izabella Miko, Tyra Banks, Bridget Moynahan, Maria Bello

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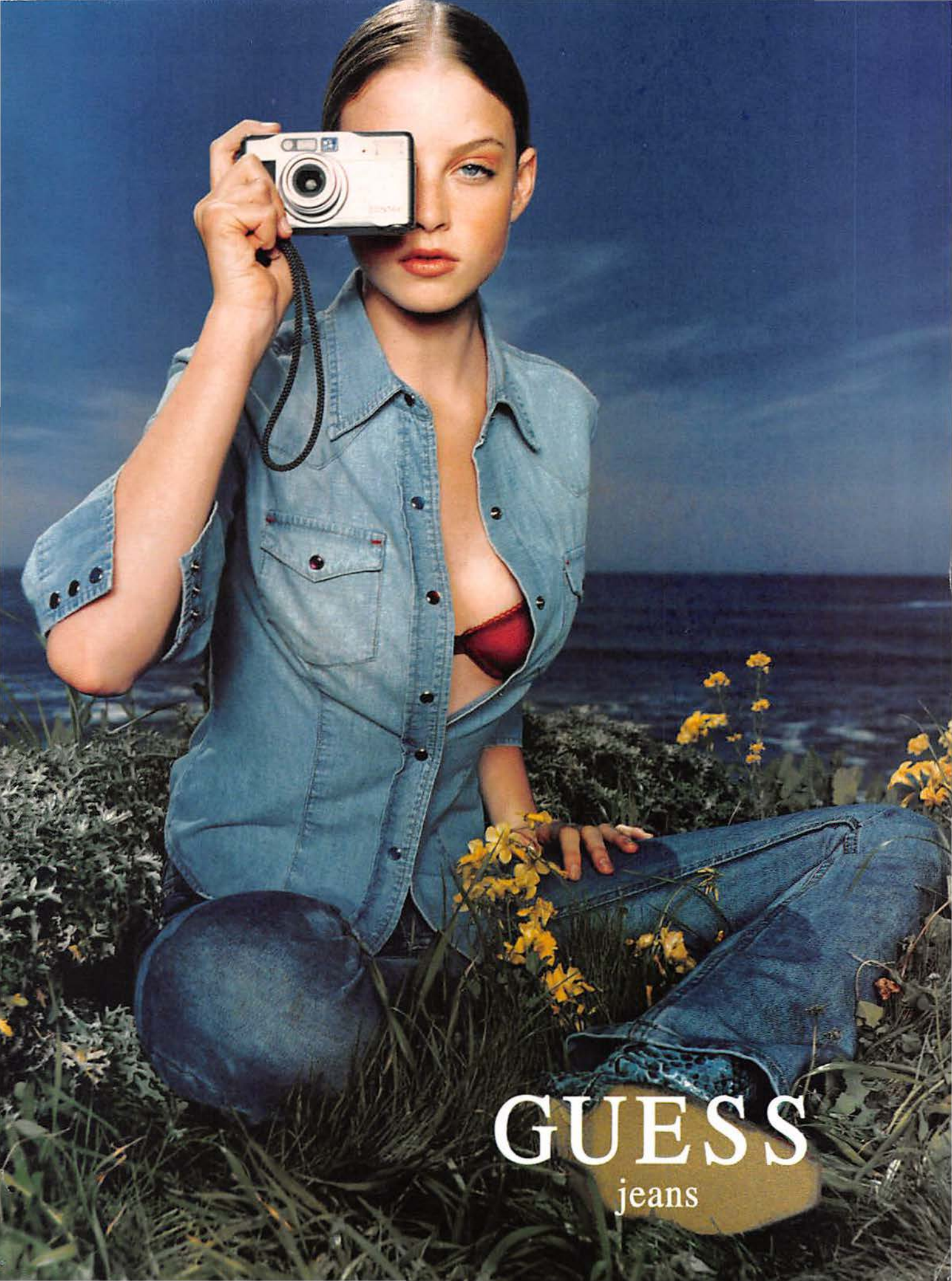
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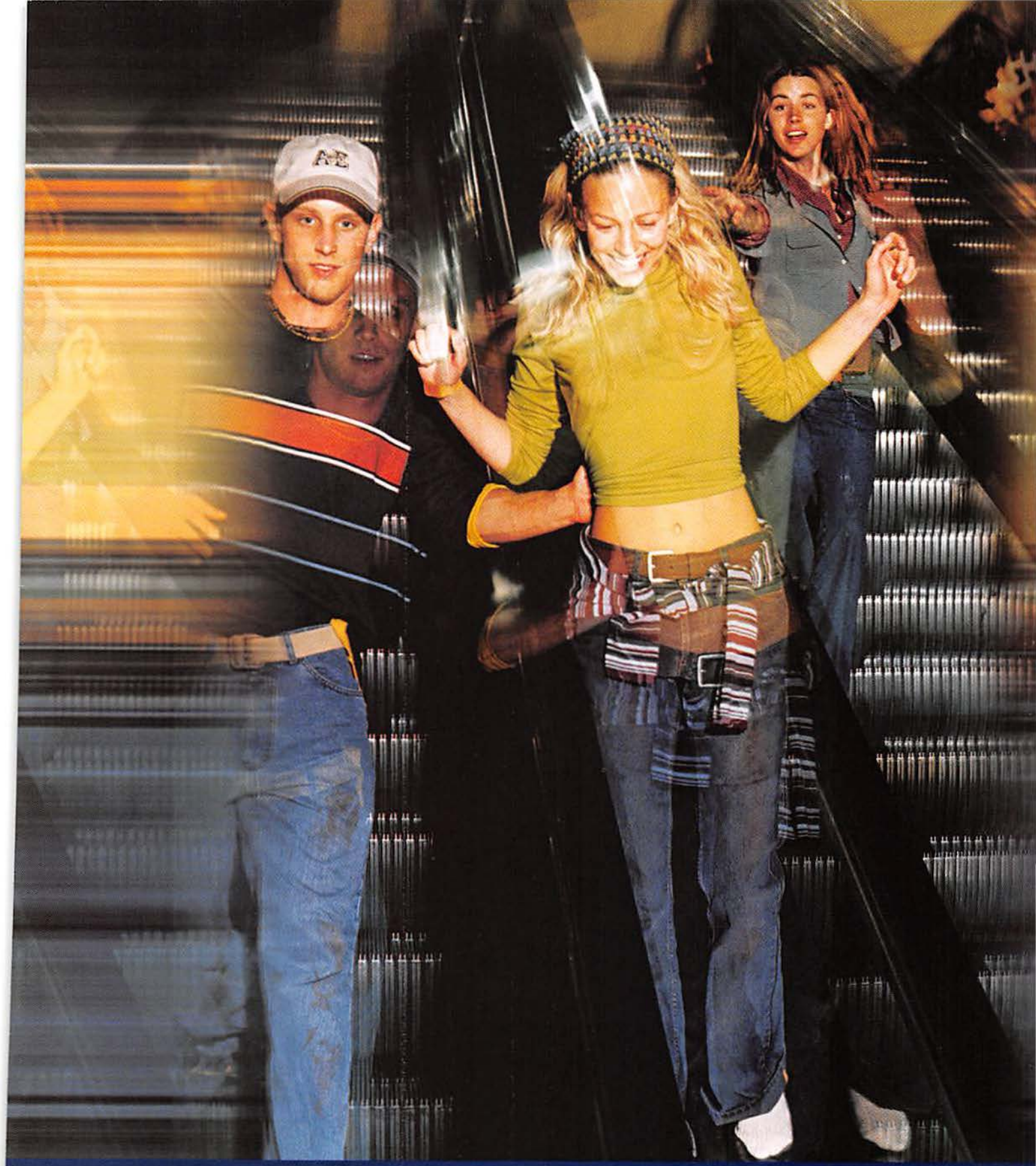

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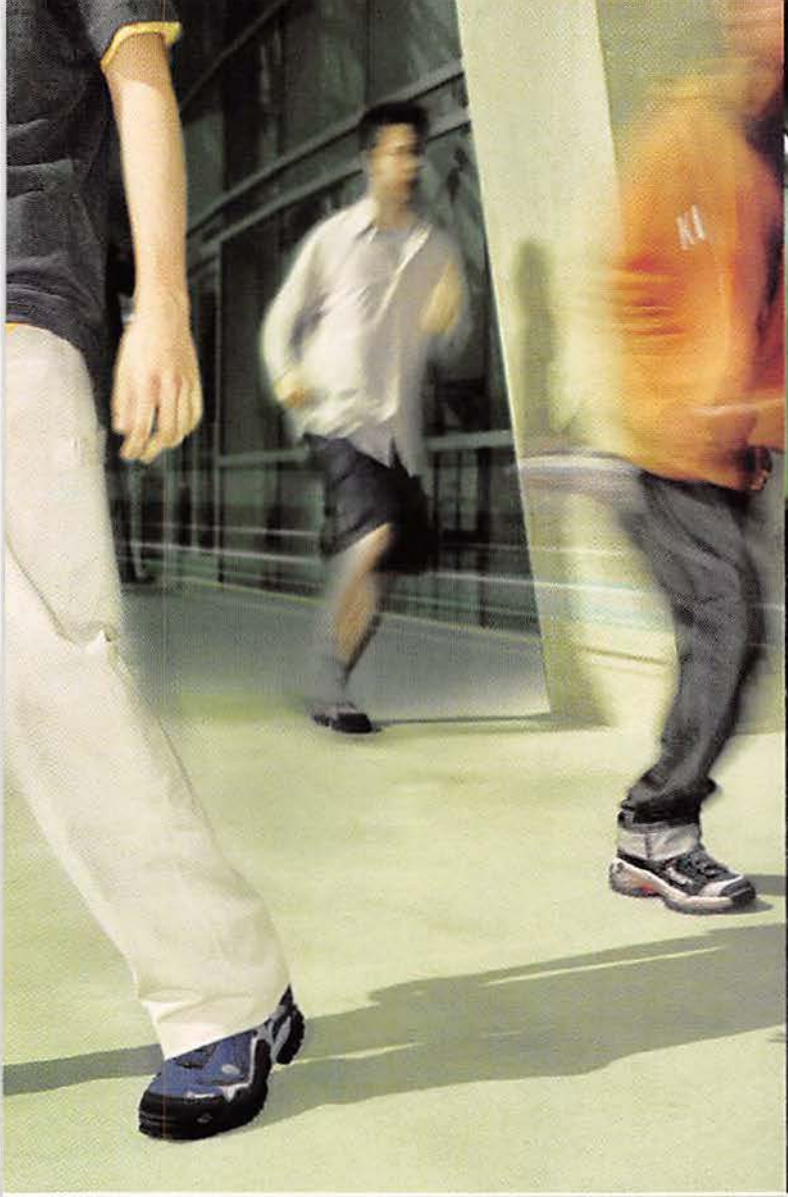

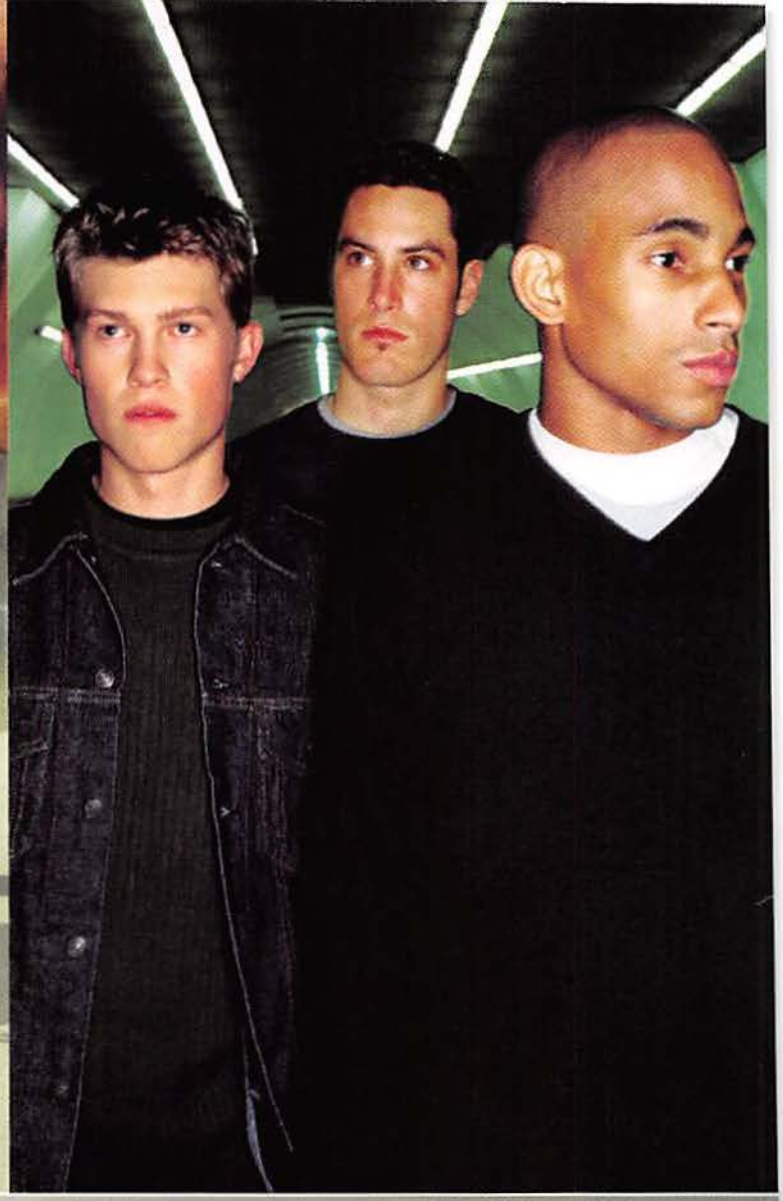

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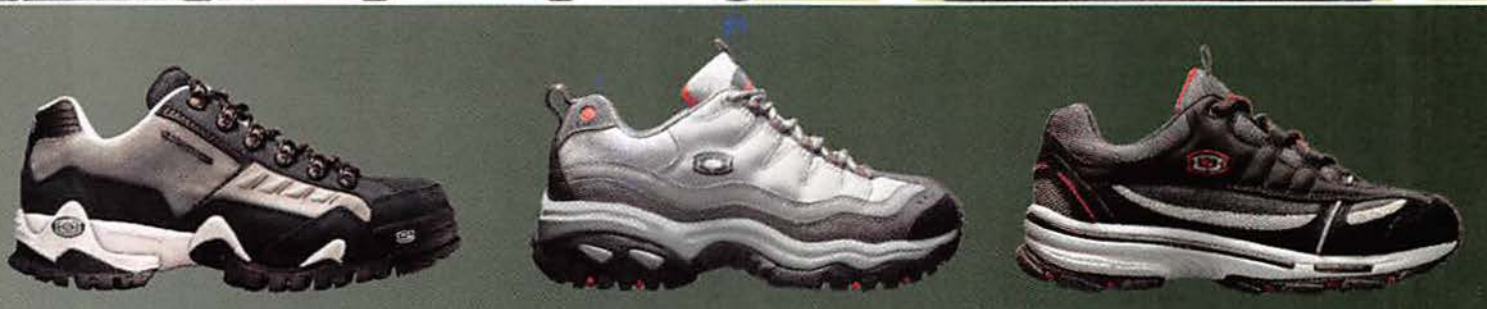

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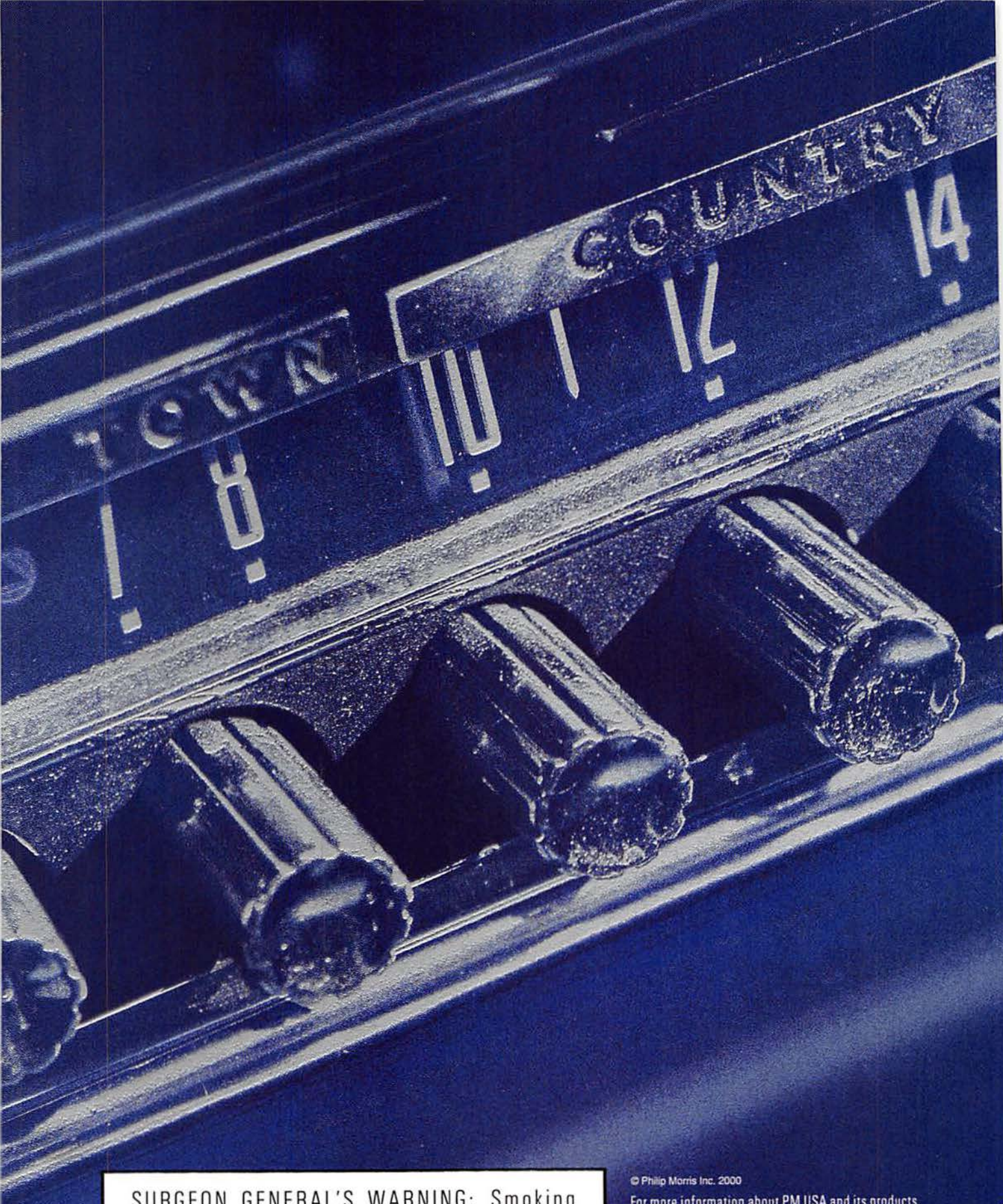

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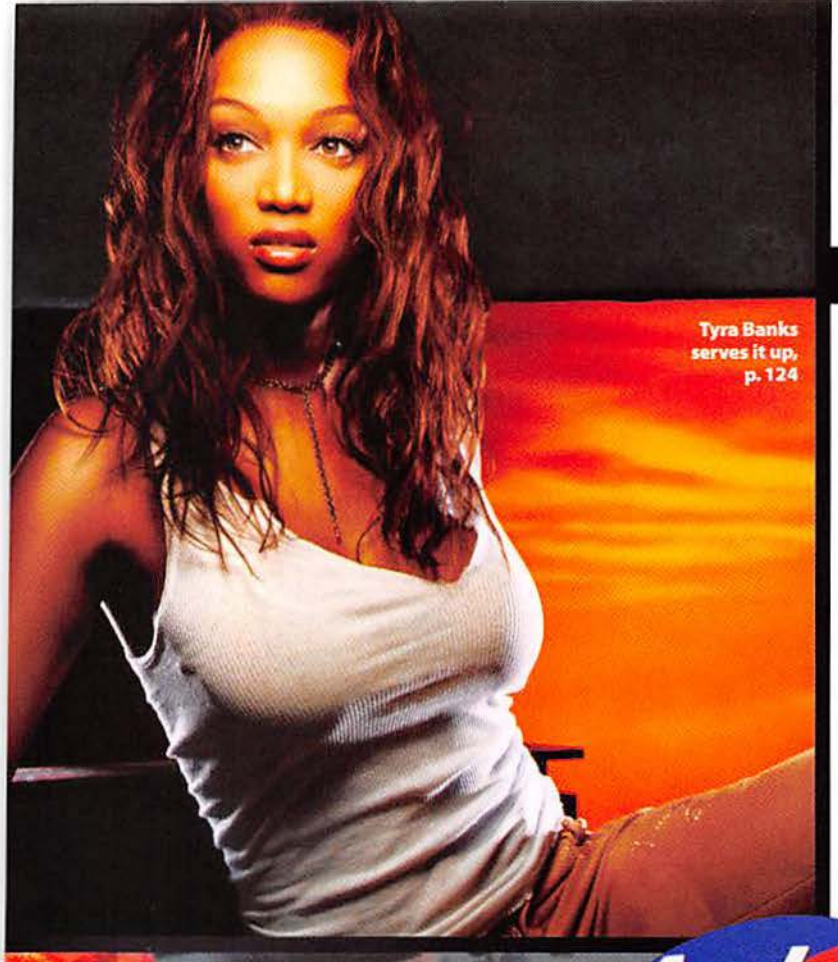
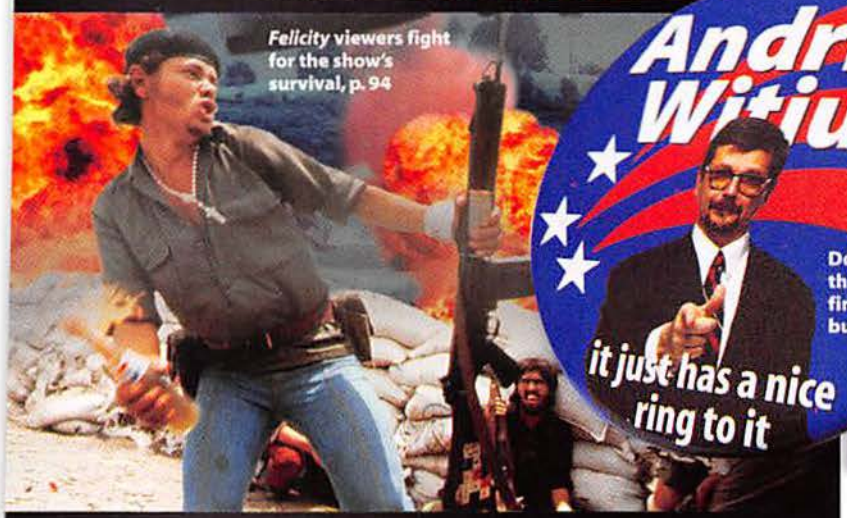


Tyra Banks serves it up, p. 124



Felicity viewers fight for the show's survival, p. 94

Do you want this man's finger on your button? p. 82

"I can't right now. I have a sore throat," p. 88

"Whoa! I need a shave," p. 74

AUGUST 2000

"Goo-o-o-o-d morning, Canada!" p. 94

MAXIM

FEATURES

WE WANT ANSWERS!

74 KEVIN BACON

The star of *The Invisible Man* speaks out about sex, cash, the price of fame, and his mysteriously disappearing pants.

RED ALERT

76 ANGELICA BRIDGES

The red-headed siren steps off the *Baywatch* beach to prove it's not blondes who are having more fun.

MAXIM TAKES WASHINGTON!

82 ANDRIJ FOR PRESIDENT

Want three weeks of paid hangover time each year? Wouldn't it be great if politicians were forced to wear clown suits in public? Vote for *Maxim*'s own write-in presidential candidate—Andrij Witiuk—and all this could be yours!

Fourteen inches. Shut up, p. 88

SEX ED

88 THE MOVE!

We tried out 15 sex moves on some ready-and-willing ladies—the Shaft, the Standing O, the How Do You Do, and more! Here's what drove them wild. (The claw marks are healing nicely, thank you.)

APOCALYPSE NOW!

94 WORLD WAR III

We sent writer and decorated soldier Colonel David Hackworth on a mission—to uncover the three most likely scenarios for the start of World War III. The scary thing: They're all actually happening right now.

IN THE FLESH

110 JOSIE MARAN

This Guess? model loves sex, eating sea urchin, and, well, sex. A complete woman!

STRAIGHT DOPE

118 THE COMPLETE GUIDE TO LYING (NO, REALLY)

Wanna keep your girl from snipping your nads off? Need to get ahold of that bail money fast? Hey, sometimes honesty just isn't the best policy. Read our guide on how to lie—it may save your ass someday.

COYOTE UGLY

124 BAR BELLES

Tyra Banks, Piper Perabo, Izabella Miko, Bridget Moynahan, and Maria Bello... The starlets of this summer's hottest flick—*Coyote Ugly*—blow us away in 12 pages of scintillating photos!

On the Cover:

Izabella Miko, Tyra Banks, Bridget Moynahan, Maria Bello

Photographed by Davis Factor

Styled by Karen Shapiro

Prop styling by Jake Klein

Izabella & Maria:
Hair by Gabriel Georgiou for Artist Group Management
Makeup by Sharon Gault for Artist Group Management

Tyra:
Hair by Neeko for The Crystal Agency
Makeup by Darla Albright

Bridget:
Hair by David Gardner for Profile LA
Makeup by Helen Robertson for Profile LA

Clothing:
All leather clothing by Patricia Adams, available at Studio 109, NYC; black bikini by Elisabetta Rogiani, LA, CA; boots, available at Montana Rader, NYC

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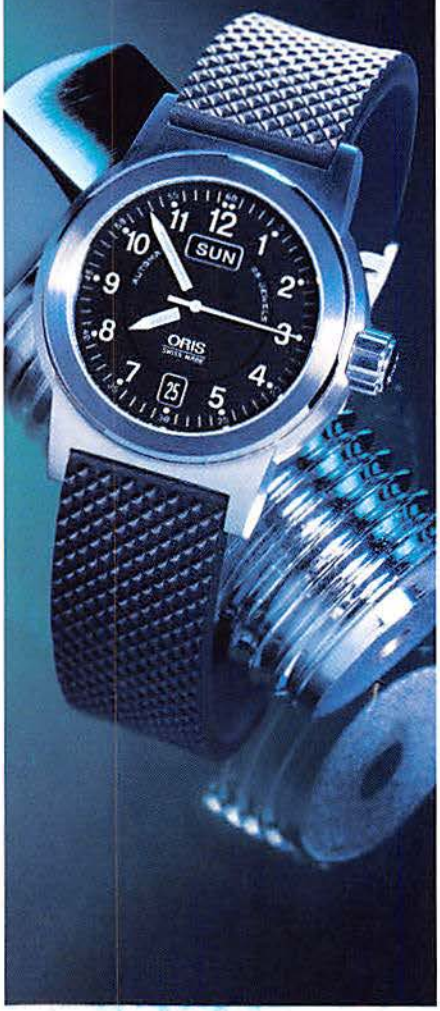

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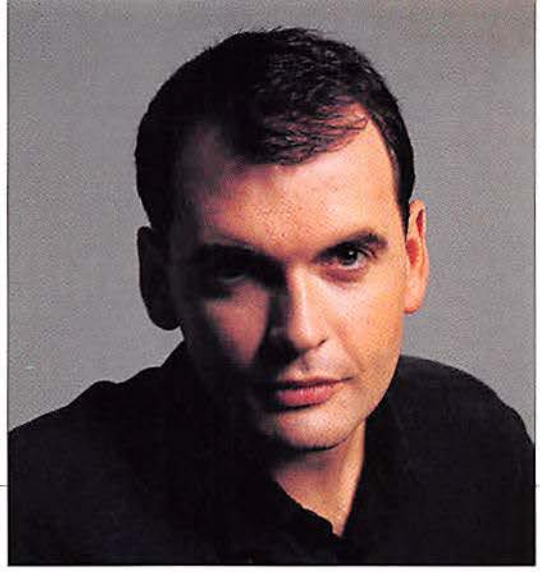

Maxim saves the presidency

Is it just me, or have presidential politics turned a bit tame? To look at the tube, you'd think your only choice was between two airbrushed dullards who not only speak but *think* in sound bites. The sad thing is, it could be an interesting race. You wouldn't know it from watching the news, but America bristles with political parties: the Greens, the Libertarians, the Patriots...even the Socialists are still in there swinging, bless their hearts. Points for gumption, fellas!

Of course, you'll probably never hear from any of these smaller political factions. It takes money to get your candidate's face in front of Mr. and Mrs. Front Porch. Lots of money. And, not to be cruel, but do you really think the Socialists can spare enough scratch for a 60-second national TV spot?

A candidate needs lots of money. And the backing of the country's most serious, weighty media outlets. Which got us thinking: *Maxim* is the most popular men's magazine in America, right? And we have lots of money to spend. And we're a serious, weighty...um...Well, like I say, we have lots of money to spend!

And so, gentlemen, meet your new, *Maxim*-funded presidential candidate: Andrij Witiuk. Learn all about this dynamic new force on the American political scene in "Andrij for President" (page 82). A vote for Andrij is a vote for limitless free beer, federally funded orgies, and paid hangover leave. Viva Witiuk!

On a personal note, after a fantastic year in the hot seat, I've skippered my last issue as Editor-in-Chief of *Maxim*. Cynics might try to imply that I'm beating it out of the country on the off chance that this lunatic actually wins. Of course they'd be right. I'll be leaving you in the very capable hands of new Editor Keith Blanchard and one of the most talented and hardworking editorial teams in the nation. I treasure the time I have spent with my colleagues here, and I think I'll miss Associate Editor Charles Coxe most of all. That boy has an ass like a Jell-O teardrop.

Enjoy the issue!

Mike Soutar

MIKE SOUTAR
Editor-in-Chief

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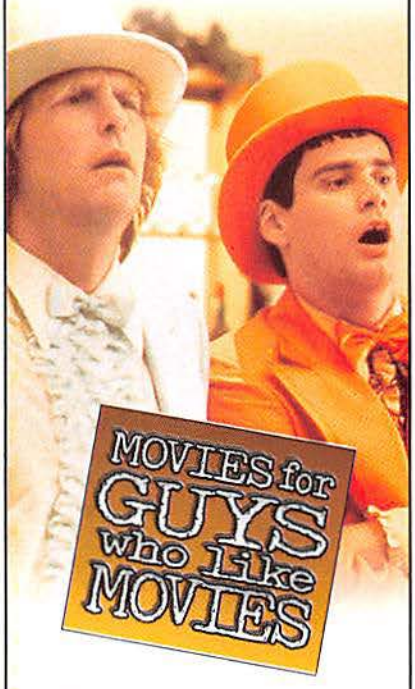

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8/10	8:05pm/et	Sniper
	10:15pm/et	Lock Up
8/17	8:05pm/et	Universal Soldier
	10:15pm/et	Red Heat
8/24	10:35pm/et	Two Mules For Sister Sara
8/31	10:35pm/et	Dumb & Dumber

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Maxim is published 12 times a year by Dennis Maxim, Inc., 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. Tel (212) 302-2626 Fax (212) 302-2635
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Sticky Situation*

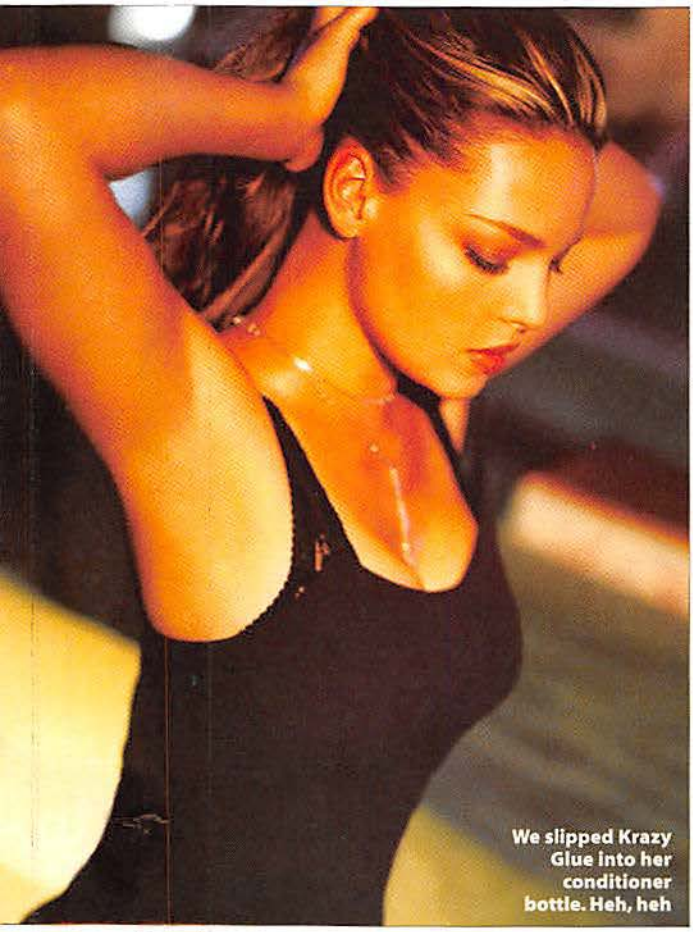
As Maxim grows, so does our mailbag. We can remember when the only letters we got were from inmates and furious credit card companies. Now every guy in town has an opinion about us, and gorgeous girls won't stop sending us photos of themselves naked in tubs full o' Jell-O. Keep it coming!

He's Got Issues!

I have a couple of issues with your June edition. Firstly, please warn people when you're going to throw in pictures like the one of Katherine Heigl on p. 158. That is an amazing photo! I had a spoon in my mouth while I was reading, and I nearly swallowed the freaking thing. Secondly, in the "Booty Call" puzzle on p. 41 [Circus Maximus], you say booty No. 4 is Rosie O'Donnell's booty. I'm not sure if that's her butt or not, but I'd like to lick butter off it.

Jerry Neuiman
New Brunswick, NJ

The last guy who tried to take butter away from Rosie O'Donnell is just now back on solid food.



Wanna know why Katherine Heigl looks so hot on our June cover? Among other reasons, she's wearing Plein Sud head to toe. (We forgot to mention it.)

Don't Have a Cow

I just got the June issue, and I wanted to tell you what a sick fucking article you had in there about mail-order meats [Grinder Torture Test]. The article promotes commerce of meats in America and threatens some of the species that we share the planet with. I thought that was totally tasteless—your writer must be a piece of shit.

Anonymous

You're onto us, sir. We've found that one piece of shit can do the work of three Maxim *editors, for half the price.*

Greased Lightning

Hey, great story in June's issue on the hottest new convertible cars out there ["Topless Models," Grinder Gear]. However, you called Ford's new Mustang convertible "the best buy in American iron." What about the Pontiac Trans Am? This car can run rings around any Ford on any given day. Go head to head off a stoplight and the race is decided before you hit the speed limit. On one eternally memorable occasion, I did exactly that, even while pulling the extra weight of an all-natural set of double-Ds in the front seat.

Brad Randle
Phoenix

Why were you carrying around a set of batteries? Afraid your ride was going to break down on you?

Penis Envy

I am a reader of your fine magazine and have discovered that you constantly fill the pages with great tips and advice. And, by the way, to add to your June article "How It's Really Hangin'" [Says Her], about what girls think about a guy's penis, here's a way to make your thing look bigger: shaving. Just be careful with the aftershave lotion.

Brian Higgins
Somewhere in Korea

We'll just continue measuring from the anus as we always do, thanks.

Hell on Earth

Your "Evil in Elephant Butte" story in the June issue was so creepy, I couldn't stop reading it. I'm no glutton for violence or gruesome stories, but I found myself poring through this tale, marveling that it's journalism and not some twisted Hollywood script written by Wes Craven. But what really brought this story over the top was the x-ray of David Ray Parker's trailer, or Toy Box as he called it, which outlined all of the torture tools inside. Great story, but I hope I never read another like it.

Julian Jeffries
Kittery, MN

One of our editors was out in New Mexico the month before we uncovered this story and took a dip in Elephant Butte Lake, not knowing this was where accused psycho killer David Ray Parker allegedly dumped his bodies and body parts. Upon reading the article, he took his first shower in months.

READERS' TIPS

For Two-Timing Bastards

Got lipstick stains on your collar? To get 'em out, spritz the stains with some aerosol hair spray, let it sit for a minute, then wipe the lipstick off with a damp sponge. Then go home to your girlfriend and complain about working late.

Manny Tomaso, Newark, DE

*Save room for dessert! Turn to page 26.

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JELL-O SHOTS!

These fearless young beauties sent us some tasty photos. What are *you* going to do to get into the pages of *Maxim*?

So you like Jell-O, eh? Everything tastes a little bit better with Pam.

Emily, Amy, and Kelly—three more girls who won't return our telephone calls.

"Gee, Mary...your plumbing needs a little work, don't ya think?"

Shilo and Sara chilling out in a tub o' cold gelatin. That's so sweet!

Jell-O, My Name Is...

I was quite interested when I read your letter in the May issue about how to fill a bathtub full of Jell-O so you can have your girlfriend sit in it. So I took on *Maxim*'s challenge and made this happen [see the bottom photo, left]. Here's how I did it: At $1.69 per box, and over 55 gallons to a tub, this can get expensive. So I shopped at a cheap bulk restaurant supply store. I mixed the stuff in a few 23-gallon tubs and chilled it in a walk-in cooler. It helps to know someone in the restaurant biz (Chef Rick, from one of Cleveland's finest hotels, was a great help in making this event happen). Finally, I dumped it all in the tub, along with a couple of beautiful girls. With all the props and booze, the tab ran up over $200. I hope *Maxim* can pick up the tab.

Nathan Gottlieb
Cleveland

Pick up the tab? Yeah, right...sucker. No, really, we're sending a phat $150 check to the winners of our Jell-O contest (and an extra couple of dollars to Nathan, who went the extra distance). Note: Gotta photo of yourself or a friend that's so wild, we'd be fools not to print it? Go ahead and send it to "Put Me in Maxim," you sick bastard.

He likes it! Hey, Mikey!

Hilarious. Unbelievable. I don't read a lot of magazines, so this probably isn't that big of a compliment, but Christopher Connolly's story about living the life of a woman in the June issue ["I'm Every Woman," Says Him] is simply the funniest piece of writing that I've ever read. I laughed out loud repeatedly. Thanks.

Mike Ball
Victoria, BC

Look, Connolly, knock it off. You put your own return address on the envelope, idiot.

Deep in the Heart of Texas

The next time you describe my town, come here yourselves instead of reading some outdated travel guide. In your golf feature ["Caddywhacked!" June], you made a few errors. Take a local's advice: (a) Skip Manuel's, the food sucks; (b) if you want to meet women who dig music, go to a Guy Forsyth show; and (c) don't bother trying to eat at Liberty Lunch—it was torn down last year. Here's how to *really* have a good time in Austin: Eat at Curra's, go dancing at Miguel's La Bodega or Azucar, check out a movie at the Alamo Drafthouse, and finish it with a delicious Mexican martini at the Cedar Door. Also, don't forget to have a chat with Leslie, our very own homeless transvestite mayoral candidate, and—just for kicks—stand under the Congress Avenue Bridge at sundown and watch the largest urban bat colony in the world take flight. Hint: You'd better bring an umbrella.

Andy Johnson
Austin, TX

Restaurants and a movie theater? A large bat population? Wow, and we thought New York was exciting!

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D'oh!

- In "Trump! Fetch My Slippers" (June, 2000) we misidentified Walter Latham's new film. Latham Entertainment's August release is *The Kings of Comedy Movie*. We also erroneously noted that Mr. Latham gave one of the film's stars, Steve Harvey, a Rolex. We regret these errors.

Hey! You! Send your thoughts to Readers' Letters, *Maxim*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 14th floor, New York, NY 10018, or E-mail us at editors@maximmag.com. Include a daytime number. Your letters may be edited for length or clarity.

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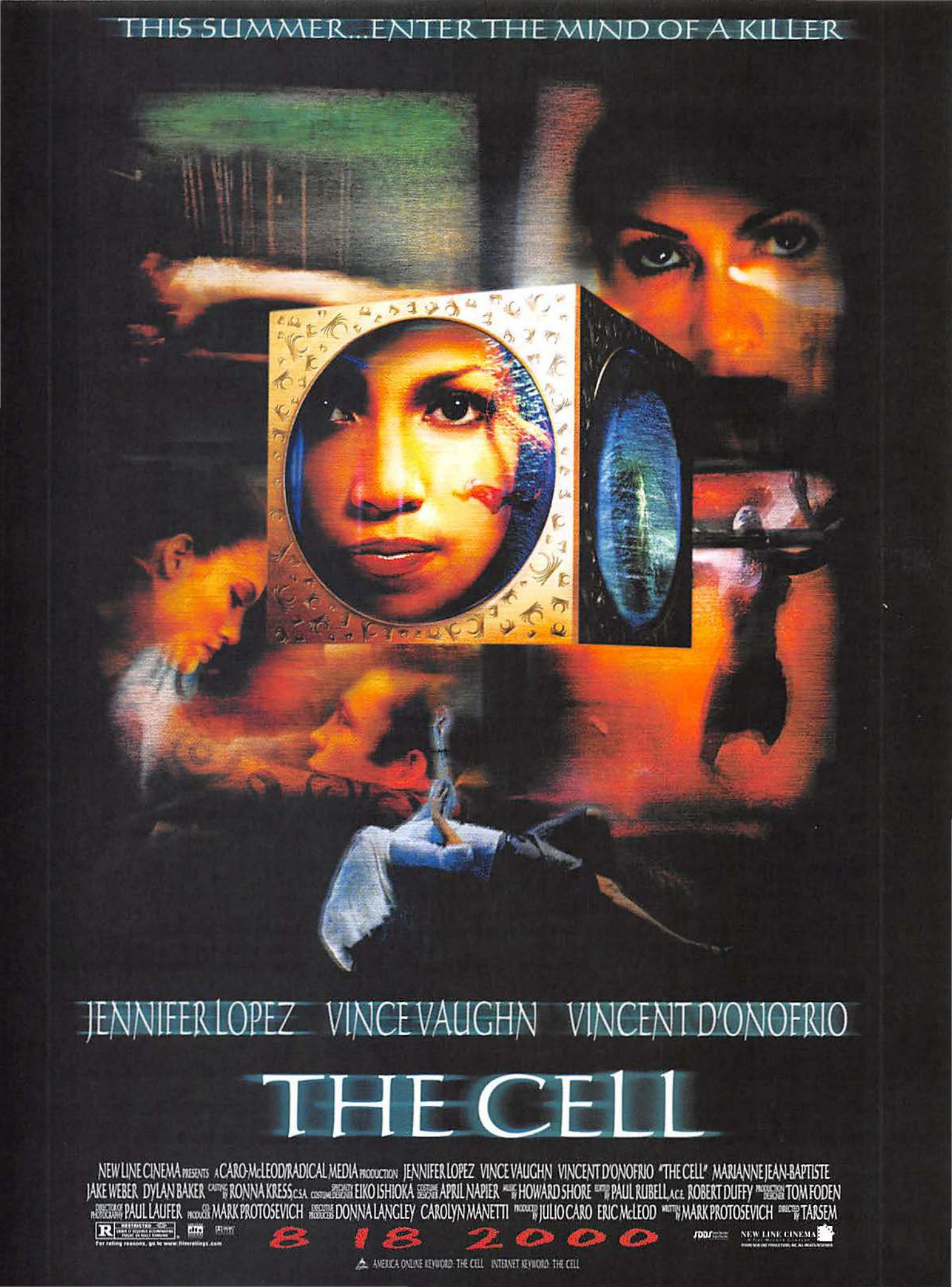
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DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY PAUL LAUFER CO-PRODUCER MARK PROTOSEVICH EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS DONNA LANGLEY CAROLYN MANETTI PRODUCED BY JULIO CARO ERIC McLEOD WRITTEN BY MARK PROTOSEVICH DIRECTED BY TARSEM
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For rating reasons, go to www.filmratings.com
8 18 2000
NEW LINE CINEMA
AMERICA ONLINE KEYWORD: THE CELL INTERNET KEYWORD: THE CELL

Hysteria Reigns

Got a spasm-inducing joke that can top these? We'll pay $150 for the next Joke of the Month. Send 'em to Jokes, Maxim, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 14th floor, New York, NY 10018. Or E-mail them to jokes@maximonline.com.

Open for Business

A lady wants to surprise her husband on their anniversary, so she buys a pair of crotchless panties. She slides them on, lies back on the bed, and waits for him to get home. When he arrives and opens the bedroom door, she says, grinning and winking, "What's up, baby? You want some of this?"

Her husband takes one look and replies, "Hell, no! Look what it's done to your undies!"

—Chris Pabor, Italy

The Eighth Stage of Grief

Timmy was in the garden, filling in a hole, when his neighbor peered over the fence. Interested in what the cheeky-faced youngster was up to, the neighbor politely asked, "What are you up to there, Timmy?"

"My goldfish died," replied Timmy tearfully, without looking up, "and I've just buried him."

The neighbor was concerned. "That's a big hole for a goldfish, don't you think?" he asked.

Timmy patted down the last heap of earth, then replied, "That's because he's inside your fucking cat."

—Jerry Falk, Lake Worth, FL

Rug Hog

Q: What is the difference between a vacuum cleaner and a Harley?
A: Placement of the dirt bag.

—T. J. Decker, Green Bay, WI

It's a Dirty Job...

A teacher asks her students what their parents do for a living.

Jenny stands up proudly and declares, "My mom's a doctor!"

Sarah smiles sweetly and chirps, "My father's a professor!"

Little Johnny rises from his seat. "That's nothing. My dad's a piano player in a whorehouse!"

The teacher's jaw drops. "Johnny!" she exclaims. That night she calls Johnny's father and relates what he revealed in class that day. A few moments into the conversation, Johnny's father, unable to contain himself any longer, breaks down. "OK! OK! I'm a corporate attorney, but please, *please* don't tell my kid!"

—Jonathan Eros, San Francisco

Chump Change

A man and his girlfriend are about to have sex when he asks her to "go downtown." With a sigh she gets on her knees and starts peering at his genitals, tipping her head this way and that, studying the whole business.

After a few minutes, he asks in a peeved voice, "So what are you doing?"

"What I always do when I'm downtown with no money—just looking."

—Boysie Bollinger, New Orleans

Old News

Mr. Smith resides in a rest home. One day he heads into the nurse's office and informs Nurse Jones his penis has died.

Nurse Jones thinks, *He's old and forgetful; I'll play along.* "It did?" she asks. "I'm sorry to hear that."

A few days later, Nurse Jones sees Mr. Smith walking the halls of the rest home, his penis hanging out of his pants. "Mr. Smith, I thought you told me your penis died."

"It did," says the old man. "Today is the viewing."

—Johnny De Jesus, Jersey City

It Pays to Shop Around

Adam approaches God in the Garden of Eden.

Adam: "This garden is something else. But I'm lonely. How about a companion to spend my time with?"

God: "Tell you what. I'll create the most supportive creature in the universe, who will love, honor, obey, cook, clean, and satisfy your carnal desires. But in exchange you have to surrender your two big toes, right pinkie, left ear, one eye, and all your hair. Deal?"

Adam, uneasy: "Can I sleep on it?"

God: "Sure."

The next day Adam approaches God with a pensive look on his face.

God: "Well, have you decided?"

Adam: "Sure have. What can I get for a rib?"

—Richard Tagashira, Queens, NY

Leading the Herd

Q: What do you call a Scotsman who has 500 girlfriends?
A: A shepherd.

—Jim Shaw, Kokomo, IN

Illustration, Kevin February

THE $150 JOKE

A Hair-Raising Experience

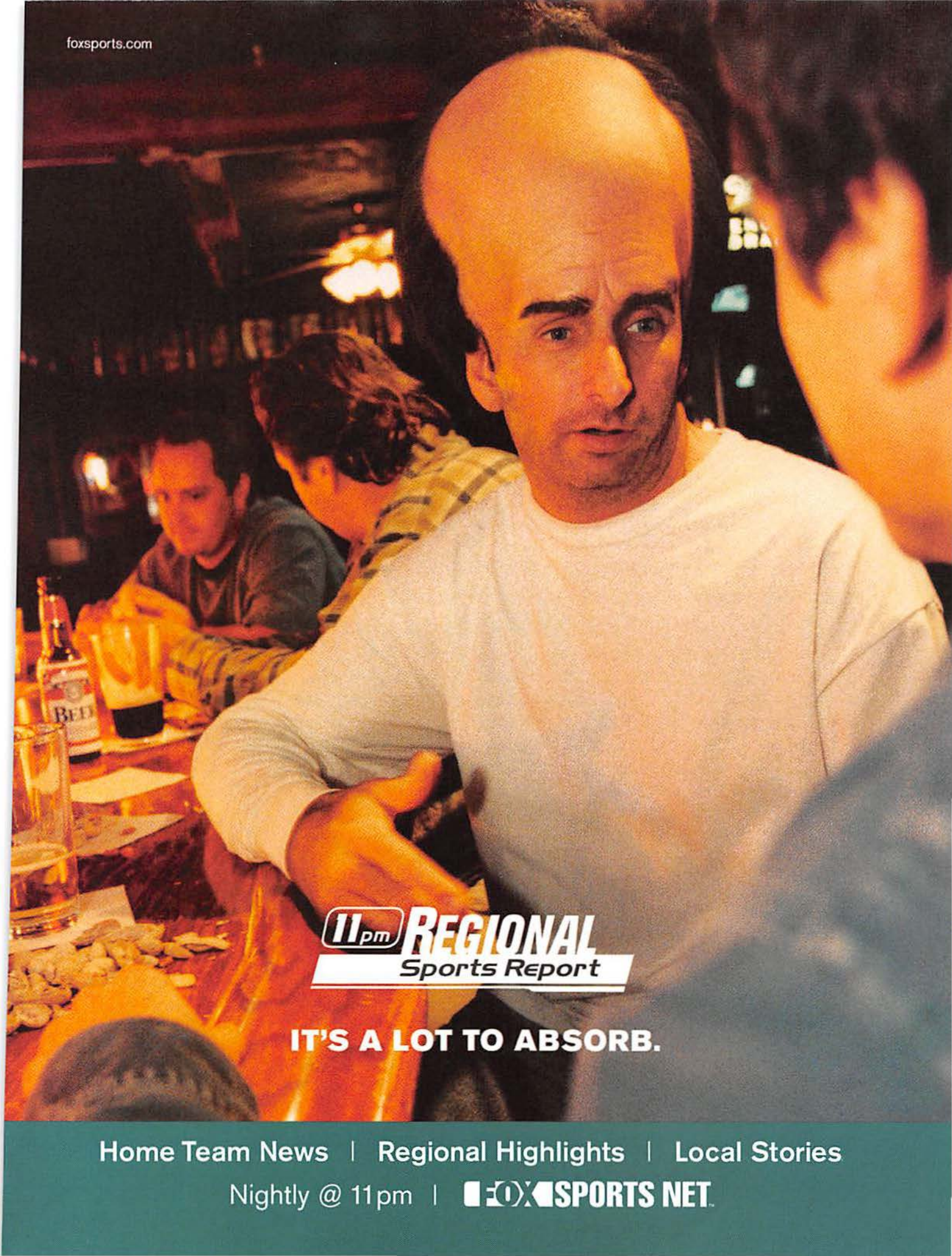
Two bowling teams, one all blondes and one all brunettes, charter a double-decker bus for a weekend bowling tournament in Atlantic City. The brunette team rides on the bottom level of the bus, and the blonde team rides on the top level.

The brunette team, down below, is whooping it up and having a great time until one of them realizes she doesn't hear anything from the blondes upstairs, and she decides to go up and investigate. When the brunette reaches the top, she finds the blonde team staring straight ahead at the road, frozen in fear, clutching the seats in front of them with white knuckles.

"What the hell is going on up here?" asks the brunette. "We're having a great time downstairs!"

"Yeah," screams a terrified blonde, "but you've got a driver!"

G.M. Bello of Bethel Park, Pennsylvania, is not a real blonde.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USE TURBO ATP™ FOR ONE MONTH. WRITE A 75-WORD ESSAY. AND YOU COULD WIN A TRIP TO FLY A RUSSIAN FIGHTER JET.

This may be the only time in your life that you get to co-pilot a Russian MIG-29 fighter jet. Your mission will begin in Moscow, where you'll settle in and sightsee for 2 days. Day 3 is when it all happens. You will be transported to a Russian Air Base. After security clearance and a medical check, you'll be fitted for a flight suit, G-suit and helmet. Next, you'll receive Ejection Seat Training and go through a pre-flight briefing with your pilot. Then, it's time to fly the MIG-29 and climb to 60,000 feet, travel at speeds in excess of 1500 mph, break the sound barrier, and fire up the afterburners. Think you can handle it?

PRO PERFORMANCE® TURBO ATP™:

OUR SCIENTISTS KICKED BUTT IN THE LAB SO YOU CAN KICK BUTT IN THE GYM.

Say thank you to all our geeks in lab coats. As a result of their findings, we bring you Pro Performance® Turbo ATP™. It's a high-quality powder that you mix and drink 30 minutes before you work out. It's a revolutionary new product designed to support ATP™ production. ATP™ is the chemical source of energy in cells. It's impossible to supplement ATP™ because it doesn't survive the digestive process. It has to be manufactured by the body's own muscle cells. For this reason, our scientific research has focused on identifying the nutrients and coenzymes your body needs to make ATP™. So you can "turbocharge" your muscle cells and support energy production. And by the way, there will be plenty of room on the MIG for your gym bag.

OPEN ONLY TO LEGAL U.S. RESIDENTS, 21 OR OLDER. Contest starts 8/1/2000 at 9:00 a.m. (Eastern Daylight Time) and ends 10/27/2000 at 9:00 p.m. (Eastern Daylight Time) ("Contest Period"). To enter: mail (1) completed official entry form; (2) your original essay of no longer than 75 words describing how you have benefited from the use of GNC's Pro Performance®"Turbo ATP™"; (3) GNC sales receipt dated between 8/1/2000 and 9/30/2000; and (4) the UPC symbol from outer carton of GNC Turbo ATP to: GNC Turbo ATP Challenge, P.O. Box 5906, Clinton, IA 52736-5906, to be postmarked by 10/27/2000 and received by 11/3/2000. Entry forms are available at participating GNC stores. Essay must be typed or hand printed in blue or black ink on an 8 1/2" x 11" piece of paper. One entry/essay per envelope, mailed separately. No mechanical reproductions of entry forms or UPC symbols will be accepted. You may also enter by visiting the GNC web site www.gnc.com during the Contest Period and completing and transmitting an online entry form including essay and transaction information. Residents of Vermont and Maryland are NOT required to provide a sales receipt, UPC symbol (or, for online entries, transaction information) along with the completed entry form and essay. Each entry/essay

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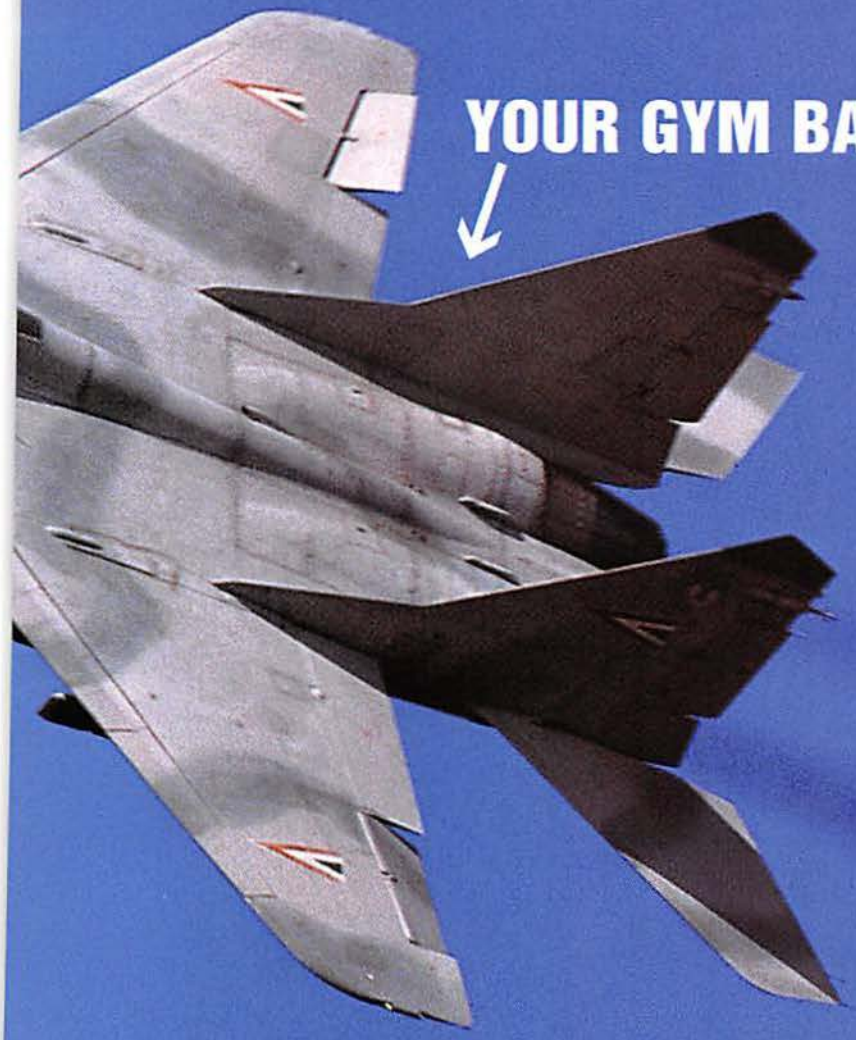
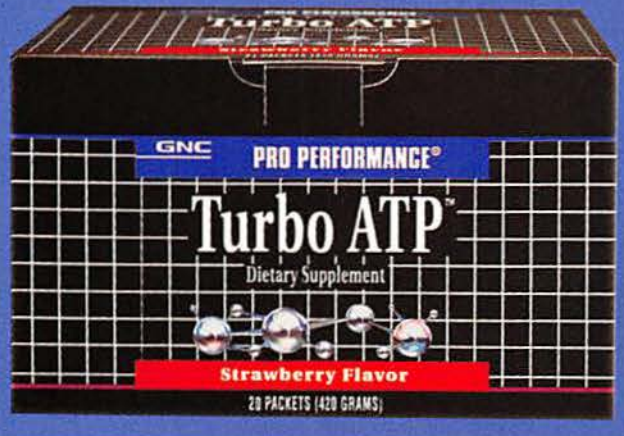
YOUR GYM BAG





must be accompanied by a separate UPC symbol and sales receipt (or transaction information). PRIZES (3) – 7 day/6 night trip for winner to Moscow, Russia, including city tour, visits to former Soviet military airbase, supersonic jet flight, and one session with a professional body-building trainer. Approximate Retail Value - $14,000 each. All 3 winners must travel together; and, trip must be completed by 4/30/2001 and is subject to other restrictions. Taxes on prize are sole responsibility of winner. Judges will evaluate essays according to creativity/originality (33⅓), strength and persuasiveness of expression (33⅓), and relevance to subject (33⅓). Winners will be notified by mail and will be announced by 11/30/2000. Void where prohibited. See Official Rules for complete details. For a copy, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to "Turbo ATP Challenge", Rules, Post Office Box 5906R, Clinton, IA 52736-5906. Pro Performance Turbo ATP is a trademark used under the license of Nutricia™ International B.V.
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A MAXIM VIEW OF THE WORLD

Circus M

axmus

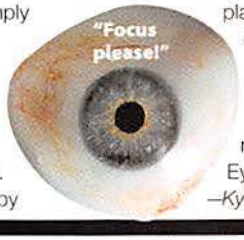
"I just can't get you out of my head."

THE BIG PICTURE

Socket to Me

A thoughtful rugby veteran gives his rival a firm pointer.

Will incidents like this one, in a 1999 match between Wales and Argentina, give the once gentlemanly sport of rugby a bad reputation? In the midst of a scrum, rugby players are permitted to throw a polite sucker punch, gently yank hair, even step on a few coconuts in an honest effort to retrieve the ball. There are two taboos, however, that officials rarely fail to penalize: chewing genitals off and plunging fingers into eyeballs. But even though this little tableau from last year's World Cup clearly demonstrates that Argentine Roberto Grau hooked his finger in the brain of Welshman Garin Jenkins like he was about to pick up a spare, no penalty was issued. Although Jenkins could have appealed to the judges, the haphazardly toothed former coal miner simply rubbed his eye as though waking from a peaceful nap of fancy candy bunny dreams and continued with the carnage. Fans were surprised by the calm reaction of the player dubbed The Ginger Monster: Jenkins had been suspended for 30 days after a nearly identical incident in 1995, during which he'd thrown a punch at the opponent he thought had purposely poked him in the peeper. After this picture was published in a British newspaper, officials agreed to review the game but, after looking at videotape recorded from a different angle, concluded that, in fact, "an eye gouge did not take place," and there was "insufficient evidence to suggest that the eye contact was a deliberate act or intentional." For his efforts Grau narrowly avoided disciplinary action (he could have been banned for up to three years) but was suspended just days later for trading punches with another player. Jenkins had no comment but is presumed to be relieved at not having to change his nickname to The One-Eyed Monster.



—Ky Henderson

"Hey, man...you wanna go see the Dead?"

IT FIGURES

This Month in Maxim

The cold, hard numbers behind this issue.

Minutes it took to pick Mike Soutar's vacated desk clean	3
References to Elvis dead on toilet (including this one)	4
References to late serial murderer Jeffrey Dahmer	3
Ratio of summer interns to full-time editorial staff	1:1
Amount spent wining and dining *Coyote Ugly* girls	$22.19
Minutes spent testing online gambling services	60
Amount lost gambling online, per minute	$55.56
Cases of free tequila consumed during home bar test	1
Editors who actually tried out this month's sex tips	6
Editors unable to participate because they never get laid	4
Stains on ceiling made with Silly String–firing phallus	2
Designer suits ruined by errant baby puke	2

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GIRL?

She's a 26th Century Fox

Real name: Victoria Pratt
Better known as: Sarge, the futuristic soldier grrrl on TV's *Cleopatra 2525*
Her story: A coauthor of several fitness books, Victoria picked up some karate moves while making a series of exercise videos, "and now I'm just a mean machine!" she laughs. The training serves her well in a TV role that pits her against robotic baddies. Fearless as she seems in her on-screen firefights, Victoria admits to the occasional case of nerves. She recalls, "I watched the show's pilot with my hands over my eyes, saying, 'Please don't suck!' All my friends were watching it with me; thank God it was as much fun as I'd hoped it would be!" On a recent break from cyberskirmishes, the actress played opposite another famous screen heavy, Meat Loaf, in the upcoming HBO film *Blacktop* and guested on the Sci Fi Channel's *First Wave* as an alien's whore. ("My mother's so proud," she deadpans.) Speaking of aliens, the Canadian once was blacklisted by border cops for working on U.S. television too much. "But I've got my green card now. I applied as an 'alien with extraordinary ability.' And I'm not even double-jointed or anything—go figure!"—*John Walsh*

The future is bright

Photograph, Aaron Rapoport; stylist, Tina Wray for Celestine; hair, Robert Steinken for Celestine; makeup, Ulli Schober for Celestine

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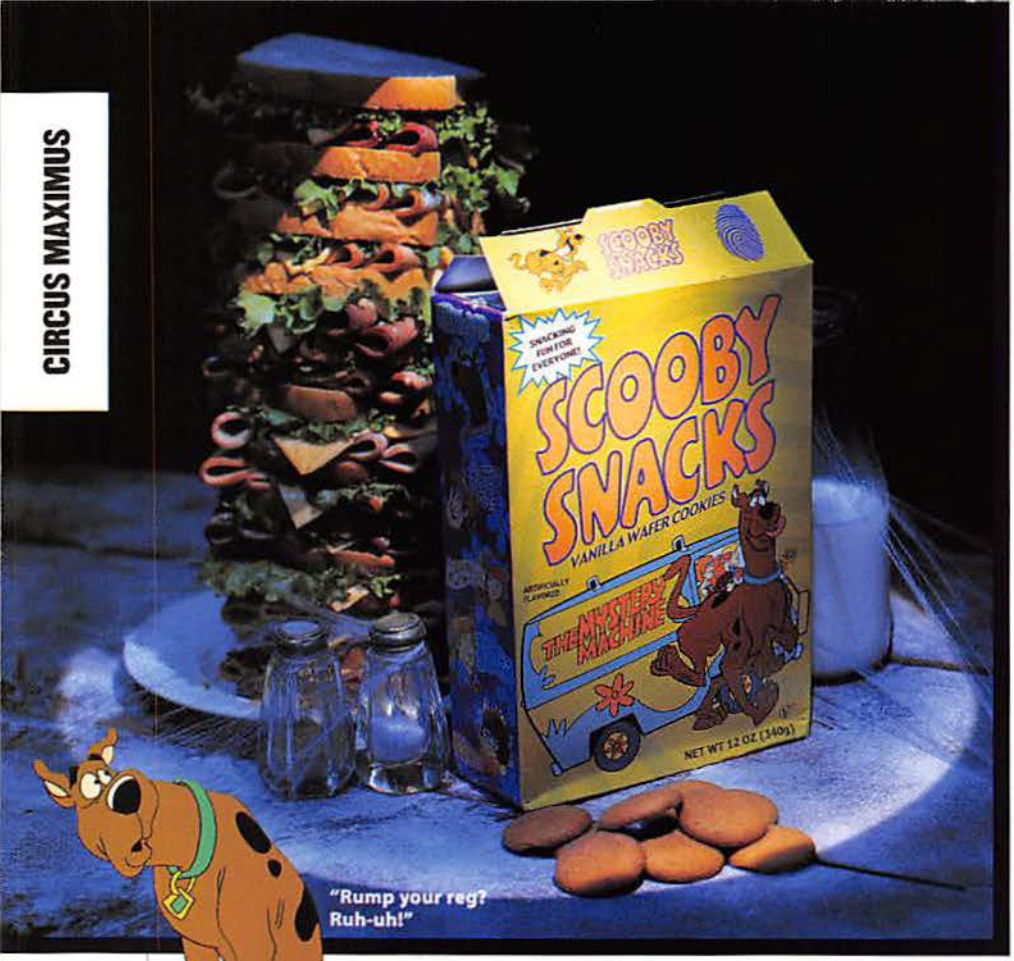
LIFE'S A DANCE PARTY. THEN YOU DIE.*

TITLE THEME SONG AVAILABLE ON TOMMY BOY SILVER LABEL 6/20

You dance like a white guy. And now the universe depends on your sorry rhythm. Don't freak space cadet. Cosmic diva Ulala will show you some fly moves. Before long you'll be rump shakin'-it against an alien posse. But don't get too funky or they'll light you up like a Christmas tree. Visit spacechannel5.com

Sega Dreamcast
IT'S THINKING

*No Morolians are actually harmed in this game. Their little souls are returned to the planet Morolia where they are recycled and go on to live happy, productive lives.



"Rump your reg? Ruh-uh!"

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Mystery Treat

Jinkies! We answer the culinary riddle that Scooby-Doo couldn't solve.

Even after all these years, watching *Scooby-Doo* still leaves us with so many unresolved questions. What were Fred and Daphne really up to when they split up from the gang to go "looking for clues"? How could Shaggy eat a six-foot-long sandwich all by himself and not gain a pound? And just what was in those mysterious Scooby Snacks that made the speech-impaired cartoon dog crave them like they were sugarcoated crack? Hmm...maybe we just answered that last question. Fortunately, Boston America has a more innocuous solution: Its licensed Scooby Snacks cookies turn out to be vanilla wafers—perfect for snacking on during your favorite Saturday morning cartoons, or for luring a monster into that trap you so cleverly set. A 12-ounce box will set you back $4.99. If you can't find Scooby Snacks at your local gift shop, call (617) 923-1111.—*Louis Ramirez*

Hemorrhoid cushion of the gods

THRILL SEEKING

Chuting Gallery

"I regret nothi-i-i-ng!"

Free-falling without the plane...or the splat.

Although they're on the bulky side, parachutes are still considered de rigueur for people jumping out of airplanes. Mistakenly grab a duffel bag instead (d'oh!) and you end up as a jumpsuit filled with tomato soup. But wait! X-treme Entertainment's traveling sky-dive simulator provides the excitement of chute-free skydiving right in your own backyard, with no messy cleanup. A 1,600-horsepower engine and a DC3 airplane propeller crank out winds of up to 150 miles an hour, suspending participants in a hovering "free fall" 10 feet above a vertical wind tunnel enclosed in a protective air bag. The simulator's already barnstormed colleges and corporate events around the country. Want X-treme Entertainment at your next barbecue? Call (800) 992-8676 or blow on over to www.x-tremeair.com. Just keep a firm grip on your credit card: Prices start at $5,000 for a six-hour rental.

MAXIM'S MAN OF THE YEAR

Rubber Soul

"Dude, let's huff the blimp and talk funny."

Saluting the qualities that make a man great, we look back to 1839.

What makes a man greater than his peers is his knowing exactly what he wants and exactly how to get it, and enduring one hardship after another as he single-mindedly toils to achieve his goal. But what makes a *Maxim* man even greaterer is his knowing exactly what he wants and having absolutely no idea how to get it—and then stumbling upon it anyway. For this we pay tribute to Charles Goodyear, the father of vulcanized rubber.

Goodyear's obsession with creating a more durable and elastic form of rubber began in 1834, during one of his many stints in debtors' prison, where he conducted crude experiments in his cell. The former hardware salesman had no idea what he was doing, however, and when he returned home, he nearly asphyxiated himself and his family with noxious fumes while enraging his neighbors with the constant, horrid smell of burning rubber. Realizing he had to move to a place where foul odors were common, Goodyear relocated his family from Philadelphia to New York, where he created nothing but debt for five years. Finally in 1839, as his starving children begged local farmers for milk and potatoes, he accidentally dropped a combination of sulfur and rubber onto a potbellied stove and created the pliant, waterproof material we use today.

Sadly, his process proved so easy to duplicate that his competitors simply stole it. By the time he died in 1860, Goodyear had squandered the little cash he'd made on worthless inventions like rubber money, rubber jewelry, and rubber ships. The company that now bears his name has nothing to do with Charles Goodyear or his family; its founders merely admired his inventiveness and were, presumably, ignorant of his pathetic life story.—*Ky Henderson*

Photograph, Chris Gorman (Scooby Snacks); prop stylist, Marian Moon Toy

Just pour some on "Li'l Charlie" and he's ready for lovin'!

IF THEY SPENT ANY MORE TIME AT YOUR PLACE, THEY'D BE TAX DEDUCTIONS.

Real friends. Real bourbon.

Jim Beam® Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 40% Alc./Vol. ©2000 James B. Beam Distilling Co., Clermont, KY www.jimbeam.com
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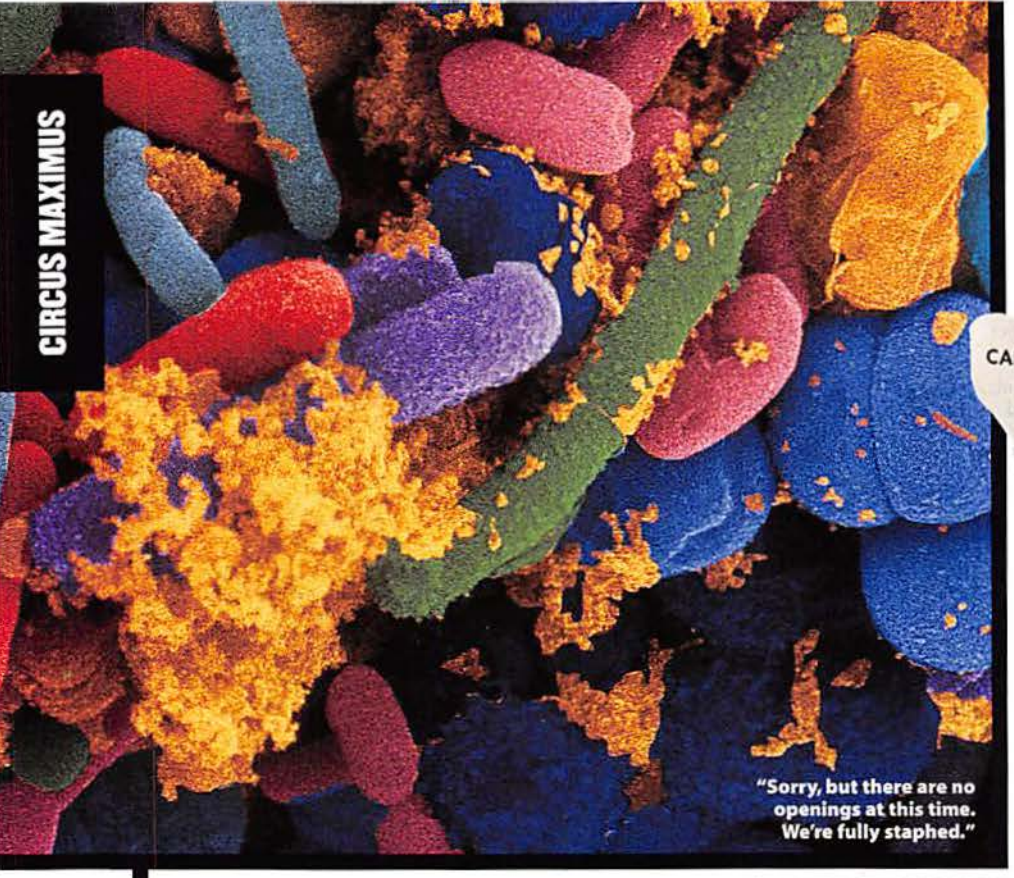


"Sorry, but there are no openings at this time. We're fully staphed."

A TOUCHY SUBJECT

Sticky Fingers

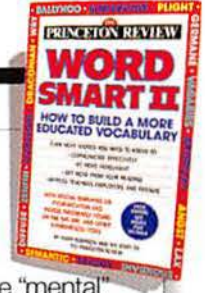
Worried about germs? Don't touch that dial (or phone, or copy machine)!

Think about all the items you touch every single day—pay phones, tabletops, restaurant silverware. Now, bearing in mind how bad your own hygiene is, think about all the people who touched them before you did. According to a recent University of Arizona study, humans touch as many as 600 surfaces an hour—and spread saliva, snot, piss, and blood (among other things) all over the place. Here are the stickiest of the sticky spots, ranked according to how many the study found to be contaminated by bodily fluids.—*Molly Ginty*

Rails and armrests in public buses	35%
Bank countertops	29%
Park benches	29%
Gym equipment	28%
Movie theater seats	26%
Public-bathroom surfaces	25%
Shopping-cart handles	21%
Escalator handrails	19%
Customer-shared pens	16%
Vending-machine buttons	14%
Restaurant tables and silverware	14%
Swimming pools	14%
Public telephones	13%
Office copy-machine buttons	11%
Elevator buttons	10%
Doctors' offices	10%

CLASS DISMISSED

Smart Bomb



A study guide puts the "mental" back in *reading fundamentals.*

CARDINAL *adj* (KAHRD nul) most important; chief
The *cardinal* rule at our school is simple: no shooting teachers. If you have to shoot a gun, shoot it at a studen administrator.
The "card

Guns don't kill people; students who read books about guns kill people. That's the rationale behind the recall of a study aid that offended readers with its violent imagery. Parents were up in arms, so to speak, after reading The Princeton Review's *Word Smart II,* a vocabulary book designed for high schoolers taking the SATs. Take for example the above sentence, provided to illustrate the meaning of the word *cardinal.* "Obviously, questions condoning violence are a stupid way to teach vocabulary," says Princeton Review CEO John Katzman, "and we've apologized at least one time for every book we sold. But a lot of sentences that offend some people do exactly what they set out to do: connect a word to a strong visual image. Anyone who doesn't get it can kiss our cardinal red asses." Still, the company has pulled the book and replaced it with a more politically correct edition. Some sentences from the original *Word Smart II* you won't find in the new version:

- Marty took a hammer and began hitting Suzanne over the head with it; Suzanne asked Marty to *desist.*
- The bloody ax in Bert's hand gave me the *distinct* impression that he had been up to no good.
- Students are *fickle;* one day they love you, the next day they attach a pipe bomb to the chassis of your car.
- It is *imperative* that you put out the fire in your hair; if you don't do it immediately, your scalp will be severely burned.

Photographs, Robert Glasgow (Word Smart)

"I'm a little nervous. It's my first circumcision."

IT DEPENDS HOW YOU LOOK AT IT

the money in navy/white

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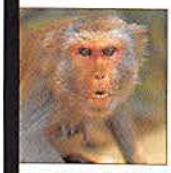
Beast Infection

Haven't these animals ever heard of the food chain?

Dogface killahs!

Every night in the Egyptian city of Arab al-Ayayda, a pack of rabid devil dogs makes ferocious guerrilla attacks on citizens. In just one frenzied rampage, the canines sent 17 people to whatever passes for a hospital in that godforsaken dung heap.



Attack of the ass monkeys!

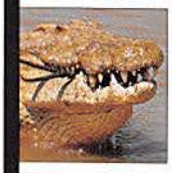
In Ito, Japan, frisky monkeys are running through the streets and assaulting women. In one month 26 women were attacked, often bitten on the ass. One victim was surprised from the rear as she vacuumed her house—you get the idea.

Man-eating ants!

Two elderly people died when they were attacked in bed by fire ants. In the winter, fire ants often swarm indoors in search of warmth and food, and that warm food is increasingly coming in the form of bedridden codgers. Sleep tight.

Wild-dog mania!

Officials estimate that there are 44,000 stray dogs in L.A. County. The LAPD shoots more pit bulls than it does people—no small feat—but Gini Barrett, a commissioner in the L.A. Dept. of Animal Regulations, says, "I don't think we're making a dent in it at all."

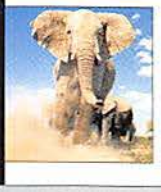


Crocs of trouble!

People in the African country of Malawi are being eaten by crocodiles at the rate of two a day. When you consider the fact that the average Malawian woman has 7.2 children in her lifetime, it raises the question: Who's farming whom?

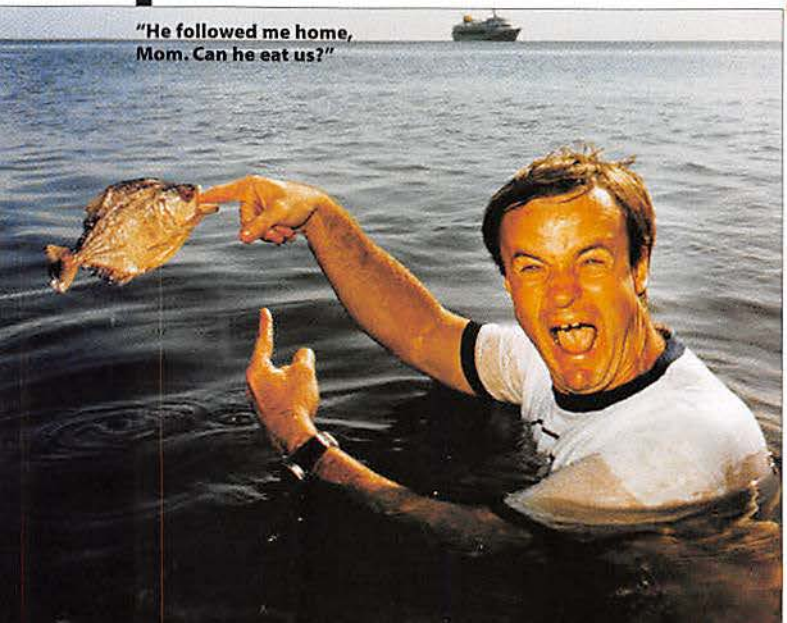
Jelly's last jam!

During one weekend in 1999, hordes of billowing jellyfish attacked more than 1,000 French swimmers off the Riviera. One expert blamed the sea change in the number of jellyfish on plankton growth, but divine whimsy hasn't been ruled out.



Perilous pachyderms!

A herd of 45 thirsty, rambunctious elephants stampeded into Midnapore, near Calcutta, and charged into a brewery, where the animals smashed vats and slurped up the hooch in a bender that went on for two days. Time to revive the ivory trade...



"He followed me home, Mom. Can he eat us?"

"Hey, Elián! Paintball?"

HEAD-TO-HEAD

Alien vs. Elián

One's a stowaway in outer space; the other's a castaway with an adorable face. But which one will really have you crying for Daddy?

HAILS FROM

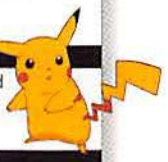
A barren, hostile planet	Cuba

Draw

SECRET AGENDA

To infiltrate your body and lay eggs in your chest	To invade your nation and steal its Pokémon cards

Edge: Alien



LIKELY HIDING PLACE

A labyrinthine air vent	A closet

Edge: Alien

CONFLICT COULD'VE BEEN AVOIDED IF

Man knew his proper place in the universe	The kid could throw a decent curve ball

Edge: Elián

MOST FEARSOME WEAPONS

A prehensile tail and several rows of razor-sharp teeth	A teary-eyed Janet Reno

Edge: Alien

HOW TO DISPOSE OF 'EM

A well-timed blow to the escape-hatch button	A court order and a team of heavily armed federal marshals

Edge: Elián

INSPIRES THE BURNING QUESTION

Are we alone in the cosmos?	Hey, isn't his cousin kinda...hot?

Edge: Elián

WHAT WE LEARNED

Extraterrestrials hate us; Ian Holm is a robot in disguise	Fidel Castro doesn't have a monopoly on totalitarian regimes

Edge: Elián

UNFORESEEN SIDE EFFECT

Focuses audience's attention on Sigourney Weaver's killer bod	Focuses nation's attention on Andy Garcia's mustache

Edge: Alien

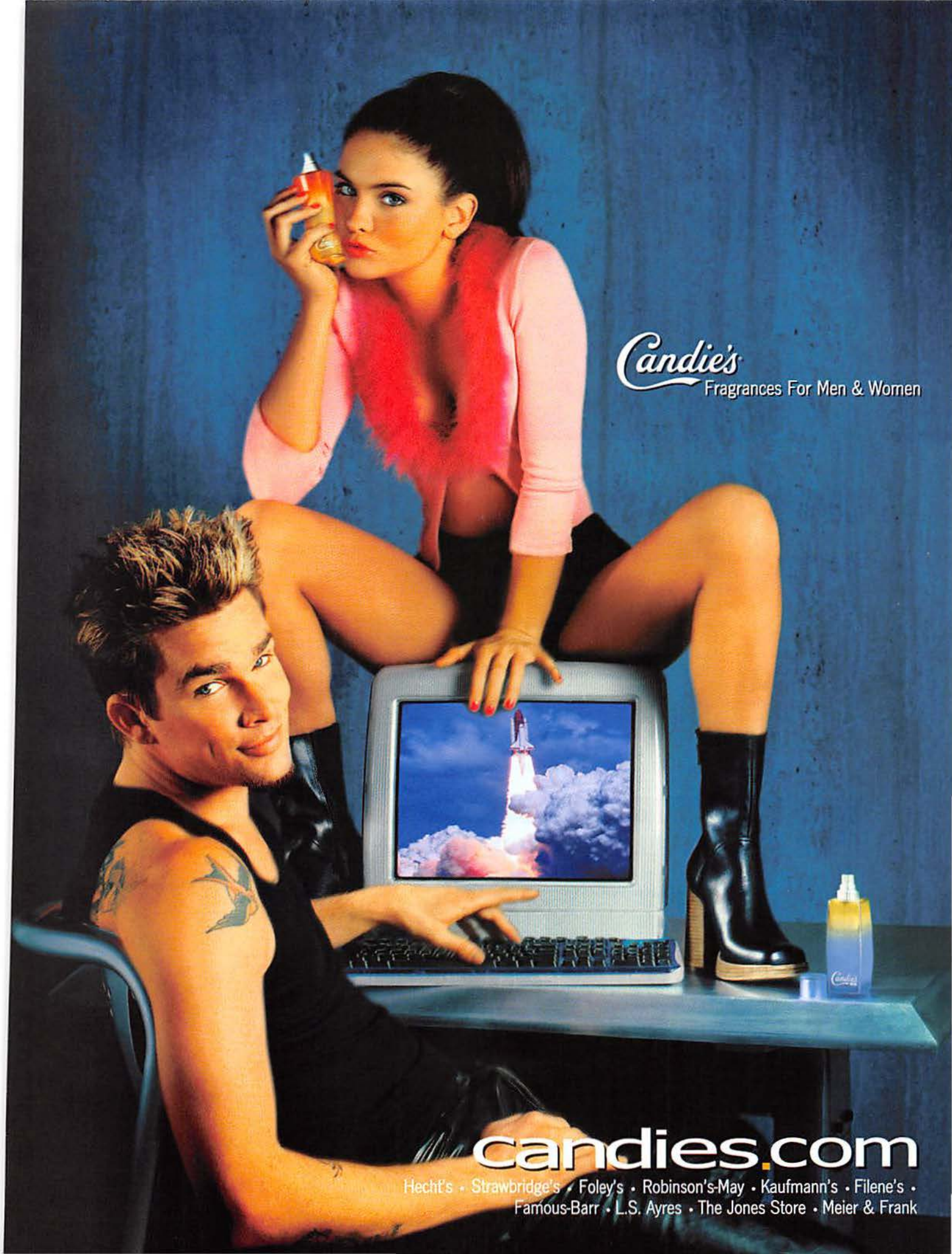
DESTINED FOR

A permanent place in the sci-fi canon	Years of intensive therapy

Edge: Alien

AND THE WINNER IS

Losing 5–4, the little Miami master is no match for the lethal movie monster. Game over, man. Game over.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FOREIGN OBJECTS

Austrian for 'Dull'

This tiny village would be paradise if it weren't for the Fucking tourists.

Austria may have given us Schwarzenegger, Vienna sausages, and *The Sound of Music*'s Von Trapp family (a sin we at *Maxim* have yet to forgive), but it's Fucking that's landing the home of Mozart in headlines lately. That would be the town of Fucking. The tiny village doesn't take its name from the popular pastime; Fucking (rhymes with *looking*) got its moniker from its sixth-century founder, Fucko. Not only are visitors eager to have their pictures taken in front of the Fucking welcome sign, they take the Fucking sign with them as a memento when they leave. At a price of several hundred dollars apiece, the town (population about 120) is spending nearly all of its annual budget on Fucking signs—and, er, more screws. Despite its billing, there's really not much to do there. There are no Fucking bars, Fucking banks, or any other Fucking businesses to speak of, save one enterprising couple who are hawking T-shirts emblazoned with pictures of the popular welcome sign and pithy sayings like FUCKING IN AUSTRIA IS BEAUTIFUL. Somehow they don't see the irony in marketing English-language shirts via a Web site that's entirely in German. But if you're returning from Austria and you want to give your loved ones a Fucking T-shirt, take a trip to www.fucking.at.—*Shane Mooney*

IT CAME FROM THE THIRD GRADE #18

This Month: Just Not Your Type

This keyboard stunt will make him wonder if he's lost his touch.

1 **SETUP:** Find someone in your office who can take a joke (try the new kid who's still trying to push his way past the bathroom door clearly labeled PULL). Sneak over to his computer when he's on his fourth coffee break of the day.

2 **EXECUTION:** Carefully pry the *M* and *N* keys from his keyboard. Use a little finesse (and perhaps a flat-head screwdriver) so you don't cause permanent damage. Then attach the *M* where the *N* used to be and vice versa. Now walk away, whistling nonchalantly.

3 **WHY IT WORKS:** Most people, particularly if they're not touch typists, won't notice the switch, resulting in some truly embarrassing typos and frantic calls to tech support to solve the problem. Just wait until he sends out his "neno" on "office nailings policy."

WANNA DATE?

The Maxim Calendar

If you need 'em, here are nine reasons to get inebriated this month.

August 1–7 It's International Clown Week. At least that's the excuse you should give your girlfriend when you ask to wear the rubber nose and floppy shoes to bed.

August 3 In 1985 the post office resumes delivery to nudist resort Paradise Lake, FL, agreeing that if recipients plan on being pantless, so will the mailmen.

August 5 The National Scrabble Championship kicks off in Greenport, NY. On a triple-word score, you can get 54 points for *douchebag*.

August 6 Maybe we're being paranoid, but it can't be coincidence that Leadville, Colorado's International Pack Burro Race is held on National Fresh Breath Day.

August 15–18 Sorry, kids, no Woodstock festival this year. Now's your opportunity to stock up on pepper spray and firearms.

August 18 For Bad Poetry Day, we composed a verse of our own: "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? / You both have an average temperature of 98 degrees."

August 19 It's Penguin Awareness Day at Point Pleasant Beach, NJ. The first thing you should be aware of: There are no penguins in New Jersey.

August 23 Mexico celebrates winning its independence from Spain on this day in 1821. Meanwhile the Québécois can only grit their teeth in envy.

August 27 Actor Paul Reubens, a.k.a. Pee-wee Herman, turns a whopping 48. How much longer can he possibly have before crippling arthritis sets in?

Photographs, Simone Schmidt/Liaison Agency (Fucking); Michael Kraus (T-shirt); Robert Glasgow (Scrabble); illustration, Lyman Daily

Really Gross Anatomy

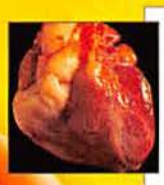
Instead of the lies we usually print, here are some actual facts and figures on the human body.

The Brain
The energy coursing through your brain is equivalent to the power needed to run a 650-watt microwave.

The Eyes
By age 60, our eyes have been exposed to the amount of light energy produced by a nuclear blast.

The Nose
Every day, your nose cleans, warms, and humidifies a volume of more than 500 cubic feet of air.

The Lungs
Smokers with a pack-a-day habit don't just ingest nicotine; they also consume about a half-cup of tar a year.



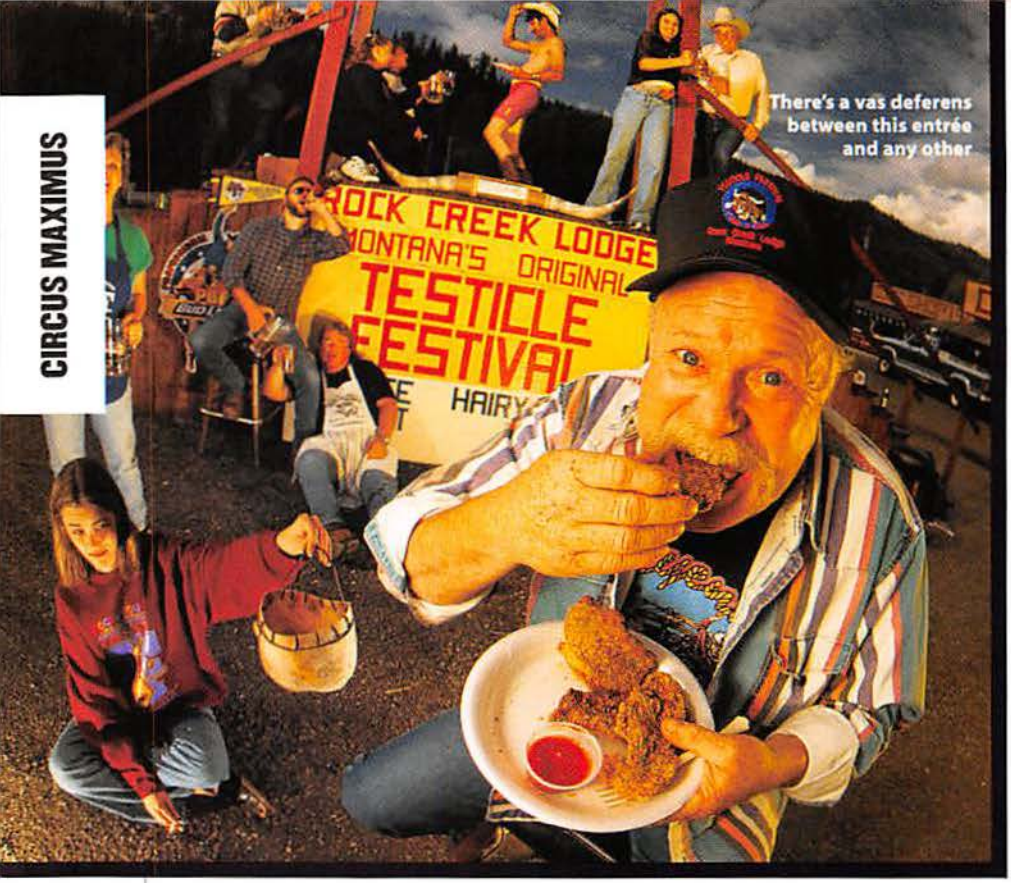
The Heart
In a 70-year lifetime, your heart pumps more than 46,000,000 gallons of blood through your veins.

The Skin
70 percent of the dust in your home is dead human skin. In your life that dust will add up to 85 pounds.

The Nipples
About 1 to 2 percent of the population has an extra nipple (usually located beneath an arm). Got milk?

The, er, Milky Way
There are as many neurons in your brain as there are stars in the galaxy. At least there were before college.

Two more weeks and it'll be nothing but breasts, breasts, breasts!



There's a vas deferens between this entrée and any other

EAT ME

Check, Please!

We've got serious reservations about these unusual eateries.

Whether your taste is Asian-Cuban fusion or steak 'n' spuds, eating out can get ho-hum after a while. That's why we at *Maxim* searched the world for spots that offer a dining experience you won't soon forget—and will perhaps never fully digest.

Hot mustard on your balls?

If your idea of heaven is tucking into a plate of beer-battered bull testicles, you've not even glimpsed the Pearly Gates till you've dined at the Rock Creek Lodge in Clinton, Montana. Not only are Rocky Mountain oysters the specialty of the house, they're the raison d'être of the lodge's annual Testicle Festival, held each September. Last year the five-day event drew more than 10,000 nut-jobs, who consumed more than 4,500 pounds of "cowboy caviar," often while cavorting naked.

'Honey, I'm just tying my shoes!'

In a society as ordered and repressed as Japan's, there's bound to be something kinky around every corner. (How else to explain the fact that Japanese subways are packed with businessmen engrossed in the nation's favorite comic book, *Rapeman*?) So it's no surprise that the Land of the Rising Sun is dotted with *no-pan kisa*—no-panty coffee shops. Customers are not allowed to speak to or touch the footloose and panty-free waitresses—though they are encouraged to peek up the serving wenches' tight miniskirts, courtesy of the mirrored floors.

Two scoops of garlic

We all scream for...tuna-fish ice cream? At the Coromoto ice-cream parlor in Mérida, Venezuela, they're also clamoring for such flavors as spinach, shrimp, chili pepper, fried pork rind, and, yes, garlic. In fact, owner Manuel Da Silva Oliveira earned a place in *The Guinness Book of World Records* for having the ice-cream shop with the most flavors: 709. We recommend the trout cone, with chunks of real trout. Chum—er, yum!

House of whacks

Nothing builds an appetite like having your nipples burned with hot wax. That's why we take our lunches at La Maison de Sade in Manhattan. Along with traditional French cuisine, you can order punishment from a Special Fare menu: For $20 a pop, try Spanking of a Slave, Foot Worship, or Public Humiliation. Visit www.lamaisondesade.com.—*John D. Spalding*

La Maison de Sade's spanking new digs

"I predict I'm going to eat a Twinkie."

WE'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU!

This Just In!

If someone else printed it, it must be true.

Though all these stories seem too good to be true, three of them were actually reported in reputable news sources. See if you can spot the one *we* made up.

1. New Zealand authorities have ruled that a man did not violate the standards of good taste during the televised program *Havoc 2000 Deluxe*. To win the game show and a prize of approximately $245, contestant Thomas Hendry stapled his penis to a cross 18 times, then doused it with lighter fluid and set it on fire.

2. The British Defense Ministry was embarrassed to learn that documents detailing the government's plans for upgrading its nuclear weapons arsenal were found on a sidewalk outside a warhead factory. A spokeswoman for the ministry tried to downplay the incident as "no great shakes" because "most of the information listed here is in the public domain already."

3. Devout Mormon residents of a small Utah community are furious about a local TV station's broadcasts of the quasi-religious cartoon *Davey and Goliath*. The people of Ogden have been demonstrating and burning the Claymation duo in effigy outside the station. Commented one protester, "Whatever positive messages the show contains are far outweighed by its perpetuation of the blasphemous notion of a talking dog."

"Gee, Davey, why hast thou forsaken me?"

4. A New York City program to get people off welfare rolls and into steady employment hit a snag when a *New York Times* investigation revealed at least 15 welfare recipients working as phone psychics. A city councilman protested that people on welfare shouldn't be in positions that require them to consult "with other folks who are often at wit's end themselves."

I pause live TV when people call right in the middle of the playoffs. What's with those people?

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TWELVE STEP PROGRAMS

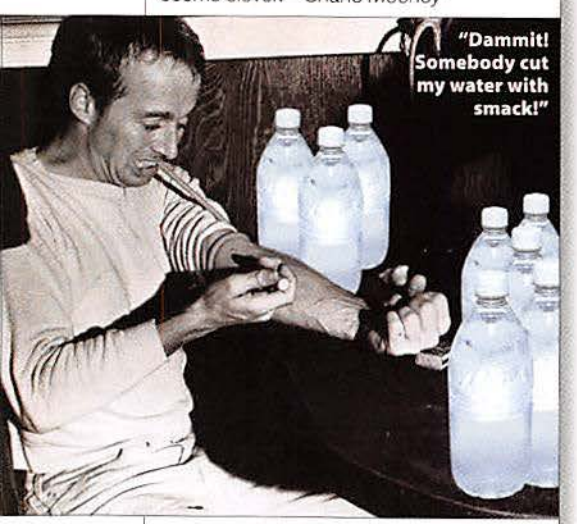
H_2Overdose

Not only can water cleanse the soul—it can get you high.

Addiction takes many forms: gambling, pornography, 12-hour *Golden Girls* binges. But just when you thought it was safe to turn on your tap, here comes psychogenic polydipsia, the pathological need to consume water by the gallon and drink oneself into intoxication. "Instead of drinking eight glasses of water a day, addicts drink 80," notes Dr. Richard Millson of Ontario's Kingston Psychiatric Hospital and an expert on the subject. "They do it to get high." By downing enough liquid to alter their bodies' sodium levels, these addicts water their way into a wasted state, inducing slurred speech and fuzzy thinking (not to mention really clean teeth).

Of course, it takes more than a six-pack of Evian to do the trick: Your average polydipsiac typically needs anywhere from four to 10 liters to achieve inebriation, though like any addicts, they build up an incredible tolerance for the substance they crave. Millson notes that one woman's water addiction caused her to gain 15 pounds in around three hours. And especially neurotic doctors fear that water is a "gateway drug" that may lead to excessive consumption of fluids whose effects aren't as benign. "One man drank eight liters of milk in a sitting," recalls Millson.

And before you stick that garden hose in your mouth in the hope of going on the ultimate cheap bender, the doctor warns that you can indeed overdose on water. Worst-case scenario: If the heart attack or the seizure-induced coma doesn't kill you, the fluid coming back up from your stomach and filling your lungs probably will. Best-case: Your bladder swells to the size of a football (permanently), you're plagued by urinary tract infections, and the idea of using your shoe to drink out of the toilet seems clever.—*Shane Mooney*



"Dammit! Somebody cut my water with smack!"

HIROKI! IS HUNGRY!

Home Cookin'

Our art assistant finally gets his revenge by making *us* sample *Japanese* cuisine.

What's Japanese for *brist*

Toyo Suisan Frozen Shrimp Shumai
We paid $3.49 **Calories** 100 **Fat** 3 g **Cooking time** 3 min.
Comments: We have to deduct presentation points from these shrimp dumplings shaped like rose blossoms. More deductions for the tiny portions of shrimp and the generous quantities of entrails, which leaves them with a total score of...zero.
Hiroki says: "I never have shrimp-flavor gum before. Looks like maggots."

Kibun Tai Yaki
We paid $4.99 **Calories** 219 **Fat** 0 g **Cooking time** 1 min.
Comments: It's only logical that these baked wheat cakes filled with "sweet bean jam" (that is, refried beans) should be fashioned in the shape of fish. One bite and you, too, will want to send them on a one-way trip to Davy Jones' locker.
Hiroki says: "*[leaves room to get dictionary]* Taste like...*mold*? Smell like my grandmother's house."

Ajinomoto Sukiyaki Don
We paid $3.99 **Calories** 660 **Fat** 22 g **Cooking time** 8 min.
Comments: Though we followed the cooking instructions for this delicate beef dish to a T—and microwaved it for two minutes less than we were told to—it still came out looking like charbroiled bacon. And it tasted worse than that sounds.
Hiroki says: "What that? A-a-r-r-r-gh! Oh, no-o-o-o! *[Spits out unchewed food]*"

Orchids Hoka Hoka Bentoh
We paid $3.99 **Calories** 440 **Fat** 7 g **Cooking time** 5 min.
Comments: You have to hand it to the Japanese—they know what they like. They like vending machines that dispense schoolgirls' used panties. And they like a mixture of fried eggs, peas, and salmon flakes—for breakfast. Thanks, but we'll stick to toast.
Hiroki says: "Yes! N-n-n-n-gh! Salmon is dry. Egg is like a gummy."

Kibun Ika Hamburger
We paid $1.69 **Calories** 134 **Fat** 5 g **Cooking time** 2 min.
Comments: Talk about a language barrier. When the Japanese say "pillow book," they really mean "diary." And when they say "hamburger," they really mean "squid-and-onion patties." So here's a description whose meaning we can all agree on: crap.
Hiroki says: "Crunch? What? Not burger. Needs rice. Then it would be a rice burger."

Ajinomoto Chicken Fried Rice with Tomato Sauce
We paid $2.99 **Calories** 240 **Fat** 5 g **Cooking time** 8 min.
Comments: After suffering through turd-filled crustaceans, squid burgers, and fish-shaped waffles that tasted like tacos, we were thrilled to finally have a meal that not even the Japanese could ruin. Disregard Hiroki's critique and pass the ketchup.
Hiroki says: "Looks shit. I can't say what taste like. Not fried. I am sick. I cannot eat."

CUTTING EDGE

Chopping Maul

The new cordless power saw: You'd have to be Amish to hate it!

How many times have you held an electric saw in one hand as you sized up a two-by-four for the kill, only to trip on a snarl of cord and fall hands-first into the hungry teeth of your own whirling saw blade? All that's about to change with the new Makita Cordless Slide Compound Miter Saw, the lightest power miter saw ever. On just one battery charge, this 23-pound marvel can chew through 200 pieces of four-inch crown molding. The seven-and-a-half-inch blade whips through pine, oak, and the odd knuckle at a chatter-free 2,000 rpm. At $580, the Makita neatly slices your wallet in half, too, but throws in two 18-volt batteries, a charger, and various accessories. Check out www.makitatools.com.

Blood coagulant sold separately

Photographs: Satoshi (Hiroki); grooming, Ozzie for Mark Edward, Inc.; Robert Glasgow (food, saw, water bottle)

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BUZZ O' THE MONTH

Pyrat's Gold

Ahoy, scurvies, and yo, ho, ho: Here's a bottle of rum that'll really shiver ye timbers, me hearties.

Few Westerners are aware of it, but Zen Buddhism has its own patron saints, too—and unless our trusted translator is playing a very unfunny prank on us, they are one eclectic bunch of sumbitches. There's Kuroda, patron saint of fishermen, Hummel figurines, and grudge sex. There's Roshi, divine protector of snakebite victims, chronic bedwetters, and people who can jam a whole fist in their mouths. But our far-and-away favorite is Hoti (pronounced like "*ho*-tee," not like Sarah Michelle Gellar), who really and truly is the patron saint of children, fortune-tellers, and—most important—bartenders. Hoti's smiling face and jiggling blubber-belly greet you on every bottle of Pyrat's Planters Gold rum. Distilled on the island of Anguilla in the British West Indies (off Exit 14 on the New Jersey Turnpike) since the late 1800s, Planters Gold is a sweet, sippable, hand-bottled 80-proof blend, so don't even think of drowning it in half a large Coke from McDonald's. The Zen blessing is a nice bonus: Though a 750 ml bottle will set you back an earthly $45, you will in fact achieve total consciousness. So you've got that going for you...which is nice. To knock back a slug, check out www.pyratrum.com.

Ten-four, good Buddha

Photograph, Chris Gorman; prop stylist, Marian Moon Toy

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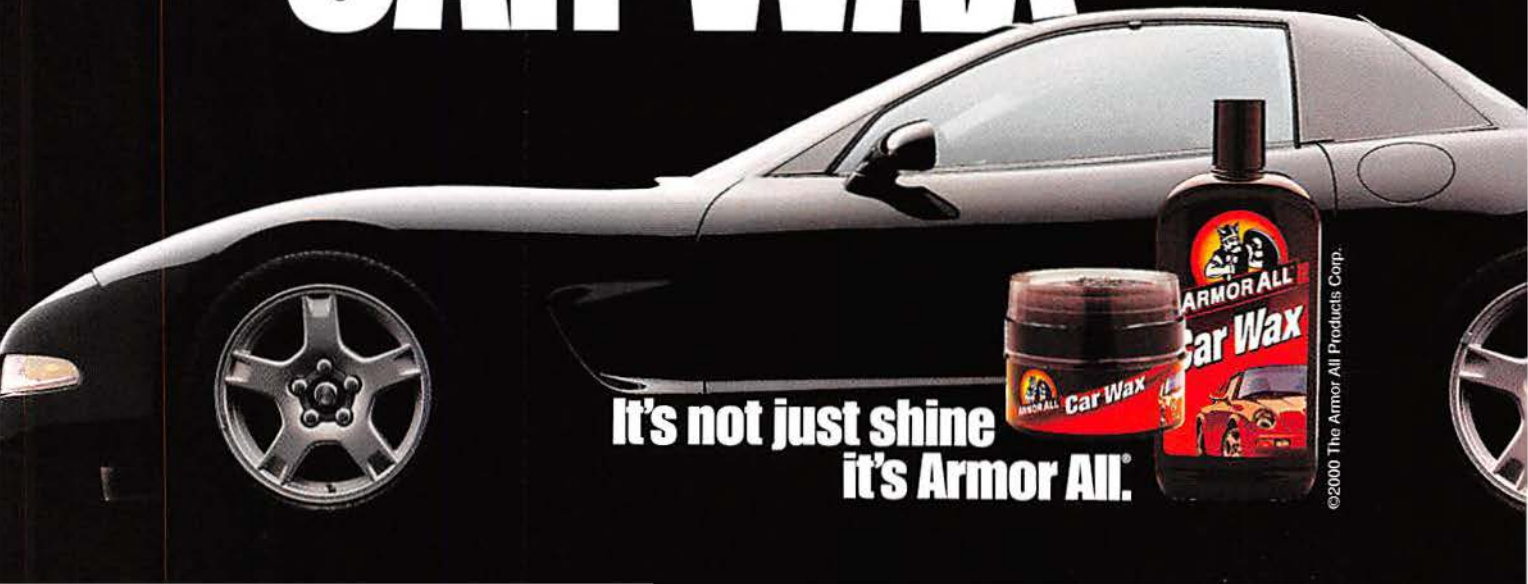

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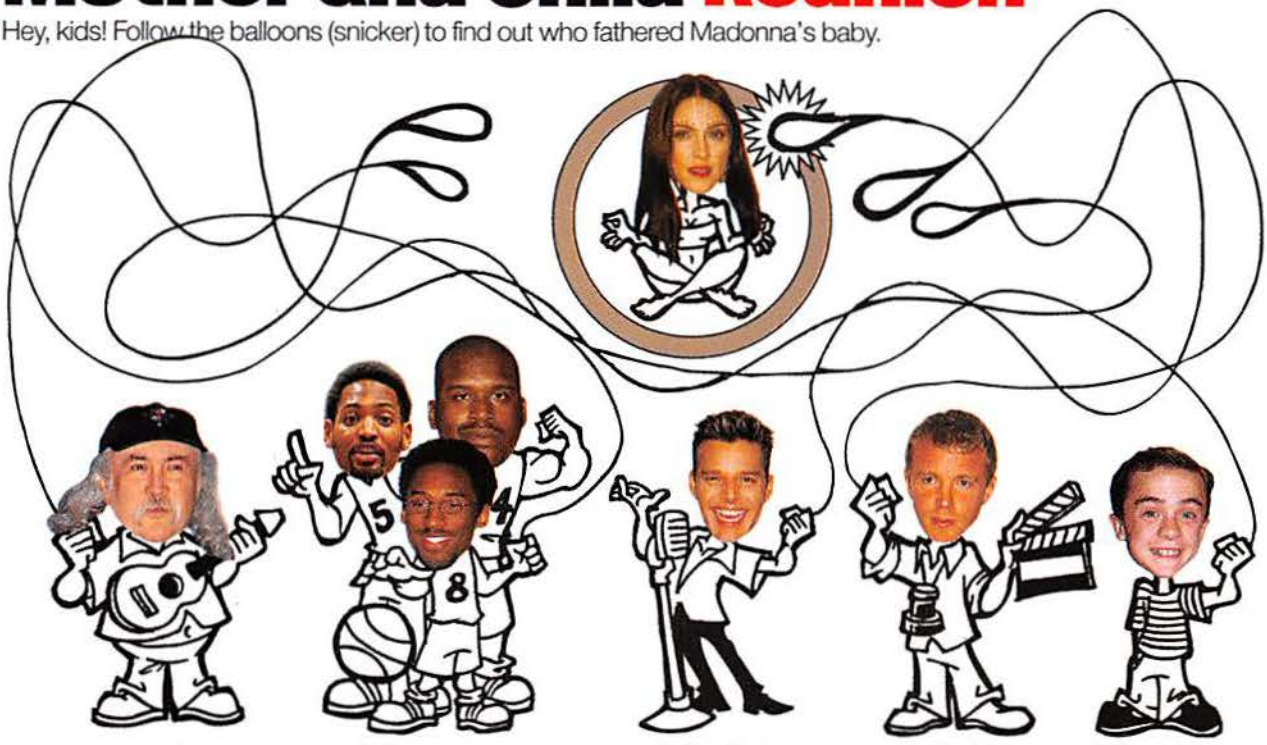
CELEBRITY PUZZLE

Mother and Child Reunion

Hey, kids! Follow the balloons (snicker) to find out who fathered Madonna's baby.



A: David Crosby **B:** The LA Lakers **C:** Ricky Martin **D:** Guy Ritchie **E:** Frankie Muniz

Answer: D

You won't see everybody wearing them,
which is precisely why you should.

Grid Arrival

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The bar scene isn't what it used to be

The Drug Lord Museum

Pay your admission or we'll send some boys around to collect it.

Though we've sold off most of our industries to foreign investors, our beloved United States still leads the world in production of movies, preternaturally hot teenage sex symbols, sorghum, and tourist traps. Colombia's police force, however, is now making its move in that last category. Bogotá's Finest (and Shrewdest) recently opened the Drug Lord Museum, sure to be a proud centerpiece of the next edition of *Let's Go Colombia*. The name alone would drag the expatriate yuppie crowd in, but what's on display is actually not bad: an intriguing, fairly exhaustive collection of cool drug-lord paraphernalia. Without having to undergo so much as a pat-down or a body-cavity search, you'll be browsing through wooden boxes once used for shipping cocaine, ham-radio-ish communication equipment, and other goodies seized in the hideout of notorious coke machine Pablo Escobar. (The museum's curators, fortuitously, happen to be the guys who arrested Escobar and his cohorts.) There's a vintage Harley formerly owned by El Arete, one of the Medellin cartel's most feared terrorists; a haunting photo gallery of Medellin members; Escobar's Rolls-Royce and 1928 Ford; even the watch Pablo was wearing when police fed him a lead sandwich in 1993. Oh, and a very tasteful wax reproduction of his corpse. And if you think the Drug Lord Museum itself is cool, just wait till you see what you can smuggle home from the gift shop.

"Puffy? You dropped somethin'."

Up Against the Wall

Get a degree in engineering and you too can blow things up real good.

1 "Check it out, fellas! I just built a rocket sled for my F-4 Phantom Jet!"

2 "Awesome, Billy! You wanna race it against my 10-speed?"

3 "Nah...I was thinkin' I'd go out to Sandia National Labs...

4 "...and ram the thing into a frickin' wall!"

NAVY

LET THE JOURNEY BEGIN

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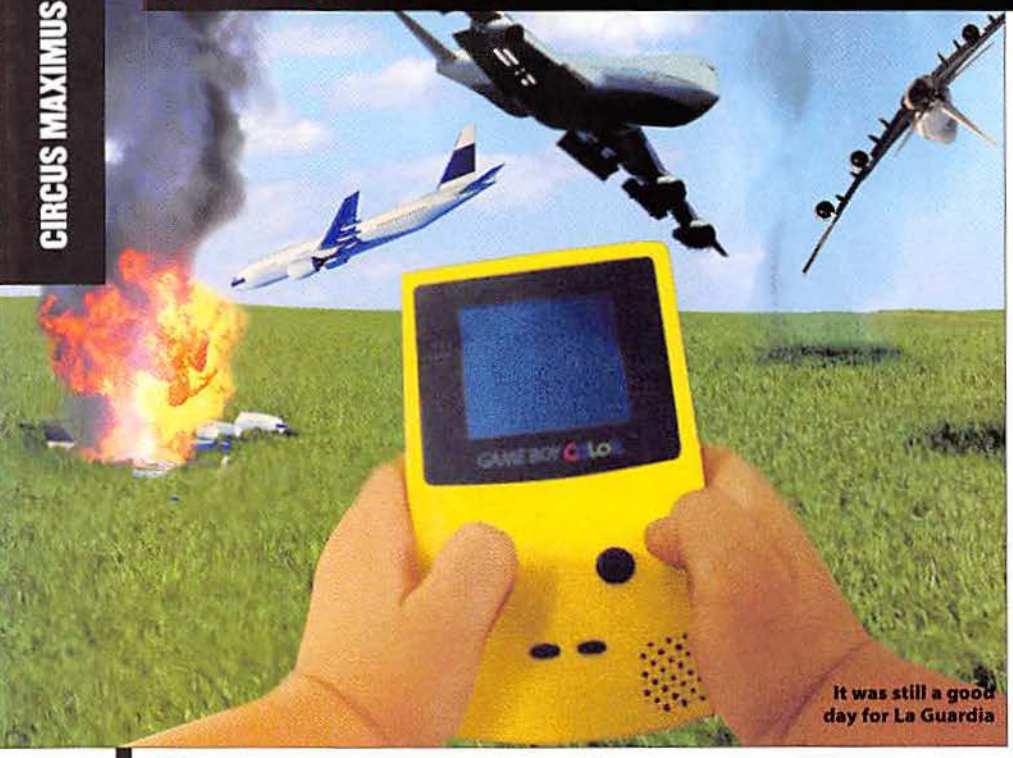


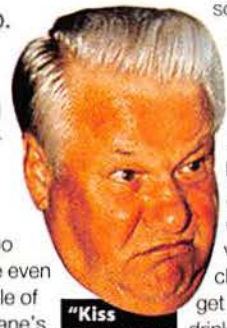
It was still a good day for La Guardia

Smart-ass Answers to Dumb-ass Questions

You were curious enough to ask; the least we could do was look it up.

Q: Could my Gameboy, Walkman, cell phone or other electronic device really cause a plane crash?

A: Sure, if you used it to beat your pilot to an unconscious bloody pulp. Outside of that relatively plausible eventuality, the answer is...probably not. To date, portable electronic gizmos have not caused a single plane crash, but that doesn't mean the airline will let you whip out your battery-powered blender and start mixing margaritas mid-flight. Since 1961, the FAA has curbed the use of "personal electronic devices" because they can potentially screw up a plane's navigation and communication systems. You're not permitted to use Gameboys, Walkmans, or radios below 10,000 feet because they operate at frequencies that are capable of generating interference at 190 kilohertz to 2.5 gigahertz: the same frequencies the aircraft uses during takeoff and landing. That can interfere with signals received by the airplane, cutting off conversations between the pilot and the ground crew (that's bad) and making navigation dials go haywire (also bad). Cell phones are even more dangerous, as they're capable of wreaking havoc with both the airplane's equipment and cell phones being used on the ground. That's why they're banned at every altitude. "If there is any chance that something may pose a threat to safety, we err on the side of caution," says Alison Duquette, an FAA spokeswoman. If that's true, how do they account for airline food?



"Kiss my Putin."

Q: Why do golf balls have dimples?

A: Same reason Cheech and Chong had a multi-chambered hookah: to help them get high. As a golf ball soars over the green and makes a beeline for the water hazard, a pocket of turbulent air forms behind it, creating an area of low pressure. The greater the difference between the air pressure in front of the ball and that behind it, the more resistance to forward movement there is. Dimples minimize this difference, enabling a pockmarked ball to travel twice as far as a smooth one would. Most modern-day golf balls have 360 to 460 dimples, each one .12 to .16 inch in diameter. "There's no advantage to going outside that range because the air flow around the ball isn't as efficient if you use any fewer or any more dimples," says Matthew Stanczak, the dimple development engineer for Maxfli, one of America's largest golf ball manufacturers. Hmm... wonder how much range Gary Coleman's head has?

Bill Murr ass c stick

Q: Is there any truth to the old saying 'Beer before liquor, never been sicker. Liquor before beer, never fear'?

A: The *Maxim* staff has made numerous attempts to settle this matter, but we've repeatedly been denied the federal funding we need to complete our study. However, some real scientists think they know why the adage holds water: "If you drink beer, it takes a while for the alcohol to be absorbed," says Walter Hunt, Ph.D., a senior science advisor at the National Institute on Alcohol Abuse and Alcoholism. "But if you take a shot of bourbon, you can feel the alcohol very quickly." Scenario one: You chug a brew, chase it with liquor, and get hit with a double whammy as the drinks sabotage your system simultaneously. Scenario two: You drink liquor, then start on the beer, which hits you just as the liquor is wearing off. For full effect, try out both scenarios with Pabst Blue Ribbon and Everclear and see which leaves you retching in the bathroom—and which leaves you dancing naked on the table.

"Well, could ya fit it through here?"

Q: When will the world run out of oil?

A: By the time this becomes an issue, you'll be more concerned with being able to digest solid foods. Experts believe we have enough petroleum to last at least 50 years. The U.S. Geological Survey estimates we've burned through more than 29.8 trillion gallons since commercial drilling began, in 1859, and have 101 trillion gallons left to go. "We don't know for certain what percentage of the world's oil we've drilled up so far," says Larry Nation, a spokesperson for the American Association of Petroleum Geologists. What is certain is that all the petroleum we've used isn't being replenished: We've begun to exhaust the world's prominent natural oil seeps and have resorted to tapping the petroleum on the floor of the Gulf of Mexico, China Sea, and North Sea. When those sources run out, our only remaining alternative will be to mine the faces of the cast of *Dawson's Creek*.

GOT YOUR OWN DUMB-ASS QUESTIONS?
Send them to "Ask Anything," *Maxim*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 14th floor, New York, NY 10018, or E-mail them to ask@maximonline.com.

Illustration: John Sosnovsky

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DO EVERYTHING BETTER

How To

Disney's newest adult ride, It's a Small World After Dark

PICK UP A WOMAN WHO DOESN'T SPEAK ENGLISH

They say there's someone for everyone. What if your someone lives in Burundi?

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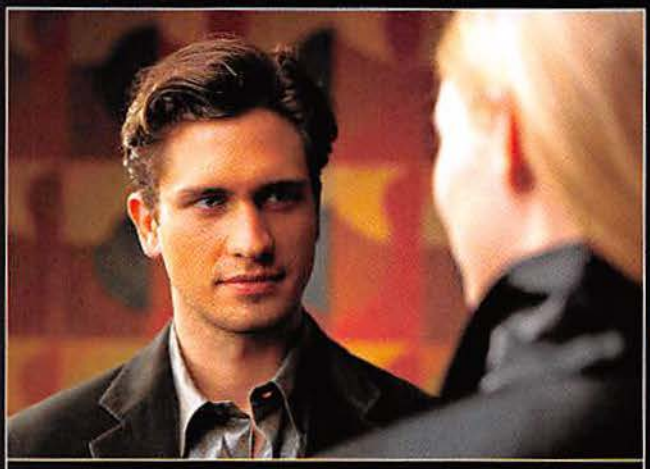

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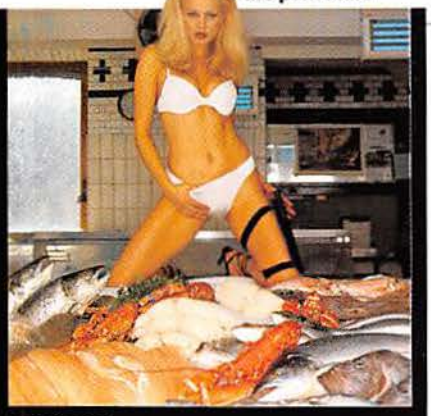
Photographs, Dale Mayr; stylist, Soannita Palmer for Artists by Timothy Priano/NEXT; hair, ReggieDrummer for Susan Price; makeup, Debi Jon[illegible]y Priano/NEXT; location, Veruka, NYC

All our models are paid scale



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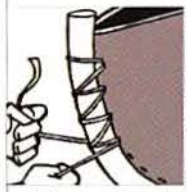

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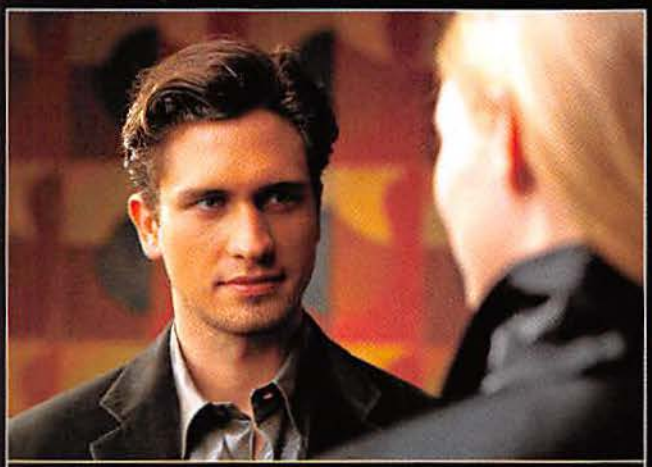

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Our legal counsel

HOW TO

AVOID ETERNAL DAMNATION

Don't feel like repenting? Try one of these backdoor methods for getting past the Pearly Gates.

From what we understand, hell is a really bad place, an endless waiting room with nothing to read but back issues of *GQ*. But fear not: We hit the theology books and found religions with Get Out of Hell Free cards. Regardless of what you worship, it can't hurt to try one or all three.

Catholicism

Like any good Jewish boy, Jesus always listened to His mother, so when it comes time to make bail from perdition, the smart money is on Mary. Tradition holds that if you wear the scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel (available for $3.95 at www.ave-maria.com) until the moment of your death, you will be saved.

Judaism

Some Jews believe that dead souls wander a gray, depressing region called Gehenna, a place not unlike Buffalo. To avoid this dull afterlife, tell your kids to say kaddish, the prayer of mourning, for you every day for 11 months. Then you'll be released from Gehenna to...well...somewhere else. Maybe Florida.

Buddhism

Buddhists have up to 16 separate hells for those, like Marty McSorley, who habitually commit violent acts. Just how much hell you'll have to endure comes down to how much good karma and bad karma you've accumulated; so take stock of your life of sin and then start doing good to balance it out. (Put one of our kids through college and erase that weekend with the two midget hookers.)

—Bryan Walsh

Our founder

HOW TO

SURVIVE A SHARK ATTACK

When Jaws strikes, do you want to end up like Quint or like Brody?

With only about 25 shark attacks a year occurring worldwide, you've got a better chance of costarring in Chasey Lain's next project than ending up in a hammerhead's stool. "There are so few fatalities because sharks are disappearing throughout the world," says John McCosker, Ph.D., senior scientist at the California Academy of Sciences in San Francisco. "That's what we should be more worried about." Says him. Should you find yourself on the business end of a great white, here's what to do to keep your head (not to mention your extremities).

Don't look for fins

Despite what the movies have led you to believe, a shark probably won't advertise its presence to you. "In interviews with shark-attack victims, no one said they saw the shark coming," notes McCosker. If you are able to spot one before it strikes, you'll want to get back to shore with a minimum of splashing—sharks may misinterpret such turbulence as being caused by something that's competing with them for food, and this may make them more likely to attack.

Stay calm

If you are bitten, don't panic. No, really. The vast majority of attacks are hit-and-run incidents in which sharks mistake people for something they would normally eat. If the shark's already let you go, it probably won't come back, so just return to terra firma quickly. However, if it has firmly sunk its teeth into you, grab its gill openings or poke it in the eye; the idea is to cause it enough discomfort to make it let you go, says George H. Burgess of the Florida Museum of Natural History. And don't play possum: Sharks fear humans, but if you look like a dead guy and act like a dead guy, you must be lunch.

Get help immediately

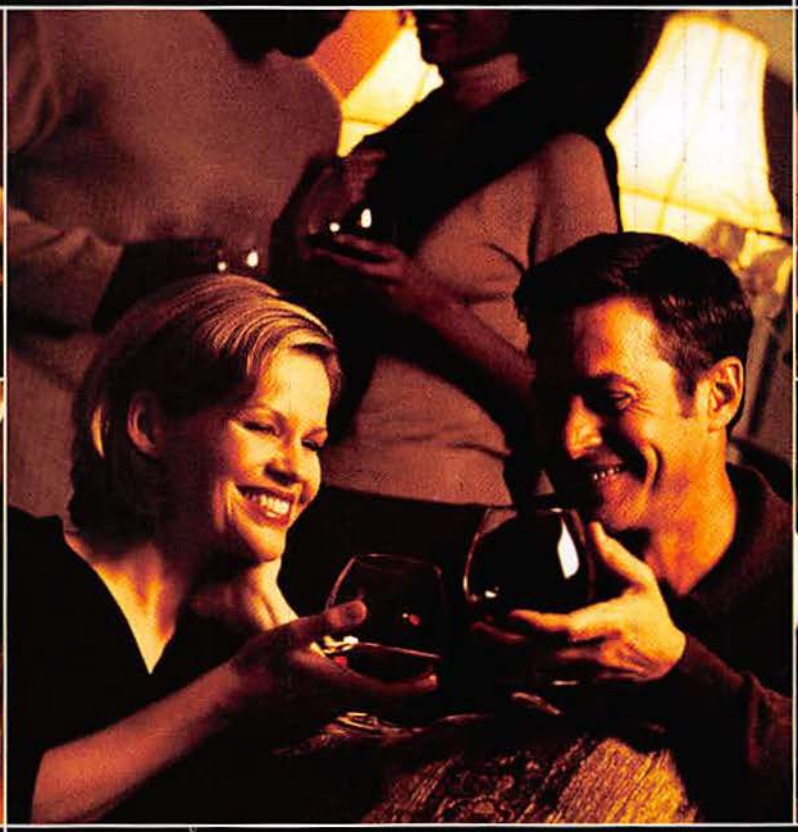
Once you've reached land, wrap dry towels or strips of clothing around any wounds. If you start shivering, you've gone into shock: Stay close to the ground to prevent fainting, and cover yourself for warmth. And, of course, "call for professional medical assistance right away," says McCosker. "You're dealing with the equivalent of someone throwing a live chain saw at you." And that's a different series of horror movies altogether.

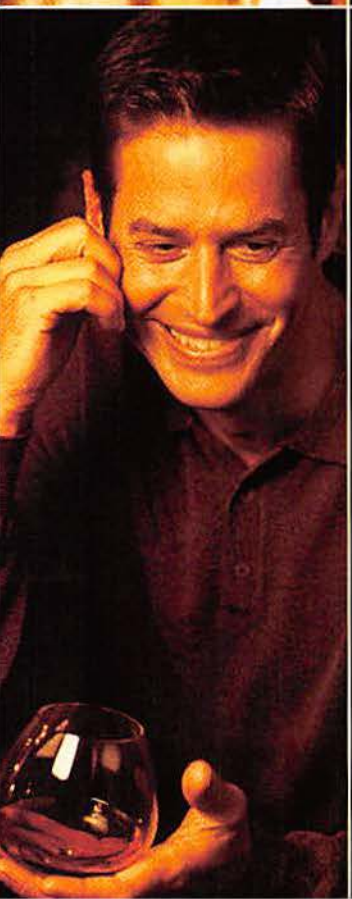
—Elaine Heinzman

"Nothing for me, thanks. I really overdid it when that Thai ferryboat capsized."

Illustration, David Hine

THE PAUL MASSON BRANDY MOMENT.





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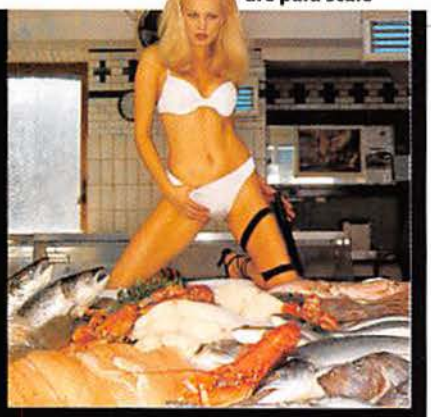

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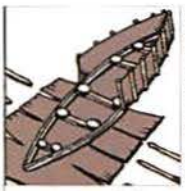

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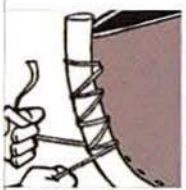

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Photograph, Robert Glasgow

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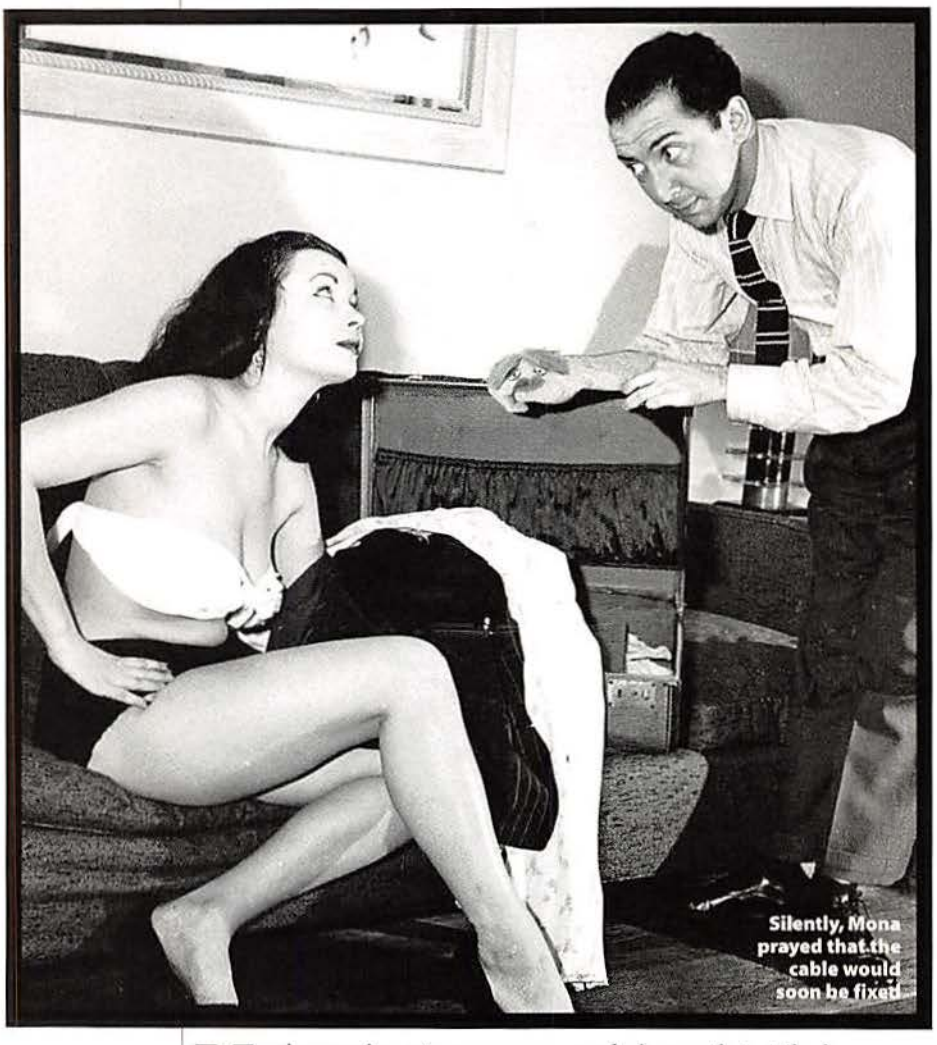
Talk Me into Bed

Dropping just a few simple phrases will make you stand out from the crowd—and make her want to take you someplace quiet where you can "talk." By Amy Spencer



Silently, Mona prayed that the cable would soon be fixed

You know who gets a woman into bed on the first date? A guy who says all the right things. But what exactly are those things? And why isn't "I drive a Beemer" on the list?

The fact is, a man who can subtly trigger our mating instinct—by revealing himself to be the kind of guy we'd like to mate with—is a man who's just greatly enhanced his chances of waltzing us into the sack. And bragging about your job or your ride isn't the way to do it. That's too bold and self-aggrandizing. No, what will really melt her heart (and her panties) are words and phrases that strike her on an almost Darwinian level.

Don't take it from me. Geoffrey Miller, a cognitive psychologist and the author of *The Mating Mind*, says there is evolutionary evidence of why we fall for the sappy crap you guys dole out. Like how we melt when you say you love cats. Heck, you don't even have to love them; just saying you don't mind them can promote you from putz to prospect in a matter of seconds. Tell a girl that you like warm, fuzzy, ear-nuzzling creatures and she'll translate that into the fact that you *are* a warm, fuzzy, ear-nuzzling creature. And after you've moved on to the sordid tale of the time you and your buddies streaked through a state fair wearing nothing but socks on your johnsons, she'll still be imagining you, her, and a fur ball doing some heavy petting in a Downy-soft bed.

"Courtship is how women size men up in a sexual-selection process, the same way our ancestors did," says Miller. "They want to find one who displays the traits they're looking for in a mate." Try putting some of these phrases on display during your next date and she'll be purring all the way back to your place.

'I cried like a baby.'

These five words say worlds about you symbolically: not only that you've used your tear ducts on at least one occasion, but that you're comfortable enough with your masculinity to gush forth with such a fountain of feelings. Miller believes that you earn extra points if your tears are emotional (from watching *The Champ*) rather than pain-related (from getting the crap beat out of you in college). "Women want to see that you have the emotional capability to sympathize, which is crucial in relationships," says Miller. "Especially if it's for someone you're not even related to, like a fictional character in a movie." Never ▶

Digital illustration: John Sosnovsky

Regis Philbin, BMOC

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THE BON MARCHÉ BURDINES MACY'S RICH'S LAZARUS GOLDSMITH'S STERN'S

Don't compliment her on her sexual features—at least not until she unveils them.

mind that if you dump us like yesterday's pork fat, we'll tell everyone that you are a big baby.

'You've got the most gorgeous eyes/beautiful collarbone/ amazing laugh.'

Rather than telling the woman you're with that she "looks great," compliment something unique about her. This, by the way, works best when expressed in a revelatory tone, as in, "Wow, I hadn't really noticed until the light hit your face in that certain way" or "...until I saw you smile from across the room." Steer clear of features that get Hooters girls hired, like her breasts, butt, legs, and lips (or at least save those compliments for later, when she's stripping down and wants you to notice all of her 2,000 sexy parts).

"Complimenting a woman on her primarily sexual features is a powerful way of saying you're not in it for the long term," explains Miller. And while you may *not* be in it for the long term, I'd suggest you keep that to yourself for the short term.

'Some jackass was trying to start a fight with me.'

While every woman has had a fantasy about two men fighting to the death over her, in the real world of supermarkets and sports bars, we don't like men who fight. "A hundred thousand years ago, our ancestors wanted men who could maintain peace to keep their children out of danger," says Miller. "This is the same way dominant male chimpanzees act: like policemen who break up fights rather than start them." So don't think you're impressing us with your tough-guy speeches. We'd much rather hug the big hairy ape who can calm those ready-to-rumble types down.

'It was for charity.'

It's no big deal, you tell us. You don't feed the homeless in soup kitchens or run the bingo game at the nursing home or anything like that. But, yeah, you did run a 5K for cancer last month. And that new painting in your apartment? Well sure, you bought it at an Art for AIDS auction. Women don't want to date telethon hosts, but we'd love to hear that every so often you do something that benefits a greater good, however inadvertently. "Our species evolved to be incredibly altruistic because our ancestors were into mates who displayed traits of sympathy and kindness toward others," says Miller. What woman doesn't want a man who spends time on things that don't somehow serve to make him money, earn him more leisure time, or get him into a girl's pants? Well, not directly, anyway.

'I'm going home tomorrow to help my mom install her new computer.'

Can't go for lunch on Saturday? Oh. Can't go because you promised your mom you'd drive her to IKEA and then assemble her new three-tier portable bookshelf? Oh! It warms a woman's heart to hear that a guy is happy to spend time with his family. "Getting along with one's family is key in the sexual-selection process," says Miller. "Think about it: You can't choose your family. And because our family members are often not people we would have chosen as our friends if we weren't related, being close with his family indicates that a man can adapt socially to other people he can't choose—like his in-laws." Not to mention that we're thinking if all goes well, *we* might be spending time with your family, too.

'I like to cook.'

I have a domestic fantasy: A handsome man, shirtsleeves rolled up to his elbows, is in my kitchen, washing my dishes. That's it. The plain sight of a man in the kitchen with a purpose. And if cooking is that purpose, all the better.

You don't even have to be good at it. If you're whistling while you pour pancake batter into the shape of silver dollars, women don't care that you can't make crepes: Dating you would bring us that much closer to living out one of those scenes in a J. Crew catalog, where barefoot men in log cabins crack eggs into cast-iron frying pans. "Culturally, this implies that a man doesn't allocate traditional gender roles—he's not going to come home from work and ask, 'Where's my dinner?'" Miller ▶

The Irony of Swatch

Photo: Nick Welsh

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Special Advertising Section

SOUTHERN COMFORT AND MAXIM SENT MATTHEW GRUND TO GET

MAXIMUM ACCESS AT ORLANDO'S SURF EXPO

Has the hype of surfing gone out with the tide? Maybe, the tide is just changing. Dreaming of "baywatch" babes in teeny bikinis, cheering you on as you catch the next wave? Forget the bikinis, the babes at the Surf Expo in Orlando say they'll be in the water with you. Finally, you can have your sports and your women, too.

Looking good is still as important as ever. Check out the wardrobes of the hottest movie stars, and you'll find the cool surf style is infiltrating more than the beach this summer. The essential item: a good pair of flip-flops.

The surfer's nightlife is steering away from the crowded club scene to the relaxed, "be yourself" beach parties of the 60's. Sound too Frankie and Annette for you; it's less hassle for more fun. Now you'll be able to go straight from the waves to the babes – late-night limbo in the sand, anyone? If you're looking to escape the wear and tear of everyday life, all you need is some surf and a "party until the sun comes up" attitude. Orlando's Surf Expo proved that the hype of surfing is still riding high.

Matthew Grund

To get the full, uncensored report on Matt's weekend, visit **www.maximmag.com.**

"Enjoy Southern Comfort Responsibly"
Southern Comfort Company, Liqueur, 21-50% Alc. by Vol. Louisville KY 1999

Women are turned on by tough guys who can stop fights, not start them.

explains. "Women find it attractive that a man will share home responsibilities." Which reminds me of the fantasy I have in which a man is folding my laundry.

'I'm taking vacation next week.'

You'll do whatever it takes to get ahead in your job, you love jetting around the world for business meetings, and you plan on being a CEO by 35. Sounds great—to a PalmPilot. Women want men who love their jobs, but trust me when I tell you that no woman wants a workaholic. So if you tell her you work to live—rather than live to work—she'll sigh with more relief than a metope on the Parthenon. "When a woman selects a mate, she ideally looks for a man she can raise a family with, and she wants to know that he'll be there for it, too," says Miller, who suggests talking to her about the vacations you want to take. "Talking about time off," he says, "is a good sign that you take time off." Plus, talk about the warm sand and the tropical breezes you're looking forward to and she'll wonder if you might not want a travel companion.

'I was taking care of my niece the other day...'

Drip...drip...drip... Not just the sound of David Schwimmer being himself but also the sound of a woman's heart melting at the thought of a man tying a two-year-old's sneakers. "When our ancestors chose sexual companions, they were also choosing fathers for their children," says Miller. "It's still crucial for women to anticipate how interested a man is in childcare, should she ever make a baby with him." While most guys would rather do a shot of Similac than bring up the subject of children, you should know that mentioning your soft spot for kids will just about bust our biological clocks. Throw in the fact that you think little girls are sweeter than boys and we'll be grinning like the cat that ate the canary.

And we know how much you like cats, right? M

10 WAYS TO TALK YOURSELF OUT OF SEX

It's hard to kiss a man with his foot in his mouth.

Things were going so well: You thought for sure that tonight this woman was yours. So why are you sitting there alone while she's talking to *him*? Chances are you've let loose with one of these not-so-fabulous confabulations.

1. "I've never been dumped by a woman. I've always been the dumper."
2. "My mom is my best friend."
3. "All the bartenders down there know me by name."
4. "Can you imagine having sex with just one person for the *rest* of your *life*?"
5. "Order whatever you want—it's my dad's credit card."
6. "You don't think I come across as feminine, do you?"
7. "I plan to retire at 40." (Which means we'll be sitting home alone while you work 90 hours a week until then.)
8. "You can only tell the difference between real ones and fake ones by squeezing them."
9. "That area is just full of strip joints. I mean, I've heard..."
10. "I'm my buddy's alibi tonight—he's out with some new babe from work."

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Sunday Bloody Sunday

Shattered bones, trash-talking ladies, fans who shoot each other with crossbows—*Maxim* buys you tickets to today's gnarliest sports rivalries! By Allen St. John

It's uncanny! That tumor looks just like Jeff Van Gundy

BASKETBALL: HEAT VS. KNICKS

The Knicks and the Heat know each other like first cousins in the Ozarks. In fact, New York's coach, Jeff Van Gundy, is the protégé of former Knicks honcho Pat Riley (although Riles clearly never gave Van Gundy the number of his hairdresser). But in this case familiarity breeds contempt. As Riley put it during a press conference for this year's Knicks-Heat playoff series (their third in three years): "It's one big death grip." The rivalry first heated up during a '97 bench clearer that started when Knick point guard Charlie Ward laid a crack-back block on P. J. Brown at the foul line. When the smoke cleared, Knicks forward John Starks gave the finger to a seething Miami crowd, who were all but ready to stone him, and five Knicks got suspended for a game. A year later Van Gundy himself jumped into another brawl, grabbing Alonzo Mourning's leg like a poodle humping a chair.

But if Knicks-Heat games aren't pretty, they sure are close. The last two playoff series were like sweeps week on *ER:* one shot, sudden death.

Athens versus Sparta. The Capulets versus the Montagues. The Bradys versus the Partridge Family. Rivalries are what makes the world go round, and nowhere is that more apparent than in the world of sports. As all historians know, humans began donning uniforms and facing off on the playing field for a symbolic reason—so they could do battle without having to actually slaughter each other. But what do you know? The blood spilled anyway, and it still does today.

So, as avid fans of memorable bench-clearing brawls and Sunday riots, we pooled the opinions of staffers and top sportswriters and came up with a list of today's best sports rivalries. We're not talking about any shake-hands-and-may-the-best-man-win crap. We're talking about grudge matches—clawing, trash talking, and leaving a pool of blood on the field. In these battles the game's about taking no prisoners and burying no hatchets. Except possibly in your opponent's forehead.

Take it easy, Martina!

TENNIS: ANNA KOURNIKOVA VS. MARTINA HINGIS

What's the only thing we like better than a Three Stooges film festival with an open bar? ▶

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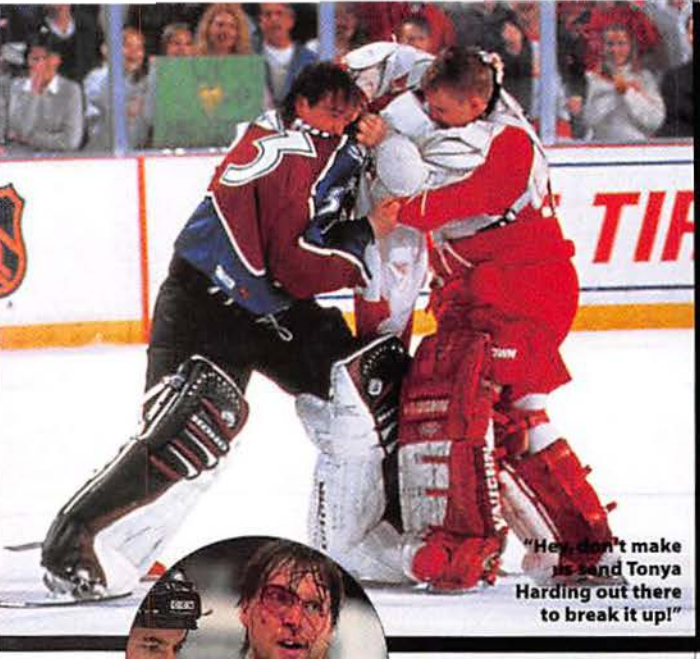

"Hey, don't make us send Tonya Harding out there to break it up!"

"Easy, folks. You'll all get a chance to kick Michael Flatley in the nads."

"My hair? Thanks for noticing. I thought I'd try something different."

HOCKEY: RED WINGS VS. AVALANCHE

In case you haven't been following, here's what happens when these two teams face off. May 23, '96: Red Wing forward Vyacheslav Kozlov slams Colorado defenseman Adam Foote's head into the glass, opening up a 20-stitch gash. May 29, '96: Colorado's Claude Lemieux retaliates by dropping Red Winger Kris Draper, who busts his jaw and loses several teeth. March 26, '97: Both benches clear. The ref levies 148 minutes in penalties. November 11, '97: Lemieux and Darren McCarty square off three seconds into the game (just enough time to say, "Your mother's a slut!"). April 1, '98: Benches clear again. Goaltenders Patrick Roy and Chris Osgood square off at center ice. March 14, '99: A hit by Kirk Maltby breaks Colorado forward Valeri Kamensky's arm (he hasn't played since). Bottom line: Says former Colorado defenseman Brent Severyn, "I've never seen two organizations that hate each other so much."

Amidst the melee, the ref slips Maltby the tongue

A good catfight. And the rowdiest clawing match in sports is between top tennis player Martina Hingis and the player we'd most like to retrieve balls for—Anna Kournikova. Each has what the other wants: "Hingis is a genius on the court, but she's tragically unhip," says *Tennis* magazine senior editor James Martin. "She's so jealous of Kournikova that she'd trade a couple of Grand Slam titles to have her hair and her legs." Kournikova? She's never won a damn thing. Except Sergei Fedorov's heart...and those of the millions of men who've made her the most downloaded jockette on the Web. Of course, these two teens don't waste any opportunity to dish. Says Hingis: "I don't think it's such a big rivalry. I've always been better, and I beat her at the great tournaments." Counters Kournikova: "You may be number one, but I'm more marketable than you." Translation: The Champ's got game, but The Babe's got fame.

SOCCER: RANGERS VS. CELTIC

Bet you thought Scotland was all about guys in skirts who never pick up a bar tab. You're right. But Glasgow is also home to the bloodiest rivalry in sports. The Celtic and Rangers, two soccer teams that share this town, have been fighting a holy war since 1909, when the Scottish Cup was withheld from both teams following a riot that made the field look like Hiroshima in '45.

Why the bad blood? The Rangers represent the city's Protestants, while the Celtic represent the Catholic minority. "It's like Northern Ireland in microcosm," says Derek Rae, a former BBC soccer announcer. But instead of these teams blowing each other up with car bombs, the bile simmers in Glasgow until they meet on the field. The results: In 1980 the Scottish Cup final turned into a bloody melee. Fifty-four fans were injured, moving the British government to permanently ban booze from soccer games. In '88 four players were arrested and tried for "breach of peace" after a brawl broke out on the pitch. Two years ago, in the match now known as the "shame game," three players were ejected, the ref was hospitalized with a head wound, and more than 100 fans were arrested for assault. Three fans have been stabbed to death in the past five years, while another was shot in the chest with a crossbow. Said a cop about a 16-year-old Celtic fan who had his throat slit: "He was picked at random and killed for no other reason than he supported the wrong team." ▶

Hmm, that *is* a close shave

BEGS YOU TO TEST ITS LIMITS

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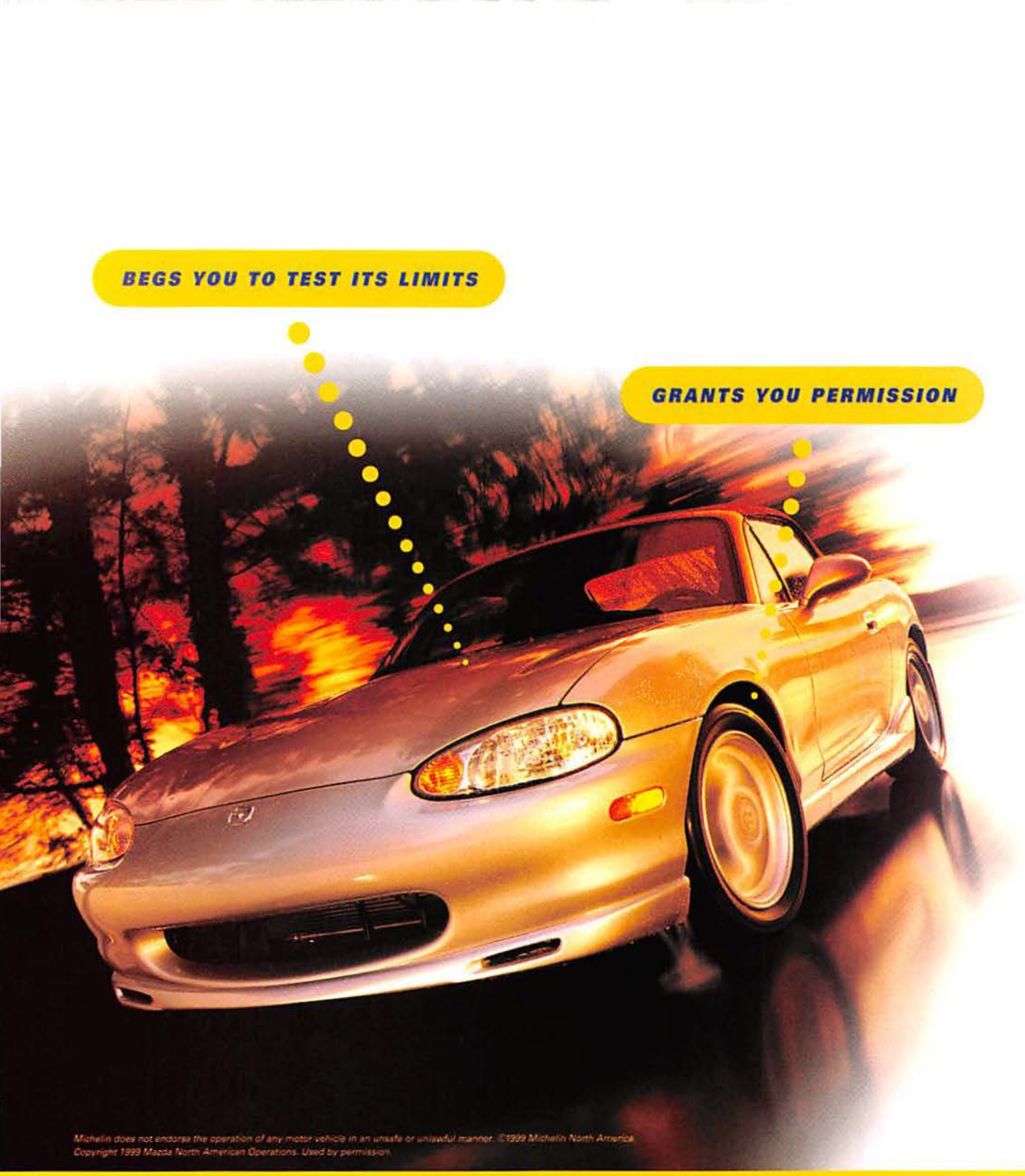

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"Now if we can just get our girlfriends to do this..."

BASEBALL: YANKEES VS. RED SOX

Sure, we all know that this rivalry is older than Walter Cronkite. But just how much do these teams despise each other? Ask former Red Sox pitcher Bill Lee. He was on the mound in '73 when Yankee catcher Thurman Munson barreled into Carlton Fisk at the plate, and he saw the two come up punching. "It was like two hookers swinging their purses," he quipped. Three years later, when Lou Piniella bowled Fisk over and the dugouts emptied, Lee had his shoulder separated (and career derailed) by a body slam from Yankee Graig Nettles. Later, in '78, as the Yankees rallied from a 14-game deficit to steal the division title from the Sox, Lee wrote a newspaper column that likened George Steinbrenner to Hitler and Yankee skipper Billy Martin to Hermann Goering. Martin's response? He had a dead mackerel hung in Lee's locker with a note reading, "Stick this in your purse, you California faggot."

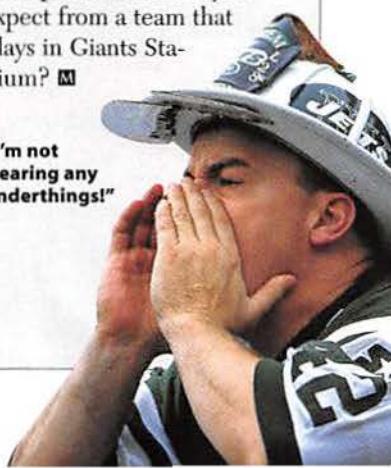
"Who you callin' a switch hitter?"

The hostilities endure to this day, with the Sox faithful warming their cockles with the torch of hatred. "They have more to be angry about," says *Village Voice* sports editor Miles Seligman. "They're like A.C. Green—they've gone years without release." During last year's American League Championship series loss, the Red Sox faithful drove the Yankees from the field by pelting 'em with bottles. And in Fenway's ancient urinals that day, the little pink deodorant blocks were replaced by Yankee caps. Talk about pissed-off fans.

FOOTBALL: THE NEW YORK JETS VS. THEMSELVES

Welcome to the first post-modern rivalry in sports. Ever since the day Joe Namath stripped off his pantyhose for good, the Jets no longer wait for other teams to beat them. Instead they beat themselves, with the abandon of a 13-year-old boy during a Britney Spears video marathon. Let us count the ways. They drafted Ken O'Brien instead of Dan Marino, and Blair Thomas instead of Emmitt Smith. (Said ESPN football analyst Mel Kiper in '89: "The Jets have absolutely no idea how the draft works.") They had Mark Gastineau embarrass the team for years by dancing around like an electrocuted pit bull every time he made a sack. They had Joe Walton and Rich Kotite calling the shots—coaching's answer to Beavis and Butt-head.

What's behind all this? "Leon Hess was a nice man, and he ran the team like a family delicatessen," says *Wall Street Journal* sports columnist Allen Barra. "He just didn't have any football people in the organization." Hess died last year, but don't expect changes. During the off-season, Bill Parcells retired and the Jets lost their new coach, Bill Belichick, to division rivals the Patriots after he was on the job two days. Then they traded their best player, Keyshawn Johnson, for a couple of draft picks. What can you expect from a team that plays in Giants Stadium? M


"I'm not wearing any underthings!"

TRASH TALKING!

If talking smack is an art, these are Picassos. You little bitch.

Mike Tyson to Razor Ruddock: "You're sweet. I'm going to make sure you kiss me good with those big lips. I'm gonna make you my girlfriend."

Former Wimbledon soccer star Vinnie Jones to nemesis Kenny Dalglish: "I'm going to rip your head off and crap in the hole."

Latrell Sprewell to former coach P.J. Carlesimo: "I'm going to kill you."

Former New York Jet Keyshawn Johnson on teammate Wayne Chrebet: "He isn't even the team's number three receiver...He's the team mascot."

Charles Barkley to L.A. Laker and Jesus-freak A.C. Green: "If God is so good, how come he didn't give you a jump shot?"

Heavyweight Mitch Green on Mike Tyson: "He's a sissy. I call him *Cicely* Tyson."

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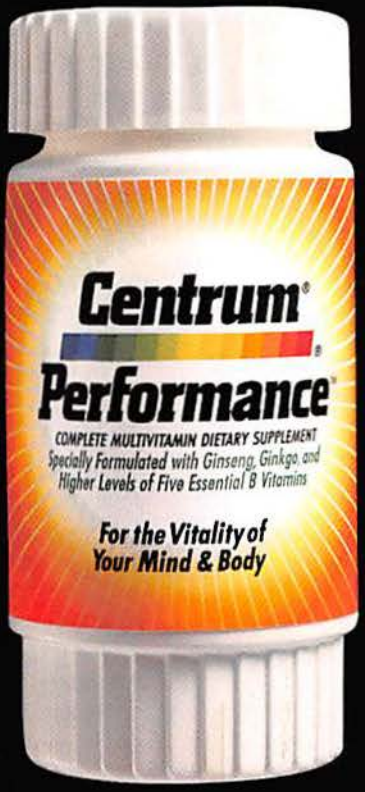
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OK, first things first: Which one of you can cook?

Lesbianpalooza!

Can a guy find love among women who love women? One night out with the sisters of Sappho leaves our man humbled, horny, and hungry for more. By Dan Michalski

There are 10 of them, packed in tight, breasts and arms and thighs and hair rubbing against me in the back seat of this white stretch limousine, drinking and flirting and talking about sex and driving me out of my mind, partly because they're so damn sexy, but mostly because I don't have a chance with a single one of them.

Or maybe I do. Because they and I have something in common: We like women. All I need to do tonight is keep my journalistic integrity for as long as I can, learn as much about women as these lesbian lovelies can teach—and see if things don't play out in some magical, mystical way.

Memo to self: Write thank-you note to parents for paying my way through journalism school.

It is a graduation party for Kathy, the blonde with the sexy bob cut, and the itinerary includes a rented limo and a trip to a top-of-the-line strip club in Dallas. Jenna, the button-cute tomboy with the mannish blonde buzz cut, produces a minicam and begins shooting footage inside the car. It's all innocent enough at the start, until Jenna's camera pans over to Kelly, the buttoned-down professional whose suit jacket can't hide that she's built like a double-barreled grenade launcher. "You have the *best* tits!" Jenna says as she pans down and zooms in.

"You do!" confirms Darlene, dykey but conservative in her black turtleneck and frizzy hair. "They have such a nice shape."

"Mm-hmm," Kelly's smiling girlfriend agrees, punctuating the thought by dropping her tongue in Kelly's mouth, causing the other women to whoop like frat boys. That's when I feel Shauna, the quiet one with the long blonde hair, secretly begin caressing my hand. *Wow*, I think.

Figuring they're obviously comfortable with me as just one of the girls now, I join in the banter. "Kiss her more!" I yelp. Suddenly all the half-drunk giggling and sit-down dancing stops.

"What's *he* doing here?" Bobby sneers.

Lesson: When there's sexual energy between women, the best thing a man can do is shut up.

Seeing her big boobs, big blonde hair, and big Texas accent, you'd never pick Bobby out as a lesbian. It turns out, ▶

Photographs, Jennifer Robbins

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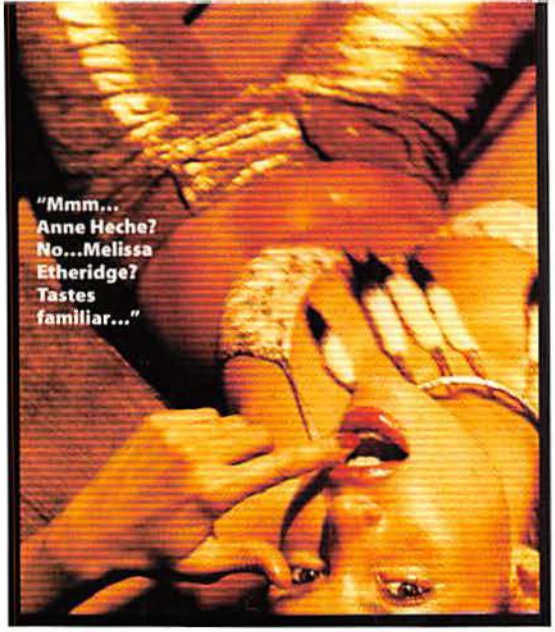


With a soft kiss on the lips, Shauna welcomes me to the Isle of Lesbos.

though, that she's probably the most politicized female in the entourage—a result, I later learn, of several bad relationships with men. Shauna, on the other hand, is still stroking my hand reassuringly. I find her weird, vampy look very appealing, in a Christina Ricci sort of way.

"So you've never been with a man?" I ask.

"No, never," Shauna answers in her shy, spacey voice.

"What do you do for a living?"

"I'm a mortician."

Ho-o-o-kay. Before I can concoct some very lame joke about the draining of bodily fluids, we arrive at The Lodge, one of Dallas' ritziest titty bars. We pull three tables together, and in a matter of minutes, we're surrounded by a squadron of gyrating fembots. Apparently a pack of women gets the extra-VIP treatment—where lap dances come with crotch-biting and dollar bills get to be placed extra low in the G-string. Before we leave, Kathy invites four of the girls, Destiny, Renee, Candy, and Candi, to join us back at our late-night hotel party when they finish their shifts.

As we get up to leave, Shauna asks me if I enjoyed the lap dance she bought me. "What lap dance?" I ask.

"Oh, I'm sorry, baby," Destiny injects. "With all these gorgeous women, I kinda forgot you."

Lesson: Amid beautiful, horny women, a man can become invisible—even to women.

By the time we reach the hotel, it's 2:30 A.M., and everyone, including yours truly, is awash in liquor. I do my best to keep my tongue from wagging as the women crawl and clamber over one another. Scanning the room for Shauna, I spot her heading into the bedroom along with two other girls. But she shoots me a look I can only interpret as an invitation to follow. I struggle to rise from my chair, but as I do, Bobby, the big Texas girl, plops down in my lap, deciding now is the time to make her peace with me for her remark in the limo. "There's nothing wrong with being straight," she slurs. "I think you're a lesbian trapped in a man's body."

I'm happy to be labeled a lesbian, and happier still that Kathy is encouraging her to let me go so I can follow Shauna to the bedroom. Inside the bedroom, the world's sexiest lesbian mortician lies half-asleep beside the other two girls. "Hi. Do you mind if I squeeze in?" I whisper. She scooches over a few inches and, with a soft kiss on the lips, welcomes me to the Isle of Lesbos. Suddenly Shauna rolls over on top of me, her long, straight blonde hair covering my face, pierced nipples pressing against my chest through her T-shirt. Oh, my, I am palpitating. A carnival of carnal wonder known only to a few men in history is headed my way. I feel Shauna's hot breath against my face...and then, like a vodka-infused trombone, she hits me with a snore that utterly shatters my illusions.

Lesson: The only time a guy can live through the ordeal of striking out with a roomful of horny women is when he can shake his head and say, "Oh, well, they must be lesbians." M

UNLEASH HER INNER LESBIAN

The author of *Lesbian Sex Secrets for Men* hands you the carnal key.

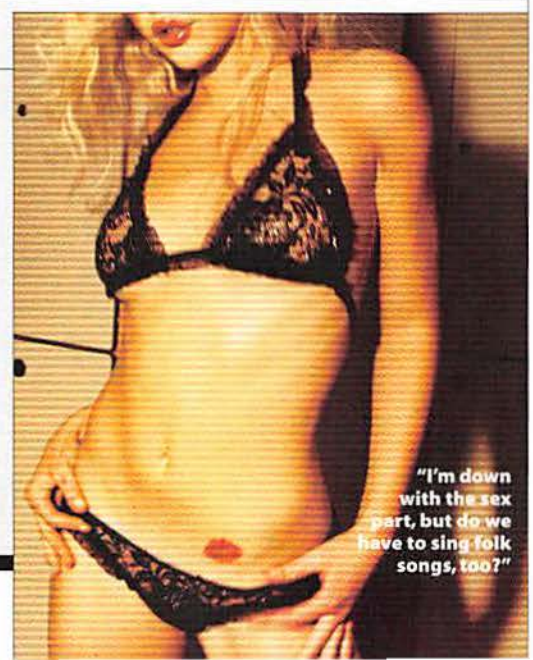
1. Plant the seed
"A lot of women are curious about what it's like to be with a woman," says author and sexuality therapist Jamie Goddard. It's up to you to plant the idea. Slip the subject into jokes, sexy conversations, or casual chats at breakfast.

2. Make her feel secure
"The relationship must be very stable," says Goddard. "Both partners must feel very secure." Slip a few "I love you's" into your conversations. Tell her she's the sexiest woman on the planet.

3. Elicit a 'Yes, yes, oh, yes!'
Slip into bed, and as you please her in the ways she likes best, give her a little play-by-play of how the experience would unfold. Then when she's on the brink of joy, pop the question.

4. Choose a partner
Do you: a) hire a sex worker, b) approach her best friend, or c) pick up a chick in a gay bar? Every situation can have a variety of outcomes. Set clear boundaries regarding who will do what to whom so you're both comfortable.

5. Set the scene
Get your third party home and seduce as you would normally: Suggest that the women kiss each other, or plant yourself in the middle and trade off between them. Now enjoy, you lucky bastard.



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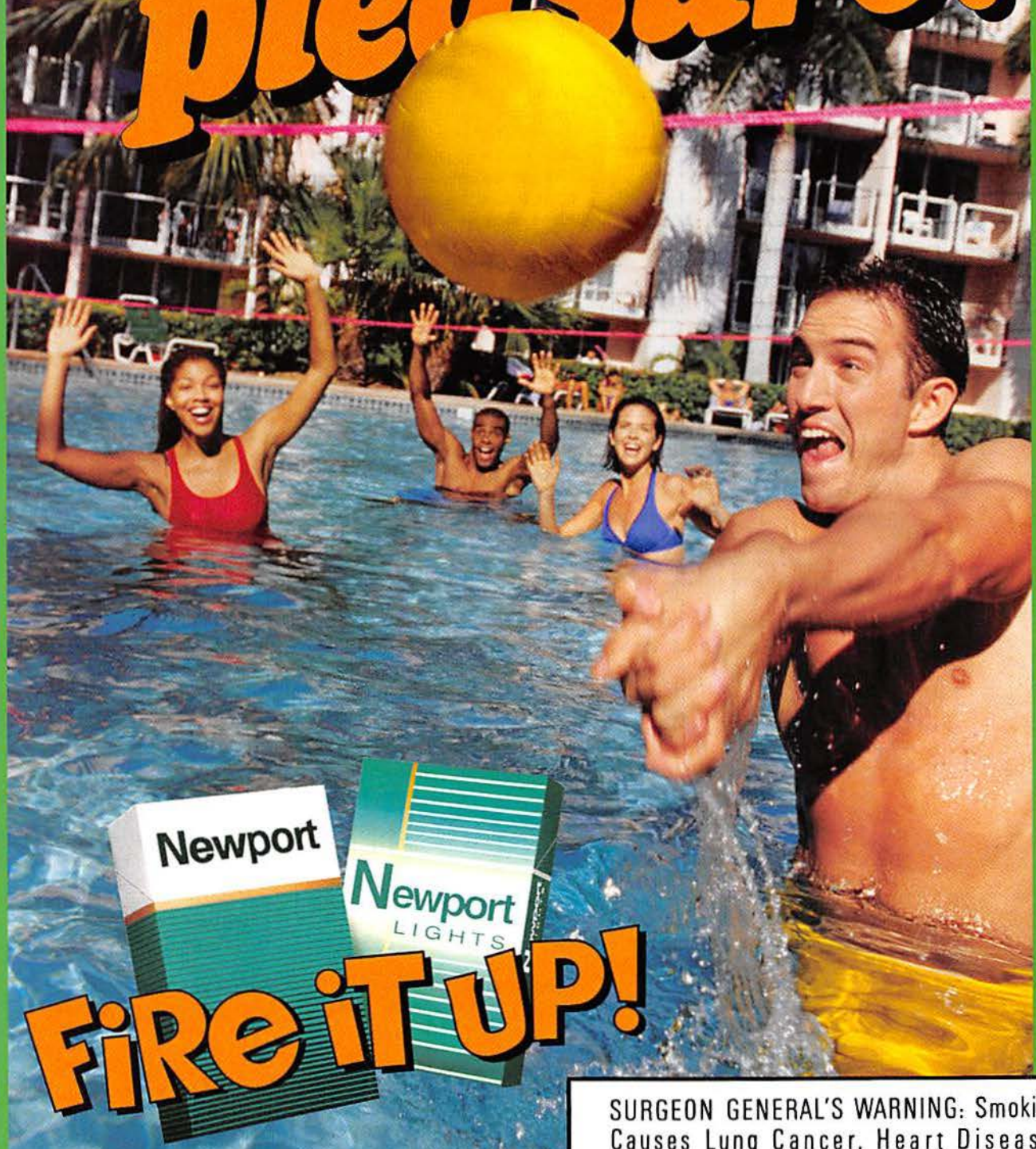
Newport pleasure!



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Kevin Bacon

He's appeared in every movie made since 1982. This month he's pulling a vanishing act in *Hollow Man.*

Have you ever wished you were invisible for real?
All the time. That was one of my earliest fantasies. As a little boy, I would fantasize about sweeping into the girls' locker room and spying on them while they showered. But I think I've grown out of that now.

Some things you just don't outgrow, Kevin.
The thing is, there are two kinds of actors: those who want to be famous, and those who are liars. I don't believe it when I hear an actor complaining about how famous he is and how he's really just a shy person, you know? That's a giant load of shit. Actors desperately want to be seen. Otherwise why not be a dentist? That said, when it comes to walking into the drugstore to buy some Preparation H, it would be nice to be invisible.

When you play an invisible man, do you even have to show up for work?
I was there, but sometimes I was a digitized effect. They took 3-D digital photographs of my entire body. I had to pose stark naked, assuming a kind of Spider-Man position. After a minute, one of the technicians pointed to my genitals and said, "Um, we're not getting enough data there." But it wasn't what you think! It turns out that the fancy digital camera doesn't pick up dark areas too well, and they were having trouble because of the hair down there. I actually had to spray on this highlighter stuff.

'Actors want to be seen. But when it comes to walking into the drugstore to buy some Preparation H, it would be nice to be invisible.'

You flashed the full Bacon in *Wild Things* too. Are you some kind of exhibitionist?
When I stepped out of the shower in that scene, Matt Dillon was supposed to stand in front of me while I quickly grabbed a towel, but he didn't quite block me. You know, I have a no-full-frontal-nudity clause in my contract, and I was a producer on the movie, so in theory I could have sued myself.

You had to get naked in front of Matt Dillon, and he scored the threesome scene with Denise Richards and Neve Campbell. *There's* your lawsuit, pal.
The tragedy was, I didn't get that scene, but I figured, *Hey, I get the scene where I videotape the girls making out in a pool.* But when I got to work that night, they shot me holding the camera and making ogling faces without the girls even being around. They sent me home and *then* filmed the girls. I was, like, "You're kidding!"

What's your best moviemaking adventure so far?
For *Apollo 13,* the actors rode in a NASA plane nicknamed the Vomit Comet that's used to simulate zero gravity for astronauts. You climb 35,000 feet over the Gulf of Mexico; then you dive straight down. As you go over the top, you float, completely weightless, for 25 seconds. That was incredible. But the scariest thing I've ever done was for *Footloose.* I was 24 years old, playing a high school student. So to prepare I enrolled in a Utah high school, claiming that I was a transfer student from Philly. Only the principal knew who I was. I was completely ostracized, just like in the movie. I only did it for a day, and I was so happy to get the hell out of there.

Did you get teased growing up with the name Bacon?
Oh, yeah. Kids called me Baco Bits, or Bacon and Eggs. Somebody once asked me if I changed my name for acting. What kind of an idiot would want to suffer a lifetime of food jokes? And every article ever written about me says something about "sizzling Bacon" or "out of the frying pan" or "bringing home the Bacon." And you know, fucking *Maxim* is going to do the same goddamn thing. I guarantee it. *[Editor's note: Mr. Bacon, lettuce tomato this perfectly clear: We would never stoop to making such a lame pun.]*

...Oh, sorry—I got a little distracted when you said "bacon and eggs."
The best one I ever saw was when I was filming *The River Wild* with Meryl Streep in Montana. There was a diner up there that put a Movie Star Special on the menu—a hamburger with two "Streeps of Bacon."

You've been making movies for a long time. Did you ever hold down a real job?
I packed and shipped medical books. I worked all day, punching a clock, and it didn't matter how many I'd ship, because the stack was always getting larger. At lunch I'd look at pictures of all these skin diseases, infected spleens, really horrible stuff. The other guys were numb to it all—"Hey, check this one out, impetigo of the vagina!"

What do you do to blow off steam now?
Play rock'n'roll with my brother in our band. It's a real rush. That's our strip club, our Thursday night poker game, our 18 holes of golf.

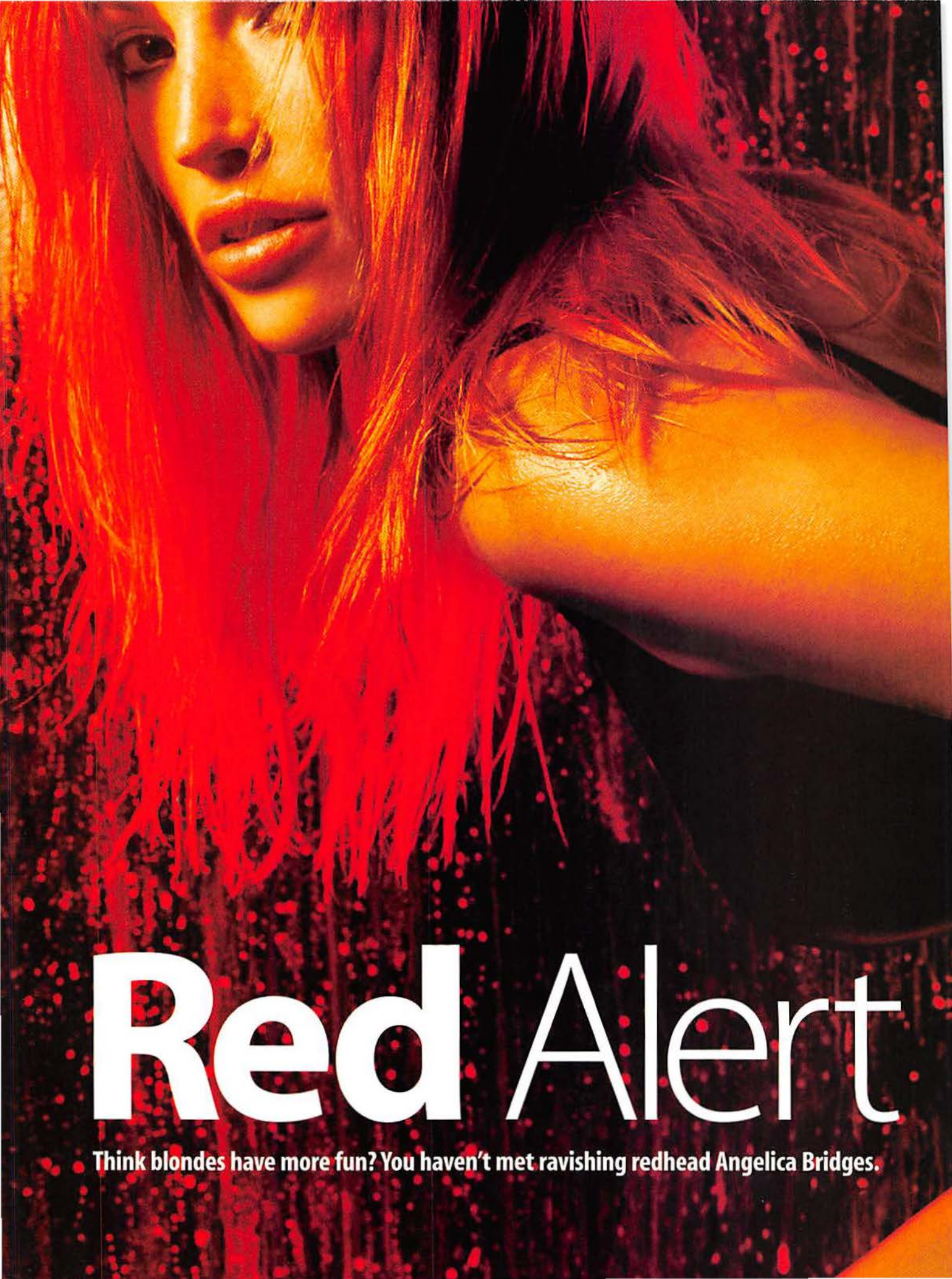
You're a famous movie star *and* you're touring in a rock band. Are groupies throwing themselves in front of the bus?
I have a great relationship with my wife. That makes it easy to say no, because I don't want to do anything to risk that. She's an amazing friend...and she also happens to be a real piece of ass.

But hasn't being a movie star made you a babe magnet?
My feeling is, anybody can get laid if they're famous. I got laid a lot when I was *not* famous, and that was something I was very proud of back then. Being a fucking waiter with no money, not a lot of drugs, just a mattress on the floor, and still being able to pull chicks. That's when you separate the men from the boys. M

Interview by Bob Ivry. Photograph by Christian Lantry/Exposure NY. *Hollow Man* will be visible in theaters nationwide on August 4.

Styling, Marian Moon Toy; groomer, Joshua Barrett for Garren NY

Footless! Footless!
Everybody cut footless!



Red Alert

Think blondes have more fun? You haven't met ravishing redhead Angelica Bridges.

ANGELICA BRIDGES

By Dave Itzkoff Photographs by Antoine Verglas

ANGELICA BRIDGES

Some childhood habits die hard. Fortunately, actress Angelica Bridges' youthful compulsion wasn't nose picking or crayon eating but running around buck naked. "I just could *not* keep my clothes on," the fiery-haired former *Baywatch* star reminisces. "My mom would dress me up in a T-shirt and panties, and the minute I was out the door, the panties and the T-shirt would be in a pile on the front yard, and my little pink butt would be running down the gravel road to the neighbor boy's house." Now that Angelica is 27 years old and, in case you haven't noticed, stunningly mature, how is her life different? "I guess things haven't changed that much," she laughs, "except now my mom doesn't pick my underwear out for me."

Growing up in rural East Lynne, Missouri (population 290), where her grandparents owned a Christmas-tree farm, Angelica was shaped by her experiences with neighbor boys, who were understandably interested in her. "They all loved hanging out with me because I was so much fun and my family had lots of horses," she recalls. "That's when I got corrupted. Boys were so much more rugged than girls. They'd teach me bad words and how to ride motorcycles." Years later, Angelica is still influenced by her tomboy days: "I love playing sports, camping out, eating pork and beans right out of the can, and sleeping in a tent for two. On the other hand, I also love having long hair and wearing perfume and stiletto heels."

This impressive ability to adapt to her surroundings served her well when she moved from Missouri to Los Angeles to take a recurring role on *Days of Our Lives*. After kissing daytime television good-bye, Angelica took a small part on *NYPD Blue* ("My big scene was with Jimmy Smits, but I would have loved to do a shower scene with Dennis Franz") and soon found that her training in martial arts and kick boxing made her a natural for stunt-heavy parts on action-oriented syndicated programs like *Conan* and *Mortal Kombat: Conquest*. She even got offered a permanent role as a villainous princess on *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers*. "I could definitely have gotten into being the bad girl because I love playing roles like that," Angelica says in a tone of mild regret, "but I would feel weird having eight-year-old boys lust after me."

Adolescent boys' loss was a gain for adult boys everywhere, because soon thereafter she joined the lifeguards of *Baywatch* as Lieutenant Taylor Walsh—a role that made our hearts beat fast every time she jogged through the surf in slow motion. She proudly wore the clingy red one-piece for two seasons before leaving the series in 1998.

Since hanging up her whistle, Angelica has returned to more stunt-intensive work. But, as with her henchwoman role in last summer's superhero satire *Mystery Men*, the physical demands of her job can still be, well, a thorn in her side: "We were in a ballroom, and all the Mystery Men were supposed to crash through the wall in a tank. At the same time, they were blowing up the walls with dynamite to make a bigger explosion. So the tank came through the wall, the wall blew up, and planks of wood went everywhere. I had my back turned, and for the next two weeks, I was picking splinters out of my butt."

As you can imagine, Angelica's rump has been the focus of attention before. In fact, the British press became so fascinated with Angelica's hindquarters that a tabloid claimed she had insured her rear for nearly $5 million. "That was a rumor, all right," she protests. "Nothing about me needs to be insured. I've been asked before if my butt was real, and of *course* it is. I guess it's just so round and perky for someone so tiny. Maybe that's why they wanted to make a big deal out of it."

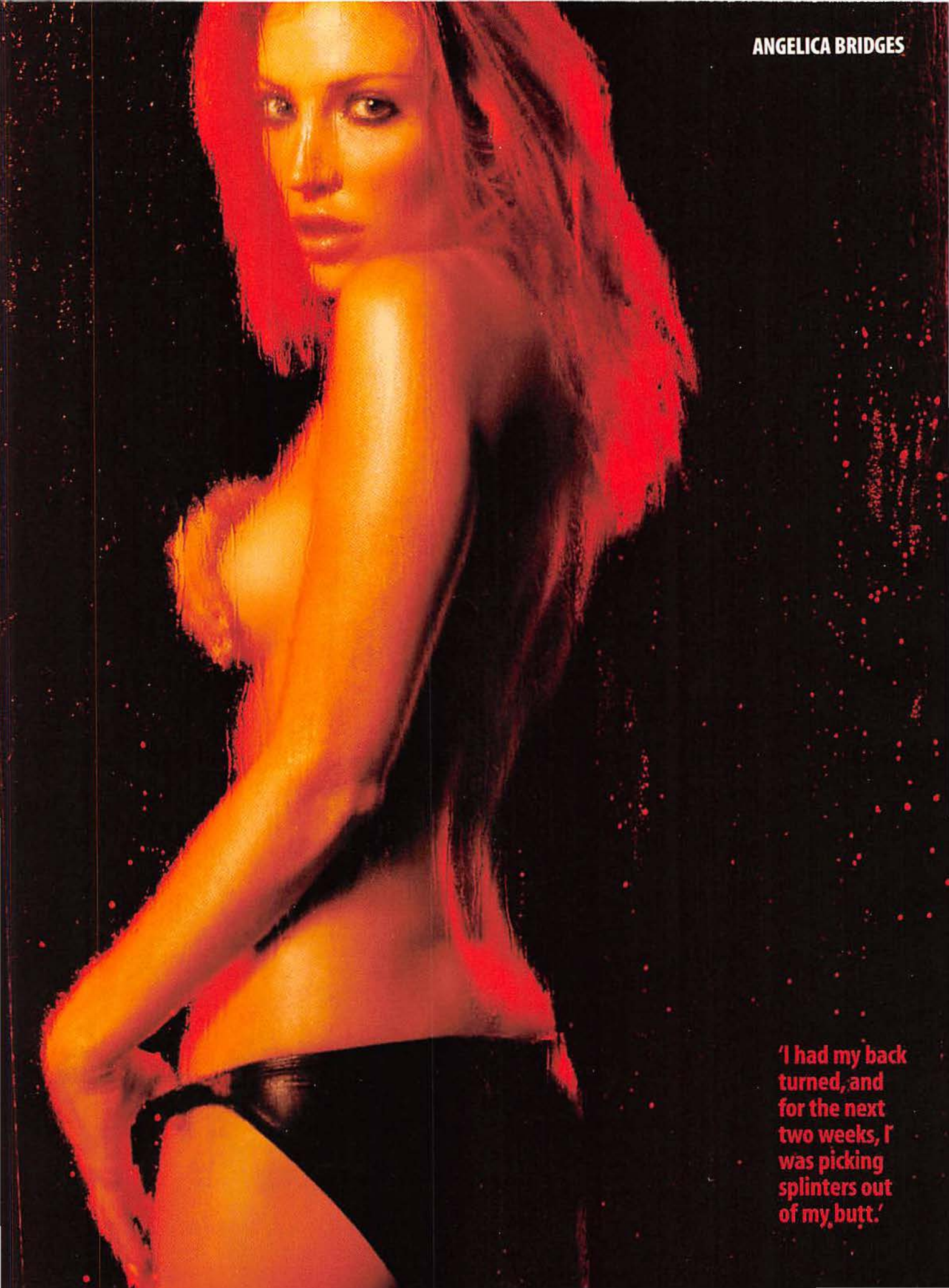
That wasn't the first time Angelica had locked horns with the British tabloids. During her stay in the U.K. last year, several gossip scribes had her romantically linked with geriatric rocker Rod Stewart, though Angelica maintains that she and the rooster-haired relic are "just good friends." And she objects to Rod's famous assertion that blondes have more fun. "I must challenge that," she argues. "I know being a fiery, passionate redhead like I am, I definitely have lots of fun. Rod should try being a redhead—he'd have a really good time."

'I love camping. But I also love perfume and stiletto heels.'

Back in the States again, Angelica's gearing up for a part in the romantic comedy *Tomcats*, costarring Shannon Elizabeth and Jerry O'Connell, and for a hosting gig on the syndicated series *What a Fan*, which gives sports nuts a chance to meet their favorite pro athletes. But we couldn't resist asking her to take time out of her busy schedule for a *Maxim* photo shoot. "I don't believe in flaunting anything, honestly," Angelica says. "I think if you've got it, you don't need to flaunt it, because people will see it anyway. But there's nothing wrong with being a sex symbol. When I'm 80 years old in a rocking chair, I'll look at pictures of myself when my legs were long and I was statuesque, and I'll say, 'Boy, did I live.'"

For all her feminine wiles, Angelica is confident she's got men figured out, too. "I think like a guy," she says. "Anytime a guy is thinking something, I'm always two steps ahead." M

Stylist, Karen Shapiro; prop stylist, Jake Klein; hair, Davy Newkirk for REX using KMS; makeup, Monika Blunder for REX using Chanel Cosmetics; produced by Gwen Walberg.


ANGELICA BRIDGES
'I had my back turned, and for the next two weeks, I was picking splinters out of my butt.'

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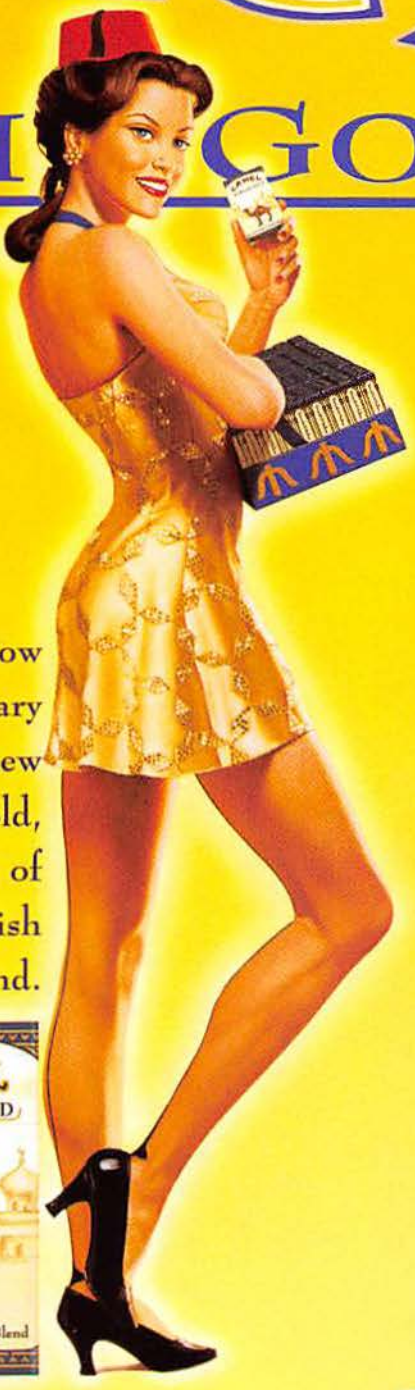
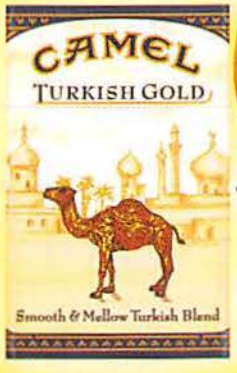
NEW CAMEL TURKISH GOLD



Enjoy the mellow flavor and extraordinary smoothness of new Turkish Gold, an exotic variation of Camel's Turkish & Domestic Blend.



10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette by FTC method.

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking Causes Lung Cancer, Heart Disease, Emphysema, And May Complicate Pregnancy.

PLEASURE TO BURN

Fortunately, she was found to be of legal age in dog years, and a scandal was averted

Andrij for President

No more ties! 24-hour happy hours! Kenny G rotting on death row! Vote our man into office and all this could be yours!

A Message from the Candidate

Friends, are you tired of working two jobs while fat cybermillionaires snort up all the dough? Think about it: What are you getting for your taxes? Where are our fireworks, our donkey shows, our Great Ferrari Giveaways? Time to face reality: Your elected officials have been rolling and smoking your hard-earned cash, folks. I for one say, "Screw this." Politicians have had their chance . . . now it's our turn. We are taking over the government this November, and all I need is your vote.

I'm not a politician. I don't even get regular haircuts. I'm just a schmo like you. So why should I be your president, instead of the other way around? Because I thought of it first. I called shotgun, so back off.

"But, Andrij," you say, "how will you force Congress to pass your crazy-ass laws?" Answer: I will refuse to sign any bill into law until after all my bills have been passed. Smart, huh? There's more where that came from. Any congressman who votes against one of my measures will have to drink a tequila shot. I think you can see where that's heading. All I need is your vote.

This is not a joke, people—this is your future. You can settle for Bush or Gore and another four years of boring speeches, empty promises, and wasted entertainment opportunities. Or together we can seize control of this country, right now, forever. All I need is your vote. So do ya wanna party, or what?

Andrij Witiuk (Ahn-*dree Witch*-chuck)

ANDRIJ'S PLATFORM: 'IT'S ALL GOOD!'

When—OK, OK, if—Andrij is elected, you can expect dramatic changes. Here's just a sample. God bless America!

★ An initiative will be placed in front of the United Nations Security Council to bury France under 60 feet of coal dust.

★ The presidential motorcade will be expanded to include tanks, a marching band, juggling clowns, fire-eaters, and elephants.

★ Afternoon naps in every workplace will be mandated by law, and workers will be able to take up to three weeks of paid hangover leave a year.

★ Taxes on gasoline, cigarettes, and liquor will be eliminated in favor of a prohibitive new 20,000 percent tariff on cat food.

★ The Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms will be reorganized and given a bold new mission: to make sure that every American gets all the alcohol, tobacco, and firearms he damn well wants.

★ Andrij's birthday will be declared a national holiday. The city with the least impressive fireworks display will receive no federal funding the following year.

★ Boy bands such as Backstreet Boys and 98° will be castrated Vatican-style as a pay-per-view event.

★ Meeting a girl's parents will automatically qualify you for a $500 tax deduction.

★ *Out:* lethal injection. *In:* being chained to a giant wheel, smeared with entrails, and torn apart by a pack of wild dingoes.

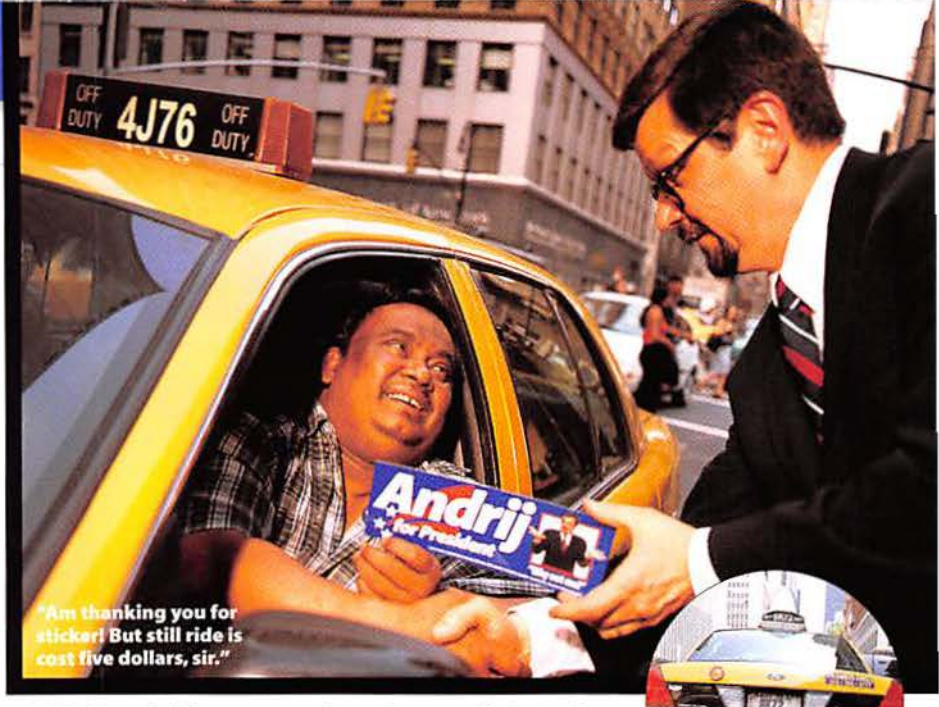
★ It will be legal to pulverize with tire irons, bats, etc. any unattended car whose alarm goes off for more than two minutes.

★ For every 10¢ rise in U.S. gas prices, an intercontinental ballistic missile will be launched toward a mystery location in the Middle East.

★ The official uniform for U.S. senators will be a clown suit, with shoe size indicating length of time in office. Any senator caught out of uniform in public may be pelted to death with tomatoes.

★ All U.S. postal workers will get a month off with pay so they can chill out a bit.

stylist, Irene Vass for Ennis; hair, Susan Schechter for Ennis; makeup, Jane Choi for Ennis



The Tough Issues: Drugs

★ Smoking marijuana will remain illegal, but the penalty will be reduced: The arresting officer will karate-chop his open palms alongside your face as if you're running down a hallway; then he'll abruptly bring up one palm, simulating an approaching wall. Then you're free to go.

★ Lame holidays that will be put to rest: Arbor Day, Presidents' Day, and Flag Day. New national holidays: Oktoberfest, Shannon Elizabeth's Birthday, and Workplace Sabotage Day. Valentine's Day will be renamed Blow Job From a Stranger Day.

★ It will be illegal to manufacture bikinis larger than size 10.

★ The nation's capital will be changed from Washington, D.C., to the presidential suite of the Las Vegas Hilton.

The Tough Issues: Flag Burning

★ Burning the U.S. flag will remain a viable expression of one's First Amendment rights. So will burning a flag burner.

★ Last call will be abolished. Liquor licensees must stay open 24 hours or forfeit their licenses and give us the rest of their booze.

★ The president will wear a crown, carry a scepter, and be called His Most Gracious Majesty. He will have the power to bestow knighthood on the martial artists of his choice.

★ NASA will cancel all deep-space operations and focus its efforts on sandblasting the side of the moon facing Earth into a gigantic bust of Andrij.

★ The Department of Justice will be restaffed with professional wrestlers. Felony cases will be decided by a single-drop three-count match refereed by Hacksaw Jim Duggan.

★ A Wendy's will be installed in the Oval Office.

★ Citizens will be able to apply for a liquor license as easily as they can a driver's license. The test will gauge their ability to spot the unattractive girl in a police lineup after eight tequila shots.

★ The Statue of Liberty's torch will be replaced by a huge flamethrower that will fire every time Derek Jeter hits a home run.

★ Andrij will abolish the color purple because it displeases him.

★ Freshmen members of Congress will undergo a brutal week-long hazing ritual that will include streaking through the National Air and Space Museum and having the words E PLURIBUS UNUM burned into their buttocks.

ANDRIJ WITIUK: THE MILESTONES

Destined for greatness? A quick look at Andrij Witiuk's life shows that with every step, he has moved closer to the White House.

1952 ▶

Andrij is born on May 31 to Ukrainian immigrants Iwan and Anna Witiuk.

1962 ▶

As a precocious fourth grader in St. George Ukrainian Catholic School, Andrij is asked to act in an opera at Carnegie Hall, landing the prestigious role of "boy who crosses the stage to carry some jewelry to the sultan."

1970 ▶

Andrij graduates from New York's La Salle Academy. Though not named valedictorian (a notorious popularity contest), Andrij does finish in the top 92 percent of his class.

1970 ▶

Andrij throws red paint at the Soviet embassy and spends a night in the slammer. Patriotism undimmed, Andrij joins the Marines, where he trains as a Hawk missile technician and earns the Rifle Marksman medal.

1973 ▶

After three years of wartime service, Sergeant Andrij Witiuk receives his honorable discharge from the Marines. He can still break your neck just by looking at you funny.

1974–1978 ▶

Andrij attends Queens College on the Montgomery G.I. Bill and graduates magna cum laude in Germanic languages and literature.

1981 ▶

Preparing to defend our country if necessary, Andrij gets a brown belt in tae kwan do from Master Duk Sung Son's Korean Karate school.

1985 ▶

Bolstering his family values, Andrij marries his girlfriend. Unfortunately, she's not quite as interested in starting a family, and three months later they file for divorce.

1987 ▶

Andrij marries Susan Prince James, a clinical psychologist. If that doesn't prove mental stability, we don't know what does.

1990 ▶

Andrij and Susan are blessed with a daughter named Anna. Talk about "father of our country"!

1995 ▶

To uphold our nation's proud tradition of a free press, Andrij takes a job as copy coordinator for The Walt Disney Catalog.

1997 ▶

Andrij joins the staff of a fledgling magazine called *Maxim* as a production assistant, quickly skyrocketing through the ranks to acting managing editor.

★ Congress will only be able to override a presidential veto if the speaker of the House can defeat Andrij in hand-to-hand mortal combat.

The Tough Issues: Poverty

★ Every Christmas poor children from across the U.S. will gather at Bill Gates' house for a five-minute grab-all-you-can free-for-all.

★ To discourage blackmail upon election, *all* officials will be required to bang a skanky hooker.

★ The United Nations will be disbanded and its governing powers transferred to the International House of Pancakes.

★ Elián González will be tossed into the middle of the Atlantic Ocean and permitted to swim to whatever country he prefers.

★ Cable TV will be restructured as a public utility—no more scrambling the good channels.

★ All presidential speeches will pause for a 15-minute intermission with monkeys on roller skates.

★ The 22nd Amendment will be revised to specify that no one may serve more than two consecutive terms as president *unless he or she appeared in an episode of* The A-Team. ▶

"Vote for me or I punt the tot."

1978 ▶

To perfect his interpersonal and international skills, Andrij works as a cabbie in New York, then hitchhikes through the Netherlands, West and East Germany, Denmark, and Sweden.

1979 ▶

To become more familiar with women's issues, Andrij moves into a lesbian commune with his girlfriend.

2000 ▶

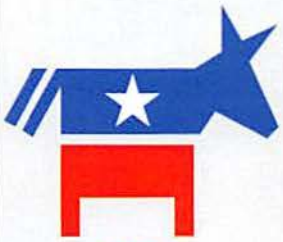
Andrij decides to heed destiny's call and run for president.

Beyond

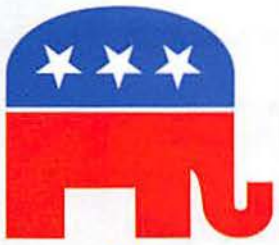
The Rest Is Up to You!

DEBATE THIS!

Issue by issue, our candidate mercilessly shows off his godlike superiority.



GORE



BUSH

ANDRIJ

On improving education		
"Our schools must insist on high standards that demand not just excellence in skills but also excellence in citizenship, morality, and character."	"Rarely is the question asked: 'Is our children learning?'"	"School should be like prison, and you can't come out until you're no longer stupid."
On affirmative action		
"The Irish-American experience is unique. All the experiences are unique. The African-American experience is uniquely unique."	"What I am against is quotas. I am against hard quotas, quotas they basically delineate based upon whatever. However they delineate, quotas, I think vulcanize society."	"You know who I don't like? Quebec."
On drugs		
"When I was young I did things young people do. When I grew up I put away childish things."	"I was young and irresponsible when I was young and irresponsible."	"Not right now. I'm driving."
On negative campaigning		
"A leopard cannot change its stripes."	"You can't have it both ways in the political process. You can't take the high horse and then claim the low road."	"Those guys? They both suck. They suck it long and hard."
On national security		
"As we move beyond the age of bipolar tensions and sharp ideological conflicts . . . nations are finding the wisdom that grows from our common values."	"When I was coming up, it was a dangerous world and we knew exactly who the 'they' were . . . Today we're not so sure who the 'they' are, but we know they're there."	"When can I take possession of the nuclear football?"
On the presidency		
"I'm running for president on my own—my own values, my own beliefs, and my own vision for what the presidency is all about."	"I'm very worried about, you know, the kid who just wonders whether America is meant for him. I really worry about that. And, uh, so I'm running for a reason . . . I've got a great sense of where I want to lead, and I'm comfortable with why I'm running."	"I want to crush my enemies like malted-milk balls."

★ The Washington Monument will be painted and outfitted with fins to look like a *Buck Rogers* rocket.

★ The use of any of the following expressions will be considered a federal offense: "Don't go there!" "Talk to the hand!" and "Is that your final answer?"

★ Supreme Court cases will be decided on the basis of who can eat the most jalapeños.

★ "In bed" will be summarily added to the end of every state motto.

★ Andrij will construct a fabulous 10,000-room Winter Palace on the site of present-day Montreal. More details to follow.

★ Once a year all violent criminals will be entered in a televised gladiator-style battle to the death. The winner will be appointed ambassador to Barbados.

★ Only Andrij can impeach Andrij.

★ Strom Thurmond will be stuffed and mounted for permanent display in the National Museum of Natural History.

★ To be eligible for foreign aid, a country will have to give up its official language in favor of English and declare ketchup its national condiment.

★ Any midget who manages to throw a lasso around the neck of a grossly overweight person gets to ride him or her around for a week.

★ An eighth day, called Slouchday, will be added to every week for the purposes of golfing, channel surfing, and ignoring family responsibilities.

★ The "Star Wars" Strategic Defense Initiative will be resurrected so satellite-based lasers can put on a Pink Floyd light show over the White House.

★ John Goodman will head the President's Council on Physical Fitness and Sports to lower the bar and take pressure off the rest of us.

★ A constitutional amendment will make it illegal for women to try on more than one pair of shoes per mall visit.

★ The Lincoln Memorial will be recarved to feature Lincoln seated in a La-Z-Boy with salsa, chips, and a bong.

★ Andrij's presidential limo will be a 60-foot-tall monster truck. He will need a special elevator made of platinum to get into the cab.

★ By law, elevator Muzak will be replaced by the sound of a babe climaxing.

★ The bald eagle will be replaced as the national bird by the disinterred corpse of Hervé Villéchaize with wings stapled to it.

★ Whenever Congress votes to raise taxes, your representatives must come out to your house on Saturdays and wash the car, do the yard work, and go on beer runs until they work it off.

★ When pleading a traffic ticket, "The cop was a real dick" will be considered a valid defense.

★ Bachelor-party and casino expenses will be tax-deductible, and dogs may be declared dependents.

★ Sweden must agree to stop producing bubbly pop stars or face a no-holds-barred military strike.

More Reasons to Vote for Andrij!

★ At Andrij's inauguration ball, Anna Kournikova and Britney Spears will perform a topless interpretive dance and gazpacho fight.

★ State dinners will always begin with a sexy hillbilly girl in Daisy Dukes ringing a cowbell and shouting, "Come and gitcher vittles, for'ners!"

★ Andrij will spend every debate against Gore and Bush calmly bench-pressing a 115-pound barbell, and he will only answer questions from Jane Pauley.

★ For his first State of the Union address, President Andrij will dress up like Darth Vader. If anyone refuses to clap for his initiatives, he'll say, "I find your lack of faith disturbing" and start snappin' necks.

★ Whoever votes for Andrij the most times will win a free subscription to *Maxim*!

★ Andrij's defeated opponents will be led behind the White House and shot in the back of the head.

Keep up to date on Andrij's bid to seize the White House at www.andrij2000.org.

THE MOMENT OF TRUTH!

The time has come, amigo. Can we count on your support in the coming election?

☐ YES, I'm ready for *real change* and I support Andrij 110 percent!
☐ NO, I prefer to masturbate to nude photos of Robin Williams.

Here's what you need to do: When you're locked in the voting booth with the ballot, write in the name "Andrij Witiuk." And while we have your attention... could we trouble you for a donation? We're up against high rollers here (spending *your* money, don't forget!), and campaigns are expensive. Send no cash now—just choose your commitment level:

☐ $50 Donor ☐ $100 Patron ☐ $250 Esteemed Benefactor
☐ $500 Appellate Court Judge ☐ $5,000 Secretary of State

Thanks again for your support.
"It takes a lot of dead presidents to bring one to life." —*Virgil*

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The Move

We took 15 guys' signature sex moves and tried 'em out on the ladies we love. Prepare to wake the neighbors...

By Ron Donoho Photographs by Jennifer Robbins

Jerry's had something to do with a counterclockwise swirl. Puddy stole it to use on Elaine. George had trouble mastering it. We're talking, of course, about a Seinfeld story line (make the sign of the cross) involving a surefire gal-pleasing sex move. Let's advance the discussion: Most men have a signature sex move—a John Hancock, if you will, that they can always fall back on. It might be a position, a movement, or some flourish that prompts women to say, "Thank you, sir; may I have another?"

What? You don't have a signature move? Zoinks. OK, stop quivering, Shaggy; all is not lost. Just because we like you, we called friends, friends of friends, estranged brothers-in-law of friends—basically, anybody we could get to confide their sex secrets to us—and compiled a list of completely authentic, original, you-heard-it-here-first sex moves. (Think it was easy asking longshoremen at Dick's Last Resort about sex technique? Nuff said.)

Of course we'd never pass on a random bunch of moves without testing them on real live women (because the blowup kind can't talk). So we enlisted nine of our wives and girlfriends and told them to unplug the phone. Here are their observations on our best efforts (Note: You may have more success with some of these sexual twists and turns than we did). Read on and prepare to become a man—or at least to act like one in bed.

Move #1: The Postman Always Rings Once

"In the riding position on top, lick your left thumb like it was a stamp, and place it on the top of your girlfriend's private spot. Continue to put pressure on the "stamp" with your thumb while you put your "special delivery" in her envelope." —*Joel, 34*

Erica, 23: "You call that a move? That's not a move—that's boring. At least move it around a little bit. Don't just press on it like it's an elevator button."

Danielle, 22: "I waited for something to happen, but nothing. Finally I said, 'Try massaging it downward firmly, in rhythm with your strokes.' That worked a little better. You know what women always say: It helps to be hard, but it's hard to be good."

Move #2: A Standing O

"Stand on the floor. She's lying on the bed with her butt barely hanging off the side. Hold her bottom and really lean into her when you thrust. This position will get you as deep inside ▶

her as you are long." —*James, 26*
Caroline, 32: "We had to go slow because I could feel him hitting my cervix. But what was really cool was when he would slowly pull all the way out, then push all the way in. That felt really, really big. Mm-m-m."
Erica: "No, no! There are vital organs in there!"

Move #3: Closer to Her Head

"While on top shift your weight forward so your hips are directly above hers. This lets you directly stimulate her clitoris and puts your penis in direct contact with her pelvic bone, giving her something hard and rigid to grind against." —*Joe, 33*
Jeri, 25: "At first this was awkward. His penis kept slipping out of me, and he was supporting himself with one arm, which kept shaking from the effort. Finally he lay down on top of me, scooped one arm under my butt to help keep us in contact, and started grinding. Guys, that is something you should use!"
Caroline: "Absolute orgasm frenzy."

Move #4: Shaft!

"During lovemaking, pull your penis out, grasp it by the shaft, and manipulate the head against her clit—like you're tonguing it with your penis. Fast, slow, medium—it's all good. And it keeps her going while you take a short breather." —Mark, 32
Carmella, 31: "That was a hot tease. I loved being able to look down and see him rubbing against me."
Danielle: "It felt good, but it's more like foreplay. I wanted him back in right away."

Move #5: How Do You Do?

"Nobody ever thinks of this, but it's so easy. Hold her hands while you make love. Stretch her arms out above her head, or hold them out to the sides, forming a human letter T. Every now and then, kiss her hands. It's really intimate." —Ralph, 26
Denise, 24: "My last boyfriend did that the first time we made love; I'll never forget it. All girls like this, especially right before we come."
Celia, 30: "That and looking right into my eyes when you come will make me your love slave. I came again just from the excitement of watching him come and being so intimate about it."

Move #6: When You Don't Know the Words

"While performing oral sex, you have to kinda hum. Don't be obnoxiously loud, and don't turn her into a karaoke machine. But hum softly, like you're blowing into a wet harmonica." —*Tim, 38*
Denise: "This was the weirdest thing any guy has done to me. I tried to get into it, but we both started laughing. Hearing him make noises down there is too weird. Maybe save this one for when you're both drunk."
Caroline: "It felt good, but to come I need some heavy-duty tongue pressure. This was more of a light warmup."

Move #7: Ben Dover

"Not all girls like it from behind, but here's my way of making it more intimate. Enter her vagina, but put your legs outside hers. Gently lower her to the bed so only her pelvis and butt are slightly raised. Lie down on her back and kiss her neck or whisper into her ear. You can't really do full thrusts from this position, but it feels great for both of you." —*Bob, 29*
Denise: "Fucking awesome. When he got on top of me, I held his hands above my head and told him not to move, and just ground away under him for 10 minutes. Wow. Then I asked him to reach under me and finish me off. It felt like I was dreaming."
Carmella: "I can feel him against my G spot, but there's not a lot of thrusting going on. I'd rather he just bend me over and have at it."

Move #8: Cyrano Lives

"Even if your nose isn't long like mine, you can use it to full advantage while your head is between her legs. Move your nose in and out of her, up and down. Try to breathe normally. If she gets up on top to ride your nose, be careful not to inhale her juices." —*Diego, 22*
Erica: "I'm, like, 'What the hell is that?' He told me, and I was, like, 'That feels good, now get your tongue working too.'"
Celia: "It wasn't anything to write home about. I prefer tongues."

Move #9: Toe That Line

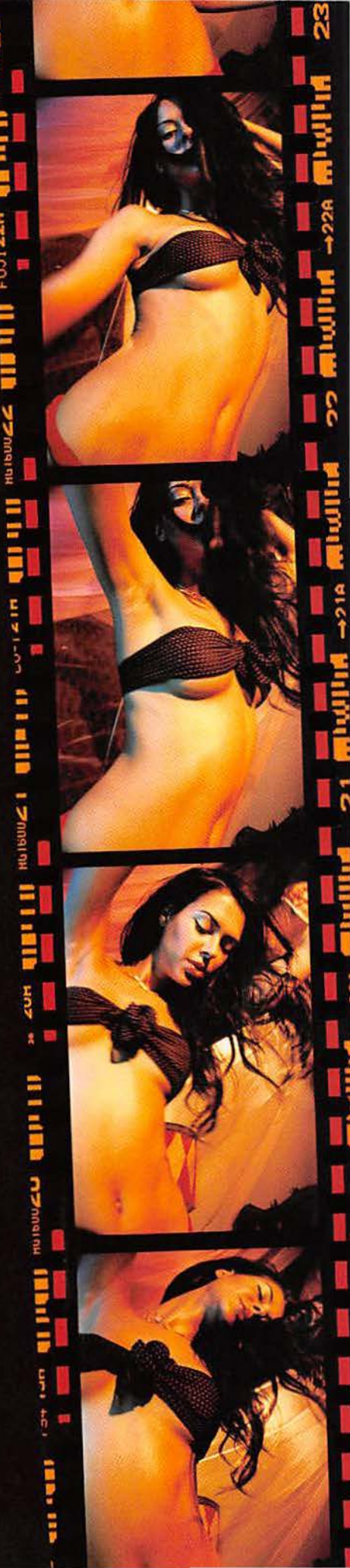
"Start from the bottom and work your way up to her pink heaven. Rub her toes and kiss the soles of her feet. Lightly caress her thighs. Let your fingertips glide up near her area, but don't touch her there. Be a big tease, until she begs you to put it in." —*Barry, 33*
Leslie, 28: "This wasn't new to me, but I've always loved it. After about five minutes, I was begging for him to hit the spot, even grabbing the back of his head. It's all about the anticipation: I keep thinking that it's finally the moment, but then it's not. Eventually, I can't stand it anymore and I'll do anything for release."
Carmella: "I tend to be too impatient for this sort of thing. Though once my boyfriend tied me up first and did this: That I won't forget."

Move #10: Rock the Boat

"During intercourse, don't just concentrate on in-and-out. While it's in there deep, slowly move your hips side to side. Speed up for a minute. Slow down for a minute. But keep putting pressure on her pelvic bone in a side-to-side motion." —*Don, 35*
Maura, 27: "It hurt. It just hurt."
Caroline: "I liked it a lot; it did help me get closer to orgasm. But I could see how it would hurt if, you know…I mean, I wax it off, but yeah, with pubic hair, that would hurt."

Move #11: Bull's-eye

"Too many guys just grab the whole breast with their hand or just suck on the end of the nipple. Instead use your tongue to slowly ▶



'In that position, every little movement he made was, like, "Oh, more!"'

DO NOT ENTER!

They may have sounded good, but these moves were recipes for disaster.

"My boyfriend apparently watched an S&M video before he pulled out two clothespins and told me there was a move he wanted to try: clipping them onto my nipples. I'm open-minded, so I let him try, but it was only about 1.2 seconds before I was shrieking with pain." —*Erika, 30*

"I had a guy tell me to close my eyes so he could suck on my eyelids while he was rubbing my breasts. But he sucked so hard, it felt like my eyeball was going to come out. It was gross." —*Natalie, 29*

"I was with a guy who was really into my feet. When he was licking my toes, it felt great. But then he moved upside down on top of me, like an almost-sixty-nine, and put his feet onto my chest so he could stimulate my nipples with the tops of his feet. I didn't appreciate having his dogs practically in my *face*." —*Tracy, 26*

"I had sex with this guy who was really into teasing. His big move was licking around my nipples but never actually getting to the target. It was a turn-on at first, but then he spent about 20 minutes roaming around my clitoris but never actually coming in contact with it. That's like trying to start a fire with two sticks by waving them around next to each other." —*Jenna, 32*

draw circles around the areola. Make your circles smaller and smaller, and faster and faster. Watch her breathing get shorter and faster too." —*Raoul, 24*

Leslie: "Absolutely. It makes every nerve in my body catch on fire."

Celia: "Great for foreplay, but when we're having intercourse, I like them treated a little rougher."

Move #12: Knockin' on Heaven's Door

"While you're doing it missionary style, reach around behind her and gently rub her back door with your index finger. Go slowly at first. Moisten your finger with her juices. The more she moans, the more pressure you should apply." —*Bradley, 30*

Maura: "I said to him, 'Ew—what are you doing?' He says, 'I read in a magazine that this would drive you crazy.' Ah…no."

Caroline: "I liked the sensation, but it definitely didn't blow my mind. I'd rather he squeezed my cheeks hard, like he was really excited. That's a turn-on."

Move #13: Double-Breasted Pursuit

"This is especially good when she's on top. Grab both her melons and squeeze them together. Put both her nipples in your mouth. It drives women nuts. Even if the girl you're with has small boobs, it will work if she has long nipples." —*Gordon, 37*

Denise: "Ouch. It really hurt to be squeezed together like that. I don't know why a woman would be into this."

Celia: "I love to have my breasts touched during sex, but that was too much of a good thing. I felt like I was being sexed up by a giant leech."

Move #14: Inside Out

"When you're on top, instead of having your legs inside hers, put yours on the outside. With her legs together, she gets even more stimulation from you than normal. You can still thrust the usual way. But a circular motion—like you're stirring a drink with your penis—will really send her." —*Gavin, 40*

Carmella: "That was one of the first times I ever had an orgasm just from intercourse alone. I told him, 'Buddy, this is now officially in your repertoire.'"

Caroline: "At first it didn't do much, but then he sort of shifted his body upward, so he was sort of sitting on his knees, and he was hitting right on my clit. Every little movement he made was, like, 'Oh, more!'"

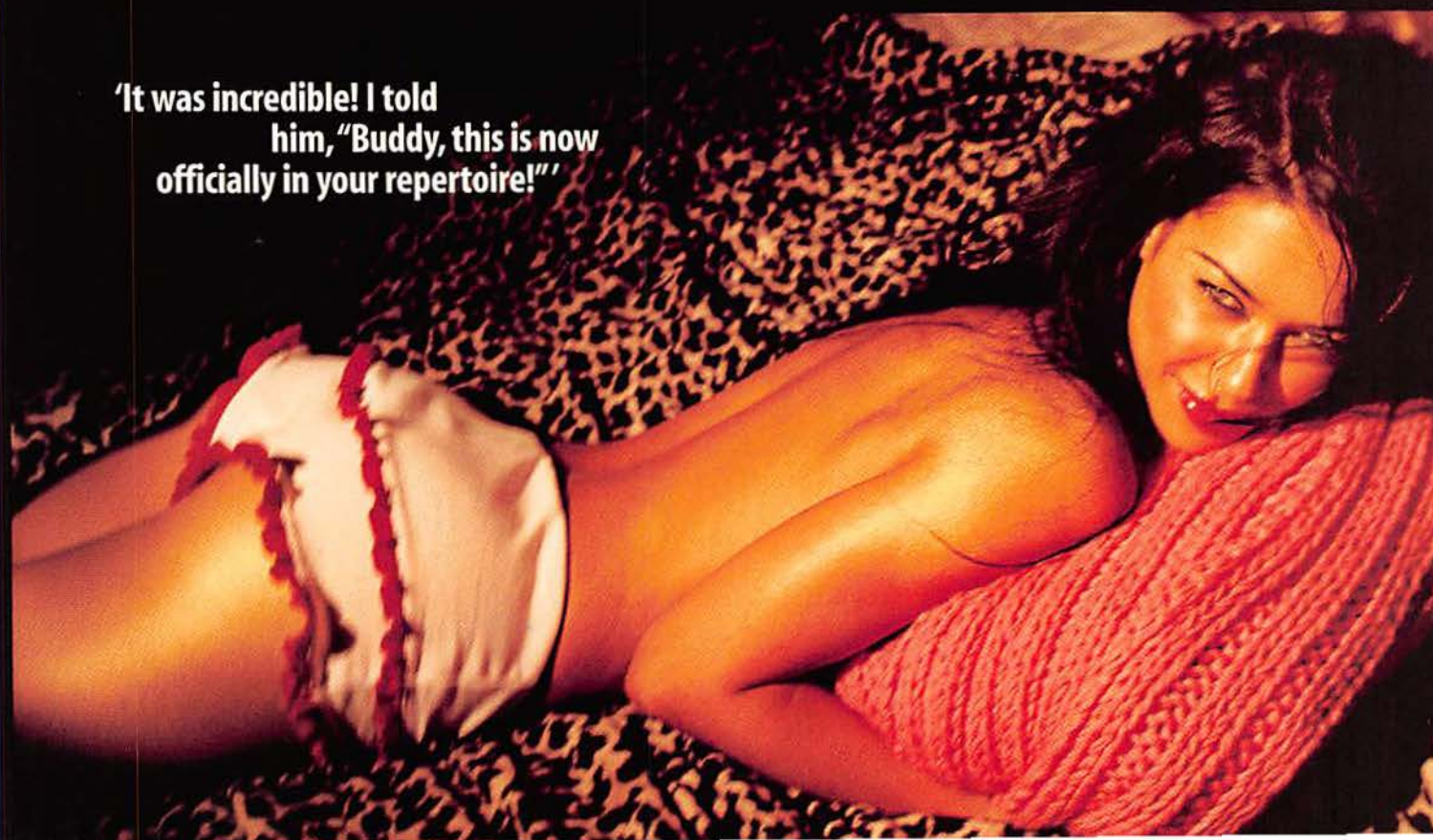
Move #15: The Flank Spank

"Both of you are lying on your side. Enter her vagina from behind. She can curl her legs up, and you rotate your body away from her so you're almost perpendicular. You can also grab her top leg and move it around or use it to balance yourself. This is a good wake-up call—especially helpful in avoiding the morning-breath problem." —*Fergus, 27*

Maura: "I'd never had that done to me before. At first it was a little uncomfortable, but after we got going, I got really into it. I liked that I could control how spread apart my legs were and I could get more stimulation by bringing my legs closer together."

Celia: "My new favorite position. When he was lying beside me, it was nice, but then he sorta sat up and gripped my hip, with my bottom leg between his. He was just pounding my G spot from that position. Oh, Jesus." M

Stylist, Bonnie Thornton; hair, Pierra for Garren NY; makeup, Edward Cruz



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HECHO EN MEXICO
MARGARITAVILLE PREMIUM TEQUILA
NO PASSPORT REQUIRED
QUENCH YOUR SOUL BUT DON'T LOSE YOUR HEAD. AND IF YOU'RE UNDER 21, BE PATIENT.

WORLD WAR III

Is another global conflict a question of *if*... or when? A top military expert illustrates how America's next major armed conflict may have already begun.

You think the world is a safe place, right? The cold war is history? The planet's sole superpower is untouchable?

Think again.

We live in a world of rogue states armed to the max, juju warriors stoned on religious, ideological, and tribal hatreds. Richard Butler—the U.N. weapons inspector sent after Saddam Hussein—now says, "The greatest threat to life on earth is weapons of mass destruction. They can decimate cities, infect countries, poison millions."

Drawing on inside sources in the Pentagon and intelligence communities, Colonel David H. Hackworth, one of our nation's most decorated soldiers and the best-selling author of *The Price of Honor*, has created the three most likely scenarios that could draw the U.S. into war. Right now they are fiction. But the players, the flash points, and the military details are all based on fact. It *could* happen here.

David H. Hackworth, Colonel, U.S. Army (Ret.), has spent 25 years fighting and reporting on the battlefield

Sarin, an odorless nerve gas, is 26 times more deadly than cyanide. A few canisters could wreak devastation in an indoor arena

MOLES FOR MUHAMMAD

America is a prime target for religious zealots. Who will be safe when their war hits our shores?

June 4, 2005, 2050 hours, NBA Playoffs, Conseco Fieldhouse, Indianapolis, Indiana

Jesus. Pollen count must be through the roof. First the headache, now the blurry eyes and scratchy throat. Melissa Hanford, 28, an office worker from Gary, rises unsteadily from her prime seat in the purple tier at the Indiana Pacers' end of the court. *Doesn't make sense. My allergies aren't usually this bad in air-conditioned places.* She steals a glance at her boyfriend. Nick, the hoops freak. Blew the works on $120 seats for the playoffs against the Knicks. *What'll he think, me cutting out?* Nose plugged up now, a sudden stab of pain in the belly. Another peek at Nick. *Screw it. I'm outta here.*

She heads for the aisle. Legs feel like rubber; a vise tightens under her breasts as she shoves through the door marked WOMEN. Twelve stalls, one open. She bolts for it, vomits into the bowl, and leans back, an agonizing convulsion knotting her gut. A hot needle of pain, then an uncontrollable spasm as her bowels and bladder empty, soaking her navy-blue skirt. *Omigod. Gotta get home.* She tries to stand, but her legs crumple. Her lungs gasp for air as her throat squeezes shut. Dimly she hears women crying for help from the neighboring stalls. She's drowning in her own mucus. A burning scum blinds her eyes, her heart redlines into cardiac arrest, and then, like a snuffed candle, her brain goes to black.

A burning scum blinds her eyes; her heart redlines into cardiac arrest.

Melissa becomes the attack's first victim. But within minutes, there would be others. Thousands of others.

Five years earlier: January 1, 2000, 2300 hours, Kafar Jar Ghar, Afghanistan

Osama bin Laden lets the question fall like a stone to the floor of the basement room. "So, my brothers…where did we go wrong?" First his millennium raid on Seattle, botched at the Canadian border, then the FBI busts that saved Times Square.

Moustafa Gereshk, head of intelligence, and Moulay Charikar, Bin Laden's finance minister, shift uncomfortably in their chairs. Sulgareh Zargun, chief of operations, studies the floor.

"We need more men," Gereshk says. "More money," adds Charikar. Zargun says nothing.

"And you, Sulgareh? What do you think?"

"We are too careless. No patience. Our men stand out like horses at the goat market. Too many dark skins. The Americans always see us coming."

"You would change our genes?"

"Yes. We need our own Timothy McVeigh." Bin Laden looks up. "What are you proposing?"

March 1, 2000, 0800 hours, Hanover, Washington

Jeff Fullerton, 29, walks past the FOR SALE sign on the lawn in front of his house and heads for the bus stop. Seemes like only

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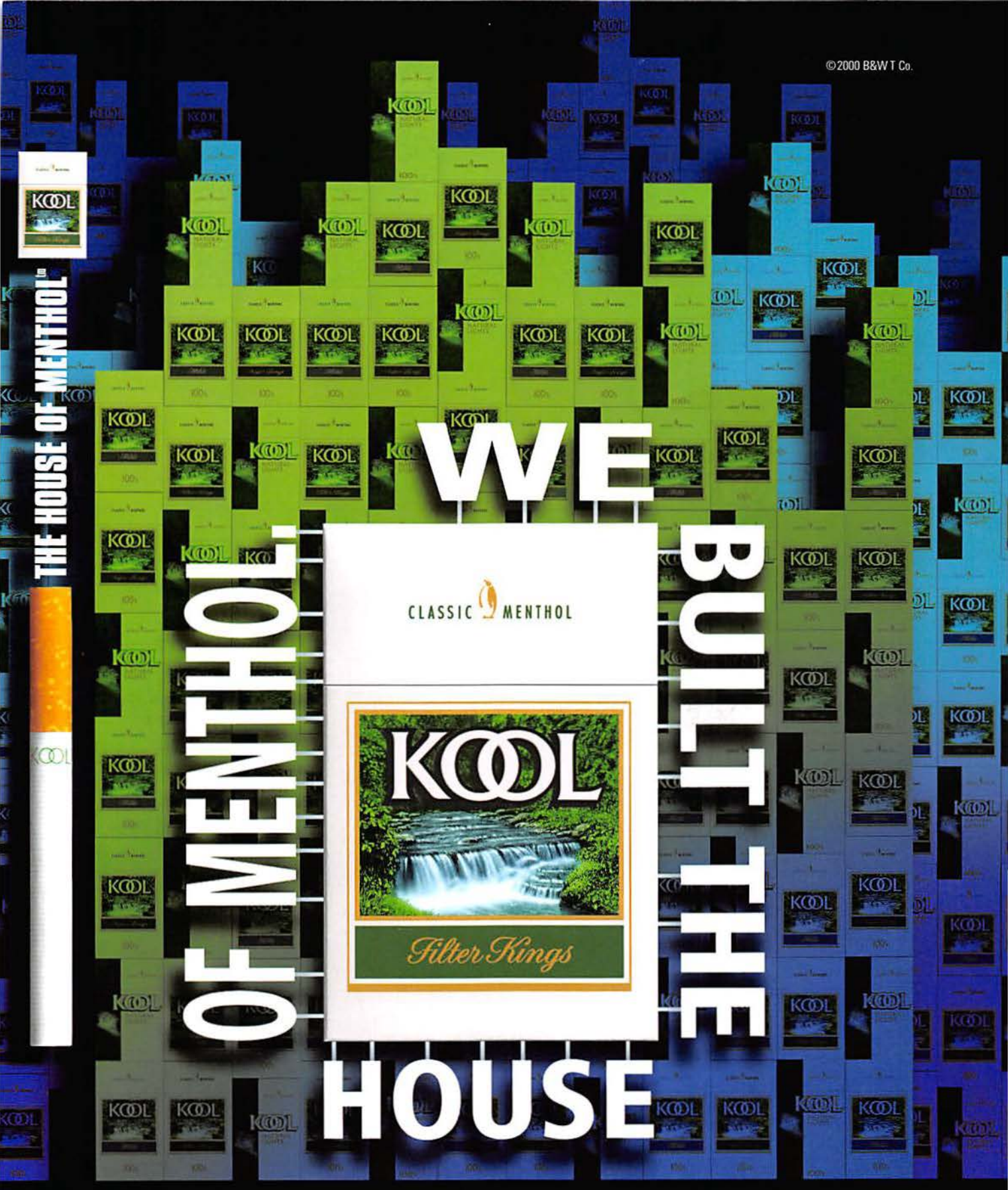

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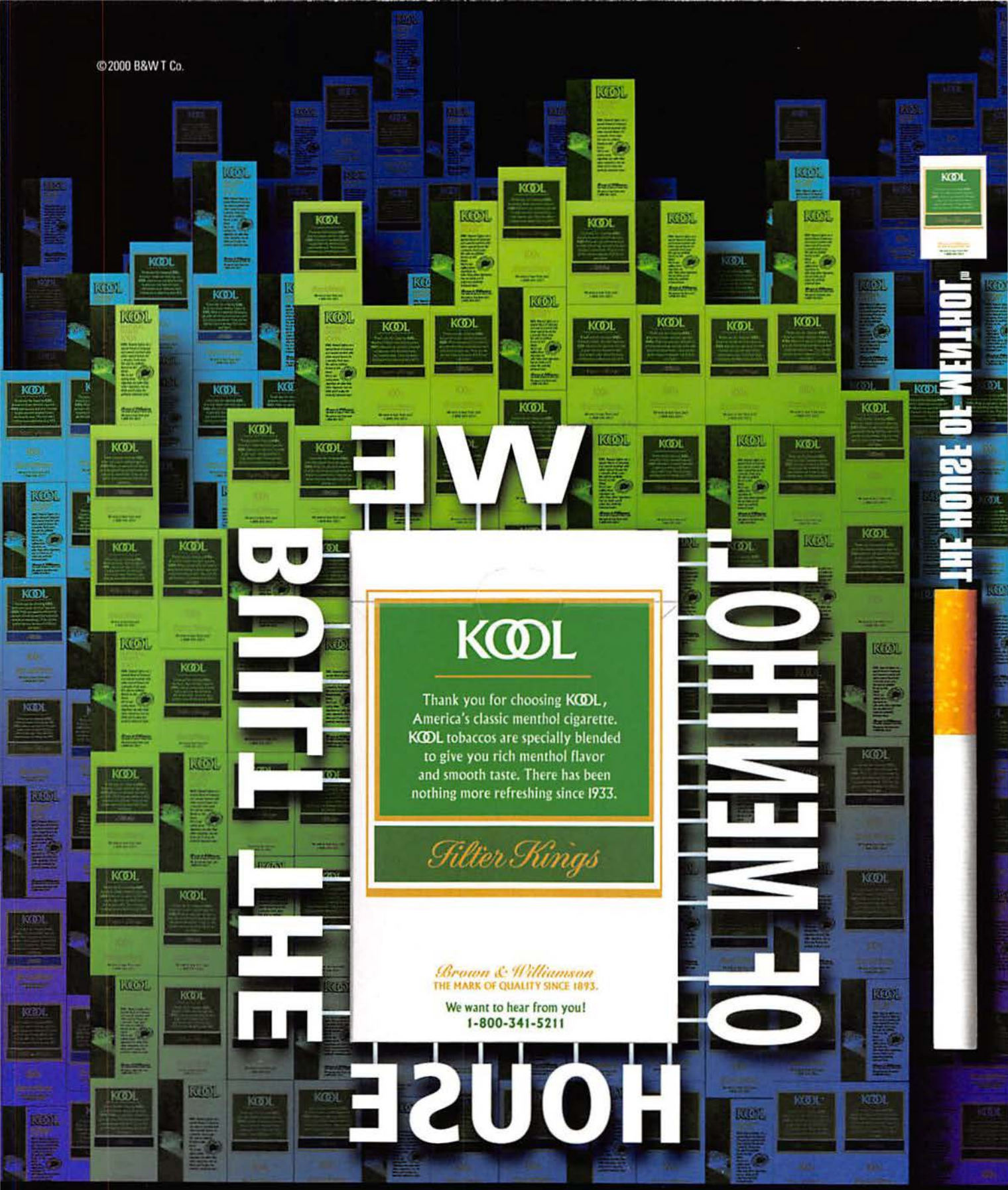
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yesterday that he was a military intelligence major in charge of security at the nuclear reactor on the Hanover base. Seventeen years of service. Three years short of retirement with medical coverage, he's downsized straight out of the army. Two weeks later his wife discovers she has cancer. Within six months he's broke and he's lost his wife, along with faith in the government.

As he heads for the bus, a black Grand Cherokee with tinted windows pulls up alongside him. A dark, powerfully built guy in Levi's steps out and hands him an envelope. Jaw tight, Fullerton opens it. Inside is a thick wad of $100 bills secured with a rubber band. "My name doesn't matter," the man says, pointing to the open door. What the hell. Fuller steps in. The SUV turns the corner at the bus stop and disappears.

Osama bin Laden is the CIA's and FBI's most wanted man

In Dallas the next morning, the same guy picks up Al Medford, dismissed at 35 for sexual harassment after 11 years in the FBI. He'd been riding a desk for the past three when it became known that his balanced breakfast consisted of cornflakes and vodka.

On the last day of March, a 35-foot schooner called the *Gallipoli* puts to sea at Brisbane, Australia, setting a course north. Medford and Fullerton gather in the aft saloon. With them are Sulgareh Zargun and two freelance trainers, both ex-KGB. Their specialties: small-yield nukes, chemical weapons, biological warfare. A bottle of vodka comes out. Zargun lets it pass.

Sunup on the eighth day out, they drop anchor off a deserted islet tucked among the Flinders Reefs. Zargun points to a Quonset hut behind a screen of palms. "My university," he says. For the next three months, he and his trainers school their recruits in the art of terror. They are quick studies. At the beginning of June, his two new operatives receive a small nylon gym bag. In the bag are plane tickets back to the U.S., passports, driver's licenses, and Social Security cards, all stamped with new identities. Each receives one other item: a bank card for a $100,000 account stateside and the electronic codes for $900,000 in a Swiss bank, to be activated upon the success of the mission.

May 31, 2005, 1030 hours, Washington, D.C.

President George W. Bush is feeling good about his record on terror. Not a peep out of Bin Laden or any serious terrorist faction in nearly five years. But then the national security advisor walks into the Oval Office, waving a decoded message received that morning. "He's back, Mr. President." The message is an ultimatum: "You've paid billions to make Israel your puppet, you've attacked the sacred soil of the Afghans. Now you will lift the economic embargo against our nation and pay us reparations of $2 billion or face the consequences."

The president crumples the message. "Tell the little sonuvabitch I don't negotiate with terrorists."

June 4, 2005, 0900 hours, Indianapolis, Indiana

The morning of the Pacers-Knicks game at Conseco Fieldhouse, Jeff Fullerton, now known around the arena as Jeff Fredricks, arrives early for the day shift. Over the last five years, he's become one of two engineers responsible for the massive air-conditioning unit. No one thinks twice when he arrives with a canvas duffel bag and spends the day puttering around the system's vast maze of ducts.

In the duffel are two dozen aerosol cans filled with the G-agent called Sarin, an organophosphate nerve gas, colorless, odorless, and 26 times more deadly than cyanide gas. A droplet the size of a pinhead can kill. Working methodically while wearing 12 mm elbow-length rubber gloves and a gas mask, Fullerton handles the cans and sets their timers to release the gas in the second quarter.

"Hey, Sarge," he says softly, starting the timer. "This Bud's for you." As he drives away, he marvels at his easy conscience.

That night at 8:45, the cans pop. Within five minutes, Melissa Hanford is dead in the women's bathroom. At the same time 18,000 men, women, and children are groping at their eyes and coughing convulsively, trying to get outside.

At 9:20 that night, NBC is the first to break the unfolding story. A reporter is on the screen, looking grim. "An unthinkable scene of horror here in Indianapolis, Indiana..." Across the nation the next day, the newspaper headlines are horrifying. *The New York Times*' single banner headline reads: More than 4,000 Feared Dead in Terrorist Gas Attack at Indianapolis Sports Arena. President Bush Declares a State of Emergency.

The entire country is outraged—and terrified.

The following morning, President Bush convenes the ▶

DANGER CLOSE TO HOME

The tools of mass mayhem are becoming all too easy to obtain.

NUKES

Between 1990 and 1997, European officials documented 477 incidents of nuclear-material trafficking, including weapon-grade uranium and plutonium stolen from Russia. In Prague three dealers were arrested with highly enriched uranium in the trunk of their car. According to a U.S. Pentagon official, "a terrorist with a little technical know-how and 20 pounds of smuggled plutonium could make a bomb powerful enough to destroy a city. *That's* what we should be worried about."

STINGER MISSILES

Wanna bring down a commercial airliner from a mile away? Just travel to Afghanistan, where anyone with a God complex and $50,000 can pick up a deadly accurate U.S.-made Stinger missile. "Stingers are the next step for terrorists," says Bruce Hoffman, director of the Rand Corporation's Washington, D.C., headquarters. In fact, Sri Lanka's Tamil Tiger rebels are believed to have shot down a Lionair passenger jet with a Stinger on September 29, 1998, killing all 55 people on board.

CYBER-TERRORISM

In a 1997 test, teams from the NSA concluded that the national power grid and 911 system were vulnerable to common hacker programs. The Clinton administration has thrown millions at the problem, but according to cyber-terrorism expert Dorothy Denning, we're still susceptible: "If hackers could shut down power for a sustained period of time during a winter cold spell or summer heat wave, the results would be catastrophic."
—Jason Kersten

No amount of airport security can guard against a Stinger missile

National Security Council. Sources lay the blame on Bin Laden. "We're not going to sit here and take this shit," he explodes. He orders the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff to devise an attack on Bin Laden's headquarters and report back.

Next the president calls in the heads of the CIA and NSA. "You gotta shut that bastard down!" he shouts. "I want some boys on him in one hour. It doesn't have to be one of our own. Get the best fucking freelancer out there. I don't need to know."

Thirty-two hours later, a Pakistani chopper drops a man into the Kafar al Jar. He's wearing rags and a turban. Under the rags is a 300 Winchester magnum. Thirty-caliber; fitted with a McMillan M-40 sniper's stock and a Leupold Mark 4 16-power scope; 180 grain load. Best for killing at 1,000 yards.

A dirty gray cloud of debris is drifting toward New Jersey.

June 14, 2005, 1030 hours, the White House

President Bush is sitting in the Oval Office, going over the morning's NSA report. The door opens and the CIA chief comes into the room. "What's the situation?" the president asks.

"Our problem, sir..."

Bush looks sharply up from the desk, says nothing.

"We've solved it."

A smile spreads across the president's face. He calls his press secretary in from the West Wing. "Press conference in 15 minutes," he says. "You get all those media losers in here now—and tell their bosses in New York to cover this sumbitch live."

The cameras show Bush standing with the CJCS in front of a map of Afghanistan. The CIA chief is nowhere in view.

"Those who live by terror reap what they sow," the president says. "First, it makes me very happy to announce that we are turning the corner on bringing those involved in the June 4th attack in Indianapolis to justice. The monster we were after was Osama bin Laden." The president pauses for effect. "I can now report to you that this particular murderer is no longer with us. But I'm going to leave that story to General Vahter. He'll answer your questions."

With a quick smirk of victory, Bush strides out of the pressroom.

November 11, 2005, 2350 hours, New York

On the Staten Island side of the Verrazano Narrows Bridge, Al Medford—listed on the city payroll as engineer Al Shea—climbs into a Bridge and Tunnel Authority launch. High above him, road crews are preparing for next day's 9 A.M. start of the New York City Marathon.

The launch bobs across the Narrows toward Brooklyn. At the far tower, Zargun's mole tosses a grappling hook up onto the concrete foundation and secures the launch. He takes the ADM (atomic demolition munition) from his bag. It takes just three minutes to attach the 47-pound device to the foot of the tower. Then he scrambles back down to the launch and casts off.

Nine and a half hours later, the sharp crack of the starter's gun sends nearly 30,000 runners sprinting toward Brooklyn. At precisely three minutes after nine, as the throng pounds toward the far bridge tower, it vanishes. A giant explosion drops the roadway into the swirling waters of the Narrows. The force of the blast blows out cameras, and TV screens across the country go dark. Twenty minutes later, when the picture returns, a dirty gray cloud of debris is drifting toward New Jersey, and the Narrows is filled with what looks like thousands of multicolored ants.

Forty minutes later in Washington, the Oval Office is packed with advisors, congressional leaders, and agency heads. The head of the NSA is holding a crumpled poster. It reads in Arabic, "Jihad. Osama bin Laden is in Paradise. Long live Sulgareh Zargun." Everyone is arguing furiously. But the room goes silent when Bush picks up the phone and raises the secretary of state. "I want you to go meet Hussein, Kaddafi, and Khatami in Cairo tomorrow," he says. "Tell 'em if they don't call off the dogs, I'm going to turn half the Middle East into a fucking parking lot!"

TARGET: AMERICA

Unfriendly reminders of terrorism's recent past.

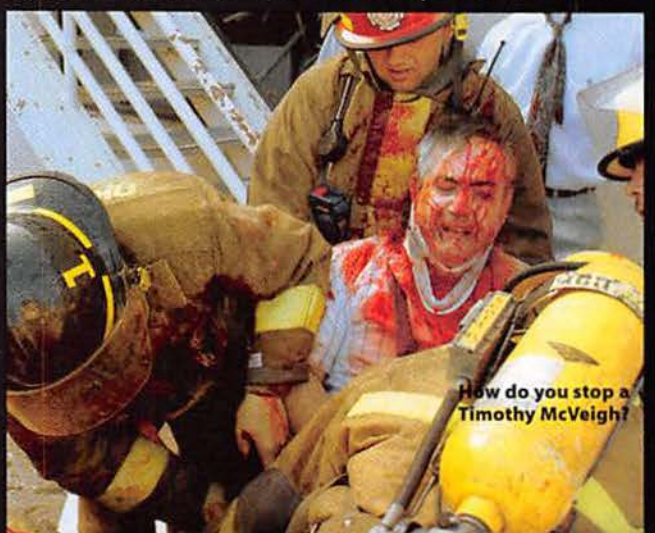
DECEMBER 14, 1999: Customs officials arrest Ahmed Ressam, a 32-year-old Algerian, in Port Angeles, Washington, after discovering more than 100 pounds of explosives hidden in his trunk.

JULY 31, 1997: The NYPD raids the Brooklyn apartment of two Palestinians plotting to bomb a subway train. In the ensuing melee, police shoot both men as they attempt to detonate the bombs.

JULY 27, 1996: As thousands gather for a concert in Atlanta's Olympic Centennial Park, an explosion near the main stage kills two and injures more than 150. Suspect Eric Robert Rudolph gets away.

APRIL 19, 1995: In the most lethal terrorist attack in U.S. history, a truck bomb planted by militia extremists Timothy McVeigh and Terry Nichols levels Oklahoma City's Alfred P. Murrah Federal Building, killing 169.

FEBRUARY 26, 1993: A urea nitrate bomb rips through the garage of New York's World Trade Center, killing six. Ramzi Ahmed Yousef and an accomplice are later convicted.



How do you stop a Timothy McVeigh?

HOW LIKELY IS THIS?

Based on what I hear from my best sources, the chances are eight out of 10 that we will see a devastating terrorist attack from abroad within the next 10 years. Up to now we've been relatively lucky. But this kind of luck can't last. Clinton said so this summer at the Coast Guard Academy's graduation ceremonies, when he revealed publicly that bin Laden was behind the aborted New Year's Eve raids in Seattle and New York. This dude ain't gonna give up. Neither will a thousand fanatics like him. It's a mistake to believe you can stop a terrorist movement by taking out its leader. You can cut off the head, but the body will still live on.

HUMAN Behavior

HUMAN Drama

HUMAN Spirit

HUMAN Kindness

HUMAN Error

HUMAN Sacrifice

HUMAN COMBUSTION

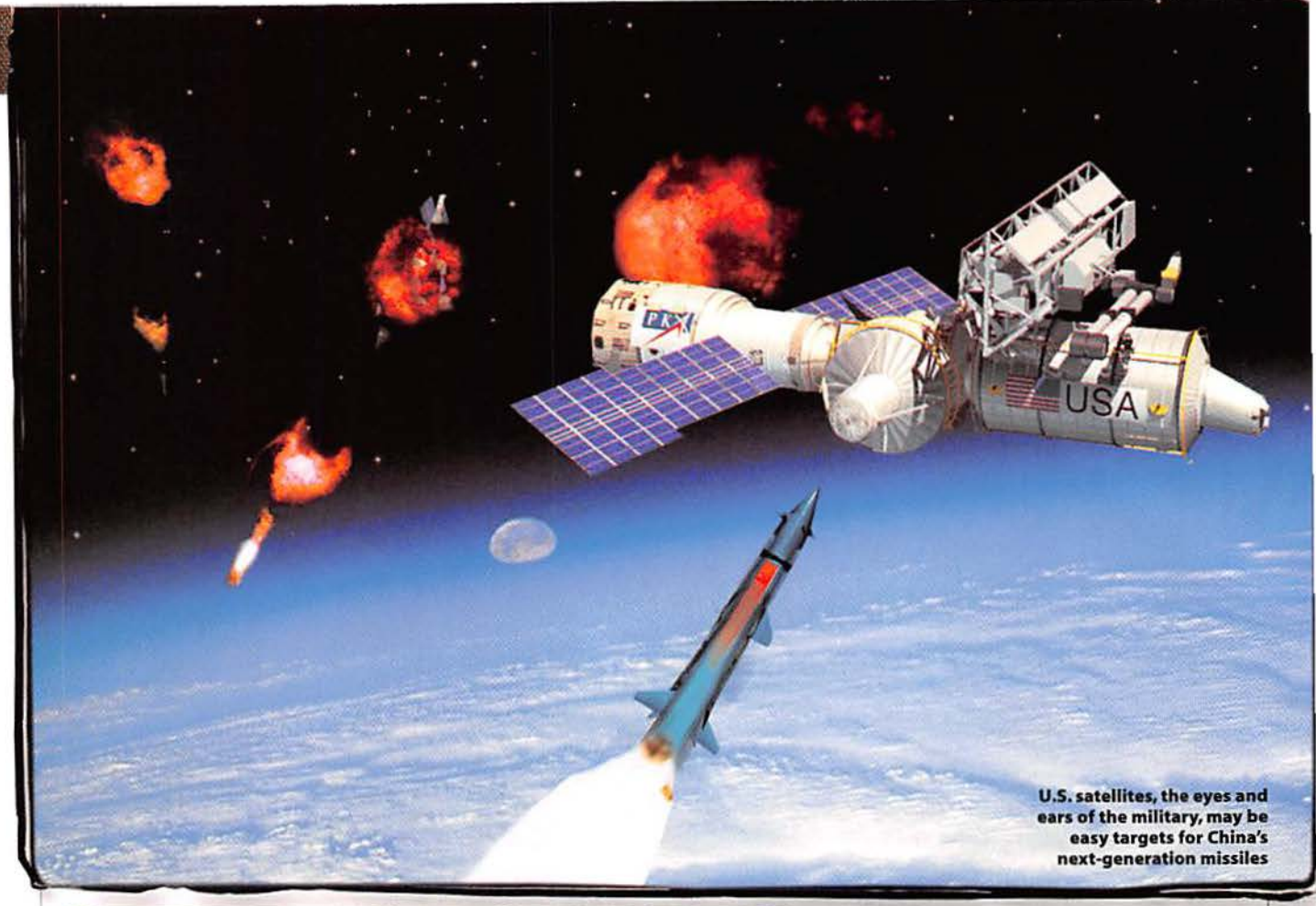
HUMAN Experience

HUMAN Triumph

HUMAN Weakness

HUMAN Emotion

HUMAN TV



U.S. satellites, the eyes and ears of the military, may be easy targets for China's next-generation missiles

OPERATION SUN-TZU

China wants Taiwan, needs fuel, and isn't afraid to take both. But first it must get through the U.S.

Washington, D.C., January 20, 2005, 1200 hours

George W. Bush rises from his seat to take the oath of office. Looking steadily at the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, the 44th president of the United States places his left hand on the Bible and raises his right hand.

"I, George W. Bush, do solemnly swear..."

At precisely that moment, in the Nanjing, Jinan, and Guangzhou military regions of the People's Republic of China, hundreds of techs in brown uniforms start punching their computer keyboards. Across eastern mainland China, the doors of the missile silos slide open.

"...that I will faithfully..."

The techs push more buttons. In the split seconds that follow, a U.S. eye-in-the-sky satellite orbiting hundreds of miles above the earth picks up the heat signature of 500 Chinese M-9 missiles.

"...to the best of my ability..."

The missiles arc, roll to the east, and scorch across the Taiwan Strait toward the country's airfields, military command and control centers, ports, naval bases, telecommunication facilities, and electrical power stations.

"...to preserve, protect, and defend..."

The broadside from the mainland saturates the island's TPS 43-F radar with lethal blips. From eight airfields only a handful of F-16 and Mirage 2000-5 fighters manage to scramble aloft before the M-9s smash home. The thunder of explosions rocks the island as the Republic of China air force is destroyed on the ground. Flames lick eerily at the Tsoying naval base, where four 8,000-ton Aegis-class guided-missile destroyers, trapped among the burning hulks of two dozen frigates, fry like catfish.

High over the Pacific, a second Lockheed Martin "Deep Black" imagery satellite now picks up a new group of advanced M-11 missiles shooting directly into space. Then the transmissions break off.

In Washington heads turn in annoyance as a young officer bounds onto the inaugural platform and leans into the ear of General Eric Vahter, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

"So help me God," swears President Bush. Before he can even kiss his wife, Secret Service agents surround the startled president and hustle him to his limo.

"The balloon has gone up, Mr. President," the general says.

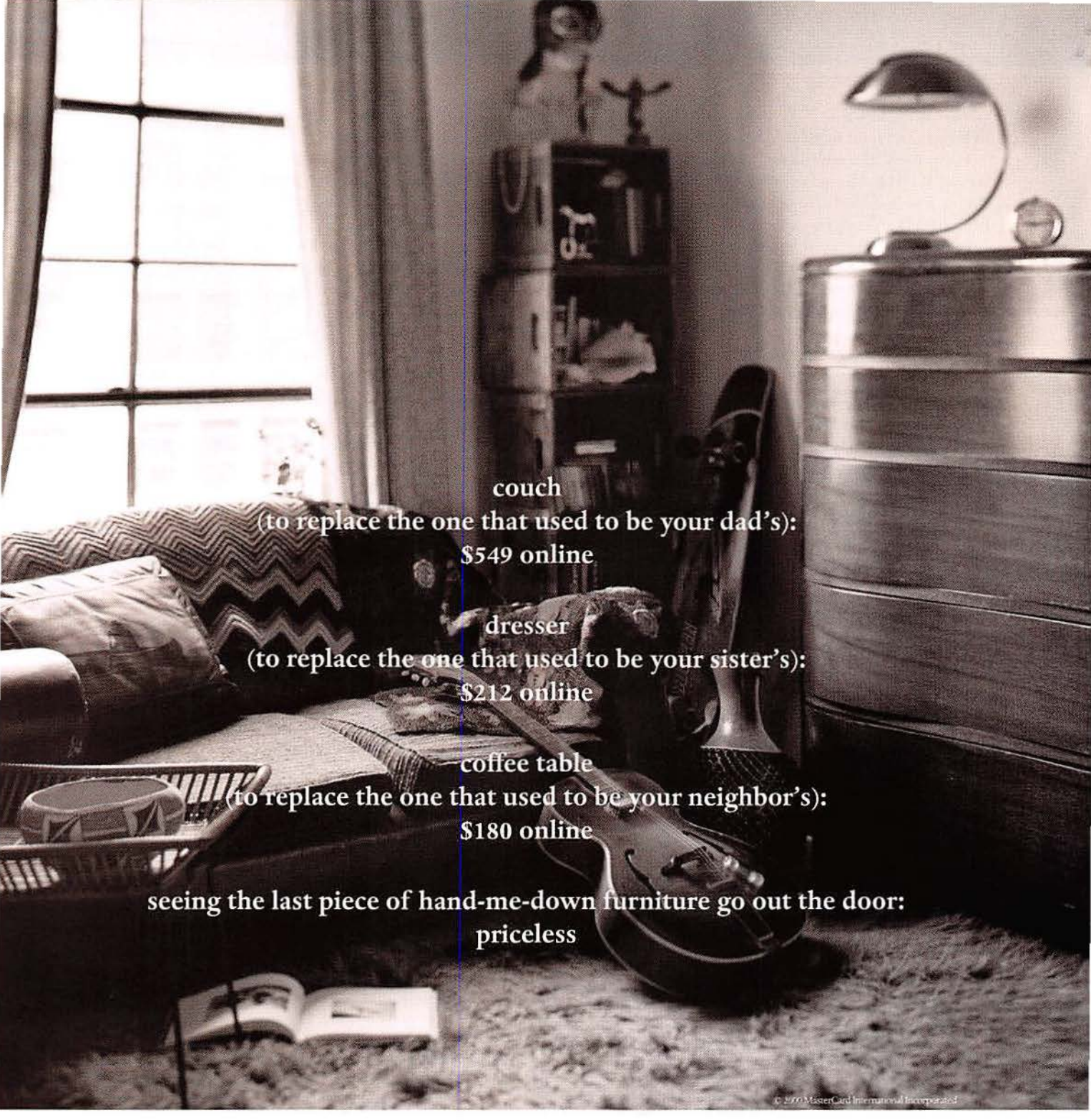
"Where?"

"Taiwan."

"Let's go, General."

The Commander in Chief diverts his motorcade across the Key Bridge to the Pentagon. Once inside the garage, the entourage of 22 men walk through a long concrete tunnel which leads to a locked-down through station for an elevator. The two armed guards allow the group ▶

Much of China's missile technology is stolen from the U.S.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to board. And then they hit the War Room.

Pure chaos. The enormous global situation monitor on the far wall is blank. All contact with the U.S. Seventh Fleet in the Pacific has been lost. No one answers at NORAD. Nothing from NATO. Silence from Europe.

"Good God," the president says. "What hit us?"

Five years earlier: May 1, 2000, 0800 hours, Zhanjiang, People's Republic of China

It begins in a small port city on the Chinese mainland about 500 miles southwest of Taiwan. A military staff car pulls up at the headquarters of the People's Liberation Army. The startled guard at the door snaps to attention as General Fu Quanyou, the PLA's burly chief of staff, brushes past him. In the cellar bunker, Lieutenant General Xiong Guangkai, the PLA's chief of intelligence, rises and salutes. On the table in front of him is a scuffed leather attaché case. "Operation Sun-tzu," he says. "You can read it on the plane."

The order goes out, moving a Sea Wolf nuclear sub into the South China Sea.

The next day General Fu invites Prime Minister Zhu Rongji to his office in Peking. The chubby general walks over to a huge map of China. Pointing at Zhanjiang, he draws his finger to the south, down past Hainan Island, and across the South China Sea. Prime Minister Zhu cranes his head forward. At first he can't see the tiny dots representing the 104 minuscule reefs and keys and islands hidden under Fu's thick finger. Then he gets it.

"The Spratlys," he says quietly.

Hidden beneath the 12 sparsely populated Spratly Islands, 700 miles off Taiwan, is a huge repository of oil and natural gas, enough to jump-start China into the 21st century—if the Philippines, Vietnam, Brunei, or Malaysia doesn't get there first. "When we launch Operation Sun-tzu, the real objective will be the Spratlys. The Americans are so obsessed with Taiwan, they won't know what we're really up to—until it's too late."

"But they have nuclear weapons."

"So do we, and they have no antimissile defense system. Have you forgotten MAD? Why did the United States let the Soviets crush the Czechs in 1968? Afghanistan in '79? They won't sacrifice 200 million Americans for 20 million Taiwanese. And they know we make good on our threats."

"And if they overreact?"

"All Jiang Zemin has to tell them is this: 'Taiwan is ours. We're not interested in South Korea. We won't crowd Japan. But we need to look after our national security, and that's an autonomous supply of energy.'

"We are not going to make their fucking tennis shoes for the next 100 years," he continues angrily. "Even Jiang can't believe all of that warm shit Clinton told him about being 'strategic partners.' We need to work for China, and we don't need America's permission."

"All right," Prime Minister Zhu says, tucking the attaché case under his arm. "I'll speak to Jiang."

During the summer of 2000, Congress grants China normal trade relations. That fall voters elect Al Gore over George W. Bush in the closest presidential race since JFK. During the 43rd president's first meeting with his new security team, the talk turns to China. "What do you guys have?" Gore asks.

"Call it neo-containment," the NSC chief replies. "We're going back into Vietnam and the Philippines. We'll supply Hanoi and Manila with the paint and new fixtures; five years up the road, we're welcome in Cam Ranh Bay, Da Nang, and Clark Field. With open arms."

"Good," says Gore. "You line up Vietnam and the rest. I'll show China the money."

Over the next four years, Beijing bellows when the U.S. sells Taiwan 162 Hawk interceptor guided missiles, beefs up the ROC TPS-43F air surveillance radar, delivers four destroyers with ▶

CHINA VS. THE U.S.A.

America's military is designed to attack. China's forces protect its borders. Here's how the two match up.

GROUND FORCES	
Sixteen active infantry divisions (2.9 million troops) and 42 reserve divisions (1.2 million troops) combine to represent .32 percent of the nation's total population of 1.25 billion.	Ten active infantry divisions (483,880 troops) and eight reserve divisions (383,540 troops) combine to represent .33 percent of the nation's total population of 277 million.
AIR SUPERIORITY	
The P.R.C. air force has 1,800 MiG-19 Farmer and 500 MiG-21 Fishbed fighters, and 200 Beagle and 20 Badger bombers.	The U.S. Air Force has 1,450 F-16 Falcon and 888 F-15 Eagle fighters; 93 B-1B Lancer, 21 B-2 Spirit, and 94 B-52 heavy bombers; and 54 F-117 stealth bombers.
NAVY	
No carriers, 65 attack submarines, one ballistic-missile submarine, and 21 destroyers	Twelve aircraft-carrier battle groups, 73 attack submarines, 18 ballistic-missile submarines, and 66 destroyers
NUCLEAR WEAPONS	
Twenty ICBMs and 380 nuclear weapons deliverable by 140 aircraft. China has the third largest nuclear stockpile in the world after the U.S. and Russia.	Five-hundred Minuteman and 50 Peacekeeper ICBMs, 408 Poseidon and Trident SLBMs, and 146 nuclear-capable attack aircraft
COFFERS	
Defense budget: $37 billion	Defense budget: $288 billion
FUEL	
Has 24 billion barrels of reserve oil; produces 3.2 million barrels a day.	Has 21 billion barrels of reserve oil; produces 6.4 million barrels a day.
STEEL	
Largest steel industry, producing 123.3 million tons in 1999	Second largest steel industry, producing 97.2 million tons in 1999

—Christopher Silber

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Aegis antiaircraft missiles. They even take delivery of the bug-ridden Patriot Pact 3 Theater High Altitude Area Defense missile system. But no invasion.

Gore runs confidently for reelection. Bored even stiffer than last time, the voters swing back to pick a resurgent George W. Bush, who's dropped compassionate conservatism in favor of a new slogan:

It's time to put America first.

The day after the election, President Jiang Zemin, who has changed his mind about retiring—he's only 85—looks at General Fu over the glazed bass at dinner and says, "Operation Sun-tzu—are we ready?" General Fu turns to Lt. Gen. Xiong, who nods.

The U.S. has committed itself to defending Taiwan against Chinese aggression

January 20, 2005, 1230 hours, Pentagon War Room

"Jesus," President Bush whispers. "It's Pearl Harbor."

"No, Mr. President," says General Vahter. "At Pearl Harbor we had Western Union. This time we're completely deaf, dumb, and blind."

He pauses. "We need to move to DEFCON 1 immediately, Mr. President." The room becomes silent. "Move to DEFCON 1," Bush says quickly, and the silence is replaced by an onslaught of activity.

The general turns his attention to two colonels. "OK, I want every goddamn satellite we have left re-tasked over China...Send some Marines over to their fucking embassy...Get me targeting profiles...Find out what birds are up...and give me a situation on our boats!"

China's ICBMs can easily reach the continental U.S.

An order goes out from the CINCPAC—Commander in Chief of Pacific—moving a Sea Wolf nuclear sub and a flotilla of Los Angeles–class attack subs into the South China Sea. The subs prep their cruise missiles for launch. Moments later Captain Allen G. Carvey, commanding officer of the 80,000-ton carrier *Kitty Hawk* and its battle fleet gets the dispatch: *Redirect to Taiwan. Engage any and all threats. Weapons free. Target outline forthcoming.*

Back in the War Room, the hot line to Beijing comes to life. It's Jiang Zemin. President Bush shouts, "I'm giving you one minute to stand down."

"Don't threaten me," Jiang Zemin replies, "and don't underestimate our willingness to use missiles."

"If you want to talk about a nuclear exchange, the United States can end your 6,000-year-old legacy in about 10 minutes."

"We have new ones. The delivery system is based on your own W-88 model." President Bush looks at General Vahter, who angrily acknowledges China's use of the stolen technology.

"What the hell is all this about?" Bush snaps.

"First call off your the Sea Wolfs."

The Commander in Chief looks at General Vahter. A thin line of sweat trickles down the general's upper lip. There's only one real choice. The president calls off the counterattack.

The next day the National Security Agency examines the new satellite data. There is no sign of a Chinese invasion force anywhere near Taiwan. In fact, the PRC's entire East China Fleet seems to have assembled around the Spratly Islands, where a full PLA division is throwing together fortifications and runways. The Spratlys straddle the strategic sea lines between the Indian Ocean and the Pacific. The Chinese now control the energy lifelines of Japan and Korea.

From out of nowhere, the number one superpower is suddenly looking at a brand-new number two. General Vahter picks up the phone. "Mr. President," he says. "There's something you need to know."

HOW LIKELY IS THIS?

The odds are fifty-fifty. Don't take my word for it. The last guy who sent a carrier to Taiwan was former Defense Secretary William J. Perry, when Beijing acted up in 1995. Perry now says flatly, "We're heading toward a collision course." Beijing used to say it would strike only if Taiwan declared independence. Now it says it will act if the island merely drags its ass on negotiations. Ross Munro, the director of Asian Studies at the Center for Security Studies in Washington, says Chinese military leaders disagree only on the speed, tactics and risk of the assault. For the past 200 years, we have systematically underestimated, patronized, and sentimentalized China. That kind of thinking got us World War I and II. Why try for III?

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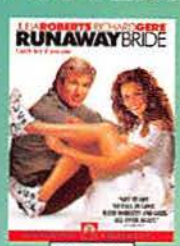

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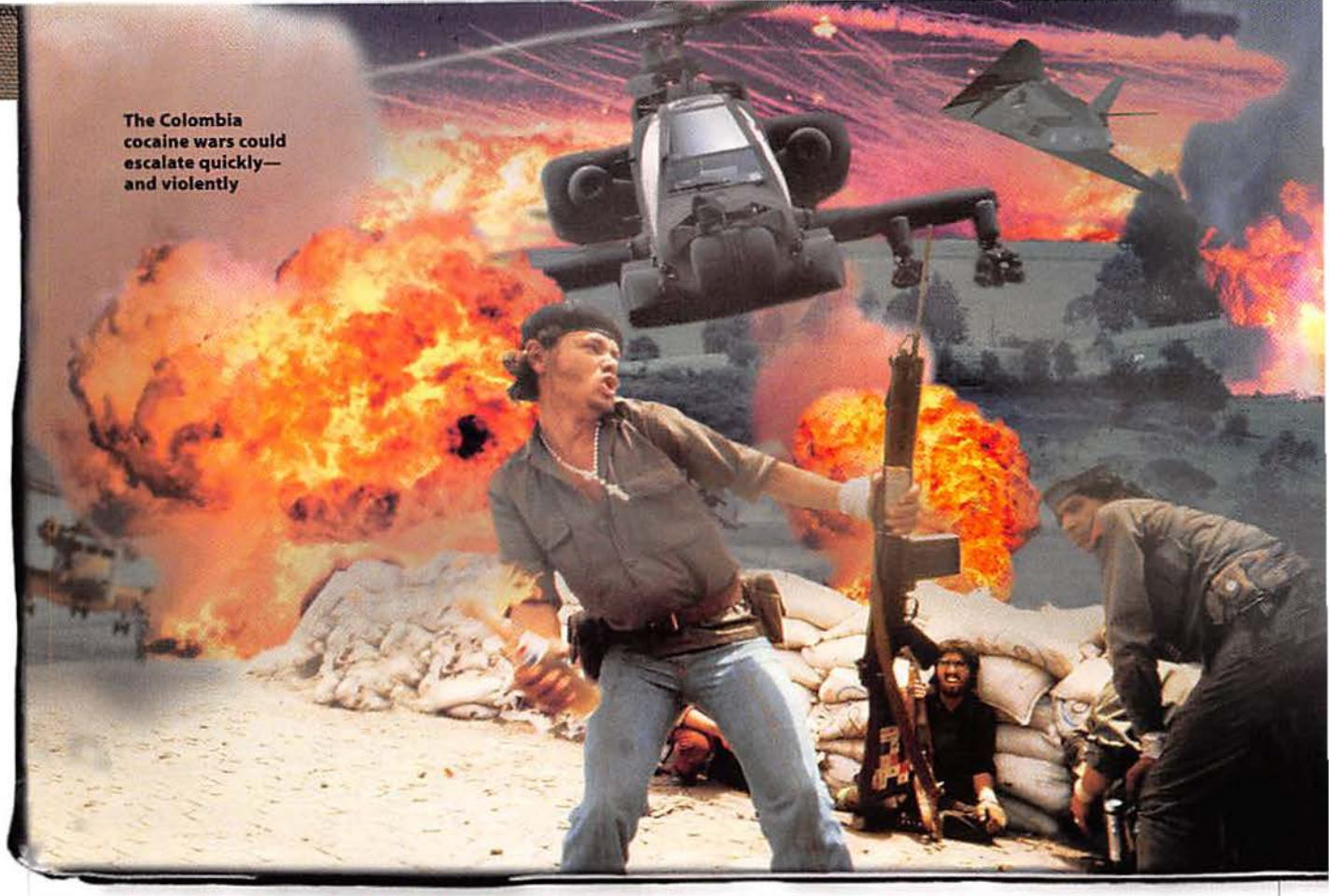


The Colombia cocaine wars could escalate quickly—and violently

IN THE JUNGLE OF HORROR

Could the United States' new $1.7 billion war on drugs turn Colombia into another Vietnam?

November 27, 2005, 0400 hours, Amazonas Province, Colombia
At the remote Santo Espiritu outpost of the Colombian Army, 30 men—a mixed band of Green Berets, narcs from the U.S. Drug Enforcement Agency, and Colombians—are sleeping fitfully in the wet heat of another night in the jungle. Suddenly the brilliant white light of a Soviet-surplus parachute flare explodes in the darkness above them. There's a deafening blast as the guard tower, whose machine-gun emplacement controls the dirt road into the camp, collapses in a swirl of flame.

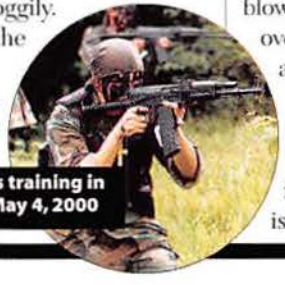
Awakened by the noise, the soldiers grab their weapons and haul ass. The first three out the door are cut down in a hot spatter of AK-47 fire. Two more are killed trying to pull the bodies back behind the cover of the ferroconcrete barracks bunker. From the wreckage of the watchtower come the screams of the dying sentry. Inside the bunker, the radio operator desperately punches out a Mayday.

Far to the north, aboard the U.S.S. *Argus*, a carrier on station off Panama, a dozing radio operator picks up the call and relays it to the Southern Command in Florida. Within minutes a call wakes President Bush. He listens groggily.

"They need help, Mr. President," says the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

Congress has set a limit of 300 American military personnel in-country, with one exception: a rescue mission.

"Go get 'em," the President replies.



U.S. soldiers training in Colombia, May 4, 2000

Thirty minutes later, 15 MV-22 Osprey tilt roters, flying fixed-wing, lift off the USS *Argus*. Aboard are 300 crack Marine troops. The sun is just cresting the treetops as they home in on a clearing cut in the jungle outside Santo Espiritu.

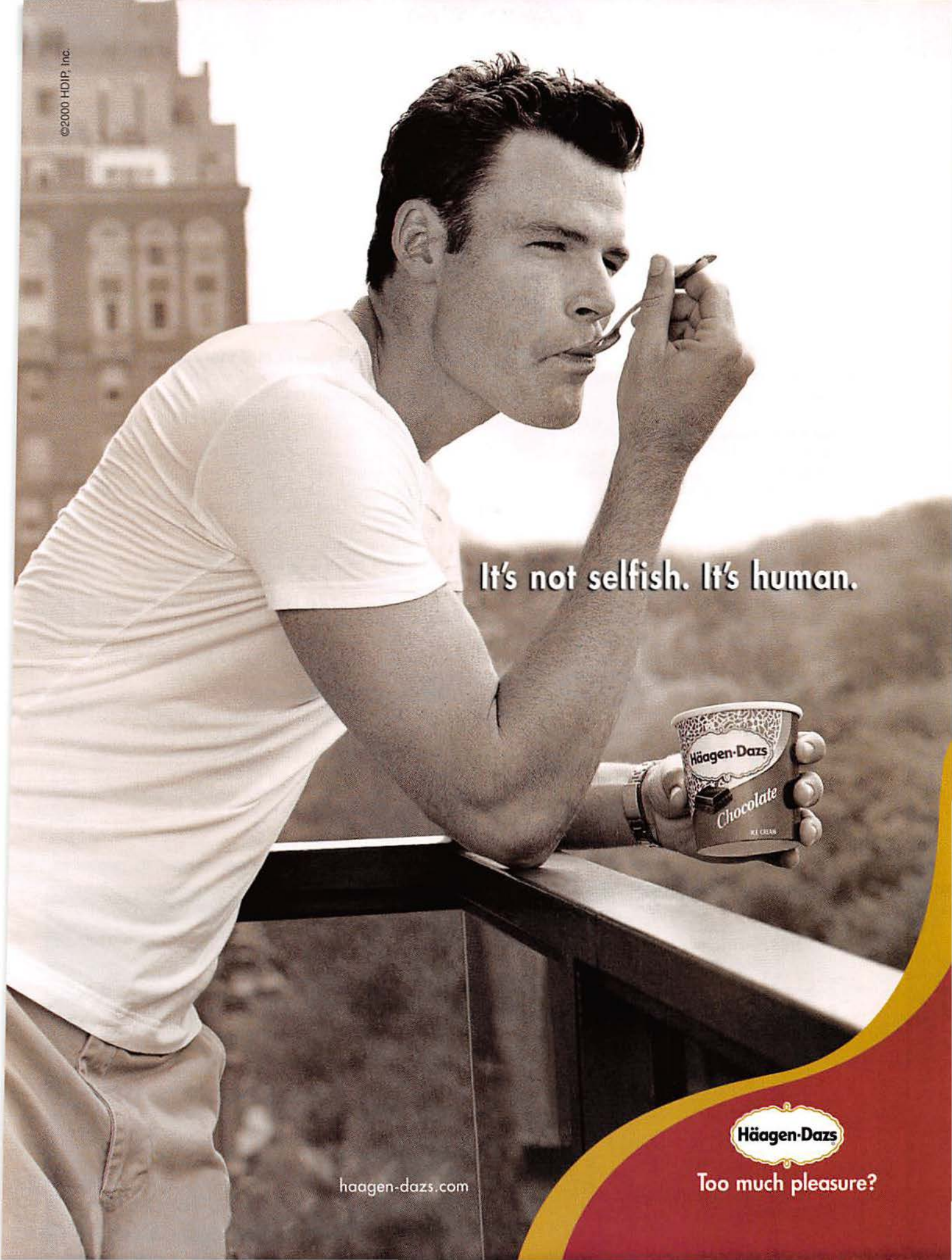
Defying the laws of physics, rotors on the $80 million aircraft tilt upward, transforming them into helicopters that drop cleanly down to the landing zone. Marines pile out in a silent jungle.

"Hey, it's a cool LZ," one amazed leatherneck shouts back up to the pilot. Like a flock of birds, the MV-22s lift off the clearing. The pilots, still tense, slowly make their way skyward.

The jungle suddenly roars.

From concealed foxholes beyond the tree line, three dozen guerrillas pop up. On their shoulders are Stinger missiles. A volley whooshes skyward and decimates the flock of Ospreys. The stunned Marines on the ground look up to see all 15 MV-22s burst into flame and crash. Then remote mines explode all around them. No place to run. Mortar rounds rain down. Snipers strapped in the treetops finish off those who limp to the clearing. Then the mortar rounds walk up to the DEA bunker and blow it away. In less than 10 minutes, the smoke of battle drifts over 300 dead Marines, 30 dead drug busters, 15 Osprey crews and 1.2 billion dollars' worth of burning birds.

Five and a half years earlier: June 3, 2000, Washington, D.C.
"Because of the rise of narco-traffickers and terrorist activities in Colombia and in other countries, democracy is under great strain in Latin America," says President ▶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Clinton at a meeting on world peace. He's explaining his support for the $1.7 billion in aid the House recently approved for Colombia. Most of the money goes for items like Blackhawk helicopters and a new army of 2,000 cocaine busters.

The brigade sets up outposts in the southern *departamentos* of Vichado, Meta, Guaviare, Caqueta, and Putumayo. The land where the coca grows is the size of France, with no good roads. Two million peasants depend on the crop for their survival, and more than 10,000 fighters from the Fuerzas Armadas Revolucionarias de Colombia (FARC), led by Tirofijo "Sureshot" Marulanda, the world's oldest active guerrilla, fight to protect the business. For nearly four years, the brigade spars with Sureshot and other major traffickers. Win some, lose some, get another $2 billion.

In less than 10 minutes, the smoke of battle drifts over 300 dead Marines.

October 3, 2005, Washington, D.C.

George Bush turns his attention to President Miguel Santana in Bogotá. "You're looking bad, amigo," Bush says in Spanish. "We need more bang for our bucks."

"It's hard for us to make major hits with only 2,000 men," replies Santana. "We need more help."

"If you don't start showing some better results, we're gonna have to rethink this aid. You understand?"

The next week, the narco brigade piles aboard its Blackhawks. Spy satellite data sent from Washington takes it deep into Caqueta. The mission is to destroy the *departamento*'s main storage center and processing lab. Eight Green Berets are riding along. The birds strafe, rocket, and smash everything in sight.

Total success. The raid blows away 200 fighters from FARC and also kills a son of Estevan "The Ear" Mirandez, the low-profile drug lord who is working to return the Cali cartel to glory.

Two days later, The Ear and Sureshot meet at a FARC *frente*, a military camp deep in Putumayo.

The Ear is ballistic. "This is your fault, Tirofijo. You don't know shit about security. I lost a son."

"What do you know about the fucking American attacks, Estevan?! What am I supposed to do about it? I lost a lot of my own men, my fucking *hombres!*"

At that instant the two men see that they are only being sentimental. This isn't about family. It's about business.

"I have an idea," The Ear says. "We have to make them *bleed*."

"It's going to piss them off."

"What can they do?" shrugs the Ear. "They want to fight but never die. Use fucking planes and chemicals to destroy our crops. Kill a few, we won't need to say, 'Yankee go home.' They'll never come back."

"What if they do?"

"Lost your *cojones*, Sureshot? *Fuck* all of the gringos."

For two months they plan the ambush. They spring their trap on Thanksgiving Day.

November 27, 2005: 0900 hours, the White House

The first reports of the Santo Espiritu Massacre and lost Osprey reach President Bush just after breakfast. He summons his security advisors to the situation room in The White House.

"We need to take off the gloves. The damn press is going crazy," he says, looking at General Vahter. "Whaddaya' got?"

"We can get a battalion there in 36 hours, Mr. President."

"You kiddin'? My daddy sent 800,000 troops to the gulf, and it was only about oil. We've been attacked! We're talking American honor here. Big time."

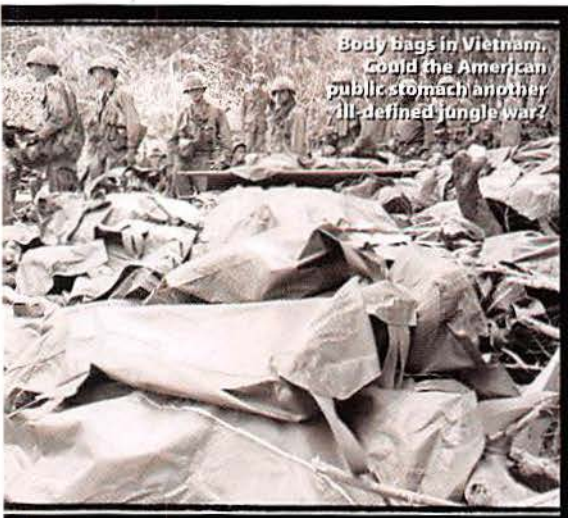
"I think a battalion or two, maybe a regiment, would be enough to control the situation down there, sir."

"*Three-hundred men died*! This is a national crisis and I'm not gonna send any men into combat with one hand tied behind their backs. It's not limp dick time general. Get it?"

The general considers his choices: Resign or roll. He rolls.

HOW LIKELY IS THIS?

The odds on escalation in Colombia are 100 percent. The only questions are how much and how soon. The minute Congress passes that first $1.7 billion, the die will be cast. The idea that 300 or so Special Forces and a handful of drug cops can shepherd Colombia out of the woods would be laughable if it were not so reminiscent of Vietnam in 1962. If we ever commit troops down there, within six months we'll start seeing the body bags arriving at Dover Air Base in Delaware. M



Body bags in Vietnam. Could the American public stomach another ill-defined jungle war?

HISTORY, REPEATING

Is the U.S. setting itself up for another Vietnam? You be the judge.

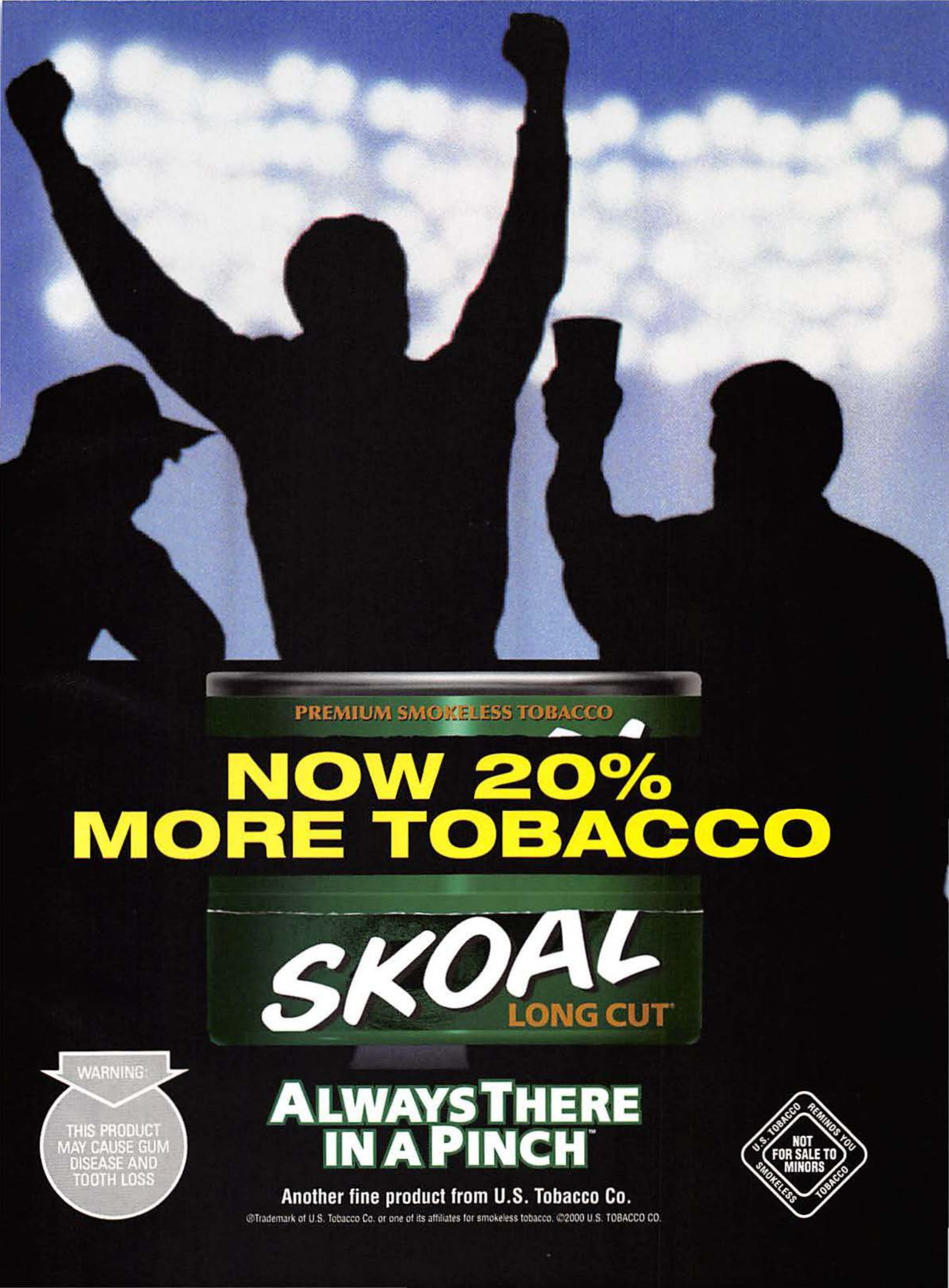
SEEDS OF WAR
Then: Vietnam was in the throes of civil war when the U.S. sent military advisors there in the early 1960s. **Now:** Colombia is on the brink of a civil war, and a U.S. $1.7 billion Colombian-aid package approved by the House last March has a provision for military advisors.

IDEOLOGIES
Then: President Eisenhower said in 1954, "You have a row of dominoes set up; you knock over the first one, and what will happen to the last one is that it will go over very quickly." **Now:** "This is a way to make sure a potentially manageable brush fire does not burn down the forest."—Acting U.S. Assistant Secretary of State Peter Romero on U.S. involvement in Colombia.

CORPORATE SPONSORS
Then: American defense contractors such as Bell Helicopter profited enormously while supplying aircraft to the military. **Now:** The $1.7 billion Colombian-aid package was lobbied for by U.S. defense contractors including Bell Helicopter.

THE ENEMY
Then: The Vietcong, North Vietnam's guerrilla army, were peasants backed by the Soviet Union. **Now:** The FARC, Colombia's guerrilla army, are peasants funded by drug lords.

BACK HOME
Then: Antiwar protests contested the U.S. government's communism-containment policy and led to our eventual pullout. **Now:** The huge cocaine demand in the U.S. undermines the government's war-on-drugs policy for Colombia. —*Chris Silber*



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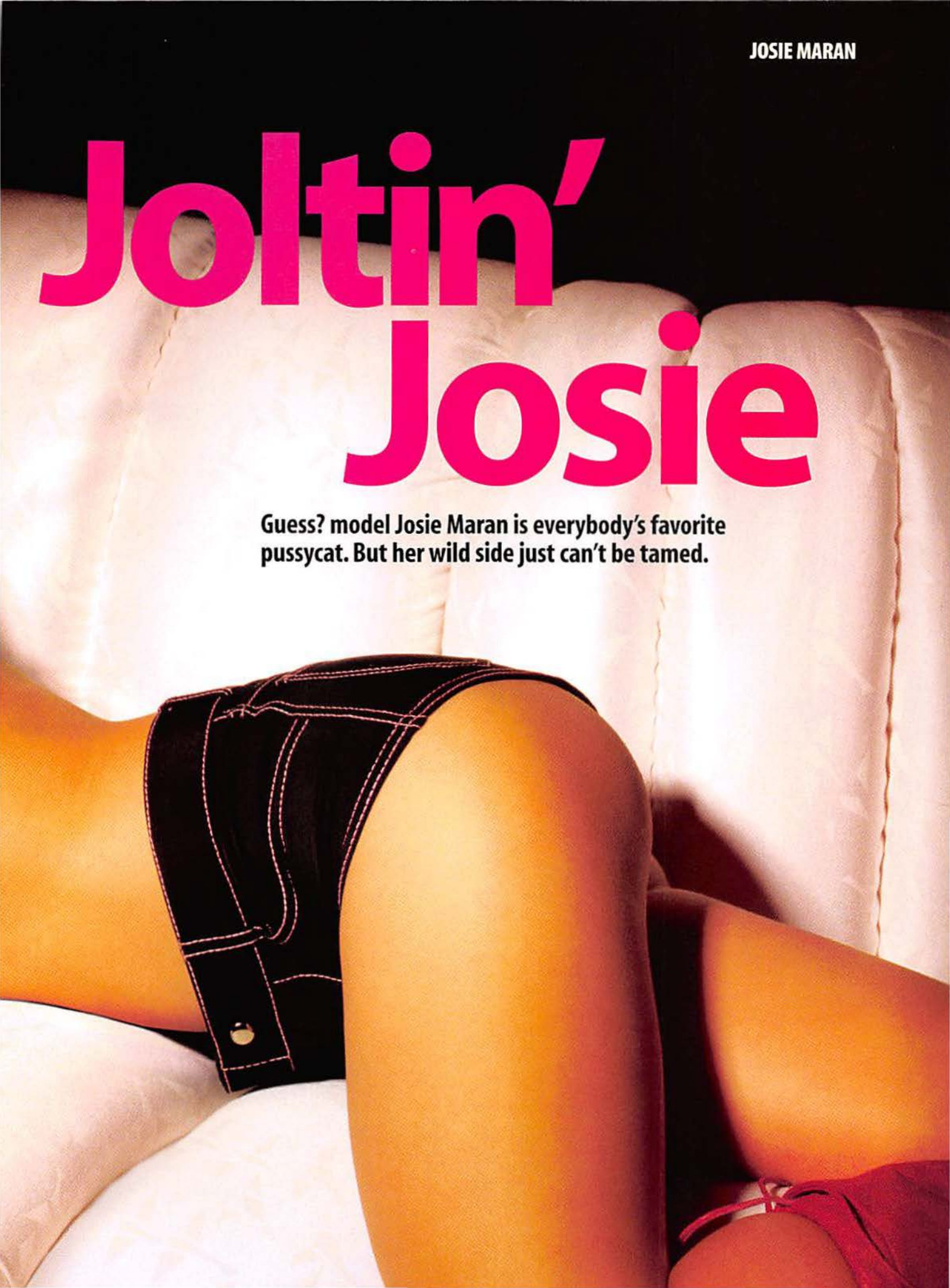
By Bob Ivry Photographs by Michael Zeppetello

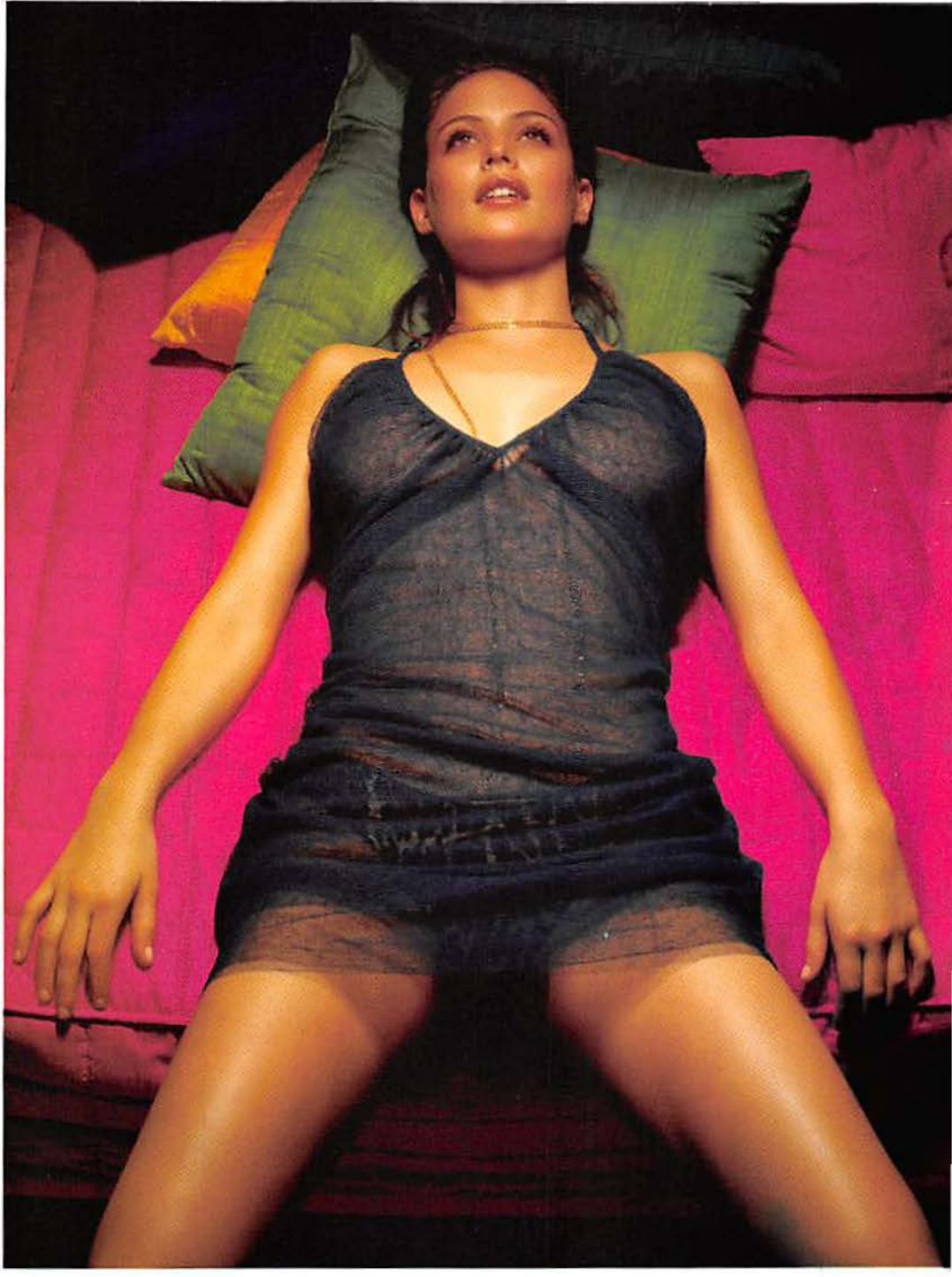
Joltin' Josie

Guess? model Josie Maran is everybody's favorite pussycat. But her wild side just can't be tamed.



JOSIE MARAN

Growing up in northern California, Josie Maran spotted a magazine photo of Christy Turlington and immediately began fantasizing about becoming a famous model. Now, at 22, the New York–based beauty has appeared in major campaigns for Guess? and Maybelline and has starred in more than 25 television commercials and music videos. But as we quickly discovered over a seafood dinner with the sultry sensation, Josie has moved on to other, slightly more visceral fantasies.



Josie on dinner: "Red wine and sushi is my favorite. I like eel, yellowtail, and tuna, but I'm obsessed with sea urchin roe. *Obsessed.* I need it. When I eat it with my friends, I freak them out a little because it's almost orgasmic. I say, 'Can you guys feel it?' They're, like, 'Whatever.' Eating it is an experience that I like to have alone. I love the creamy texture."

Josie on acting: "I've done commercials for BMW, Neutrogena, and Crest. I also did an Herbal Essences shampoo commercial. You know—'It's organic'—three girls getting *really* excited while shampooing. Basically, I wore a G-string and had fake orgasms in the shower for three days straight. The director would actually say, 'OK, it's starting…OK, it's building!…OK, you're peaking!' My mom came to visit me on the set. It must have been interesting for her.

"I also appeared in an old Backstreet Boys video where Howie is a vampire sucking blood from my neck. It was really sexy, kind of an orgasm scene. There was controversy because Backstreet Boys fans thought that I must be his girlfriend. He had to go out onstage and say, 'That wasn't my girlfriend in the video.' He did ask me for my number, though. I said no. They're nice guys, but *butt* ugly. And they weren't all that famous yet, either. I really hate their music, especially when you have to hear it all the time.

"I want to become a real actress. You can't model forever. I'd like to go to Juilliard to study acting and then get kicked out after one year. But I don't want to get typecast as The Pretty Girl. I've played The Dark Girl in a few commercials, and I like it. My dream role is the serial killer Juliette Lewis played in *Natural Born Killers.* She's powerful. Sex, drugs, and rock'n'roll."

Josie on her temper: "I'm usually a mellow, go-with-the-flow person, except when someone tells me I should do something. Then I get stubborn. If they don't back off, I get this horrible rage and want to kill them. When I was four and my mom would send me to my room, I'd get so mad I'd go outside and bang my head on the sidewalk."

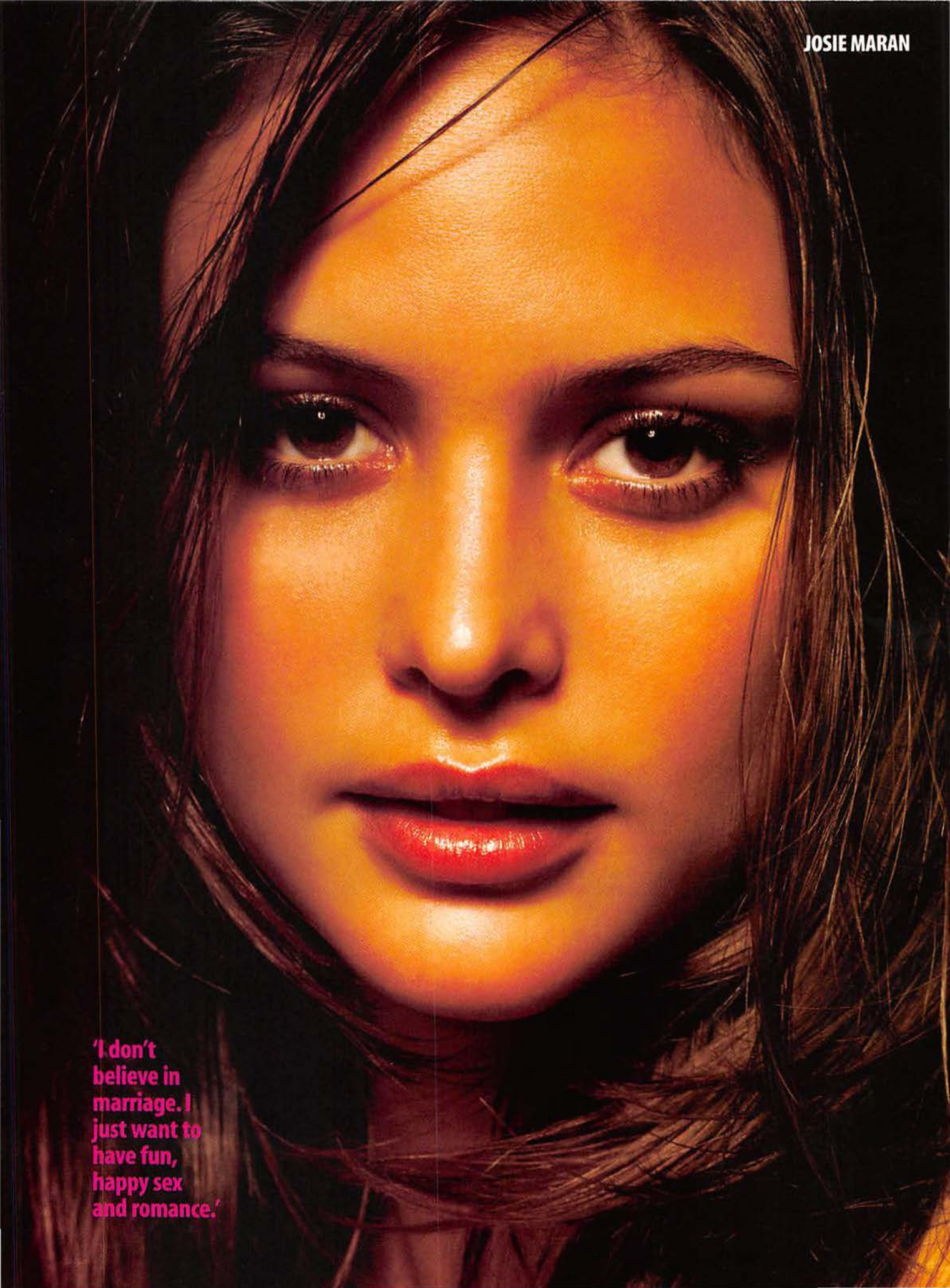
Josie on alternative careers: "When I was younger, I wanted to be a sex therapist—a hipper Dr. Ruth. I've never had a boring conversation about sex. When you talk about sex, people come alive. My friends told me, 'You know, guys are going to come to talk about their wives, but then they're going to want to sleep with *you.*' I figured I'd just wear a bag over my head."

Josie on top: "I love talking about sex, but doing it is better. I'm good at psychology, and I'm good at lovin'. My dream is to have sex twice a day. Every time I get into bed, I want it. Guys are, like, 'Whoa, slow down!' For most guys it's time to sleep. I'm, like, 'No, it's not!' They can't keep up with me. And I don't believe in marriage. Why do people screw up a perfectly good thing with a contract? I just want to have fun, happy sex and romance."

'I love talking about sex, but doing it is better. I'm good at loving.'

Josie on alternative stimulation: "Vibrators are really important for girls. Boyfriends should accept them and make friends with them. I just got my first vibrator, and it's so exciting. I called my mom and said, 'This is the best! You have to get one!' I just feel open about myself, and a bit raunchy, with it. I know myself better. The thing needs a name, though. Maybe *Maxim* readers can write in with suggestions." ■

Stylist, Lysa Cooper for Montage; hair, Patrick Melville for ARTISTS/Next/Timothy Piano; makeup, Linda Hayes for the Agency; all makeup by Maybelline


JOSIE MARAN
'I don't believe in marriage. I just want to have fun, happy sex and romance.'

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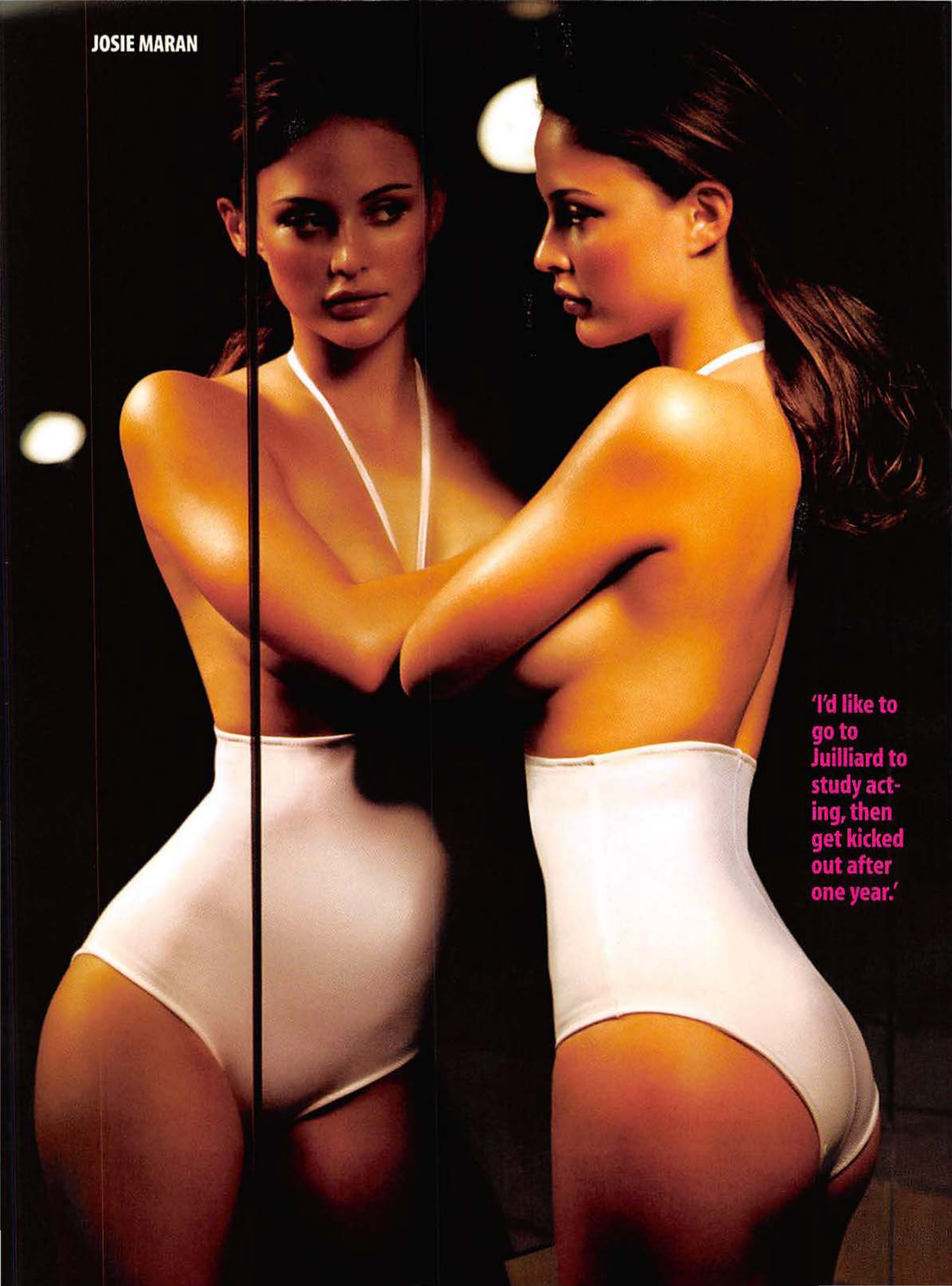

'I'd like to go to Juilliard to study acting, then get kicked out after one year.'

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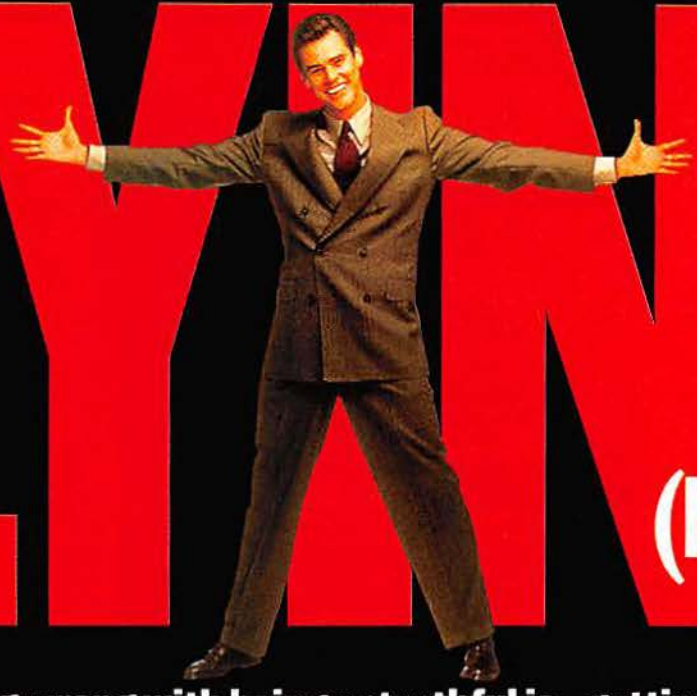
THE COMPLETE GUIDE TO LYING (NO, REALLY)



The only thing wrong with being untruthful is...getting caught. Here's how to keep your duplicitous ass out of hot water. By Jeff Wise

You're on the golf course, and while no one else is looking, a gopher runs off with your ball, carries it 15 feet, and sets it down right next to the hole. You're at work when a masked intruder slips through the window, holds you at gunpoint, and forces you to download 14.3 megabytes of Mexican donkey porn onto the company server. You're on a business trip, and your girlfriend happens to call at the *exact moment* the hotel repairwoman finishes repairing your bed board.

OK, maybe it didn't really happen exactly like that. But sometimes honesty is definitely not the best policy—at least not if saving your ass places high up there on your "to do" list. At times like this, you've got to stretch the truth a little. Fabricate. Fib. Equivocate. Add a little paprika to the Hungarian sheep-testicle stew.

If it makes you feel better, you're in good company: The average American is untruthful seven times per day, say researchers. But if you're gonna lie, you might as well lie like a pro. Truth told, there's a huge body of scientific research on how the most successful liars get away with it. The guys in the white coats have studied everything from proper facial expressions to optimal weaseling strategies. After all, the art of deception is the stock in trade for the CIA, the Senate, the military, Madison Avenue, Condé Nast Publications—and practically everyone else, for that matter. In fact, lying has become a $643-billion-a-year industry.

All right, we made that last one up. But we had you going there, didn't we? Which just goes to show how, with a little scientific training, some practice, and a pair of steel balls, the art of the lie can be as easy as one, two, three. That's a good thing, because when the going gets tough, the perfect lie can save your job, your marriage—hell, even your life. Here are the 10 rules of successful lying, arranged chronologically, from thinking up your canard to minimizing the fallout after you've been caught. They'll work—honest.

Rule One: Have a Good Reason

"Prisons are filled with bad liars," says psychiatrist Charles Ford, M.D., author of *Lies! Lies! Lies!* "Good liars are out running HMOs."

So what differentiates them? The trick is to lie as little as possible—only when you actually have something to gain. "Pathological liars can't stop themselves, so they tell a lot of little fibs and get caught," says Ford. Expert fabricators, on the other hand, save their ammunition: They don't bother to lie unless it's going to get them something they *really* want.

Here's why: They understand that once you're known as a liar, getting away with the next fib is going to be that much harder. A reputation as a man of integrity, on the other hand, is gold. It's a license to lie, cheat, steal—and succeed. A 1999 study of high school kids by psychologist Robert Feldman, Ph.D., at the University of Massachusetts showed that the most popular kids were also the most effective liars. Little bastards. ▶

THE TRUTH ABOUT LIES #1

Innocent people accused of wrongdoing are eager to clear their names and will talk at length. Guilty parties generally want to move the topic on to something else, and seem relieved and more relaxed when the subject changes. As Aldert Vrij points out in his book *Detecting Lies and Deceit*, the longer a suspected liar is kept on a subject, the better the chance he'll screw up and contradict himself.

Rule Two: Lay Your Groundwork

Never wait until you're under the interrogation lamp to start stringing your fibs together. A 1990 study by psychologist Bill Flanagan, Ph.D., showed that those who had worked out the details of their convoluted bullshit *beforehand* had significantly more success delivering it than those who hadn't.

"It's easier to catch someone in a lie the first time they tell it," says Manhattan Beach, California, psychologist Cynthia Cohen, Ph.D. Reason: After that initial deception, most people gain confidence and have less fear of getting caught. So try out your lie on someone who couldn't care less. It will be far easier to tell your mechanic than your wife, for instance, why you need to hole up for three days in Puerto Vallarta with a length of rope, a carton of cigarettes, and a Vietnamese pot-bellied pig. (Uh, maybe not.)

Another strategy: Bring in confederates. Arrange for a colleague to vouch that you were out making sales calls when you were actually hitting the links. You can even hire companies (like Ace Alibi Agency, 603-496-9013) to produce bogus hotel receipts or programs for conferences that never happened. God bless the service industry, eh?

Rule Three: Mislead with Truth

The hardest lies to catch are those that aren't actually lies. You're telling the truth, but in a way that leaves a false impression. Technically, it's only a prevarication—about half a sin. For instance, if you tell your girlfriend you're leaving town for six days to cover "the industry," you don't need to tell her it's the sex industry. Right?

A variation is the hide-in-plain-sight strategy. Claim, jokingly, to be doing exactly what it is you're being accused of. If your woman asks, "What did you do all afternoon?" and you say, "Why, steamed up the windows with two of your best friends from your damned Oprah book club," she'll think you're making fun of her suspicions and will back away from accusing you again. A 1990 study of pathological liars in New York (it was a big study) found that those who could avoid follow-up questions were the most successful at their deceptions.

THE TRUTH ABOUT LIES #2

Be aware when a person telling a story suddenly becomes much more vague. Says Aldert Vrij, "Fabricators do not want to provide much detail," because they aren't imaginative enough or are afraid of getting tripped up. If they have trouble adding information, chances are good it's because it doesn't exist.

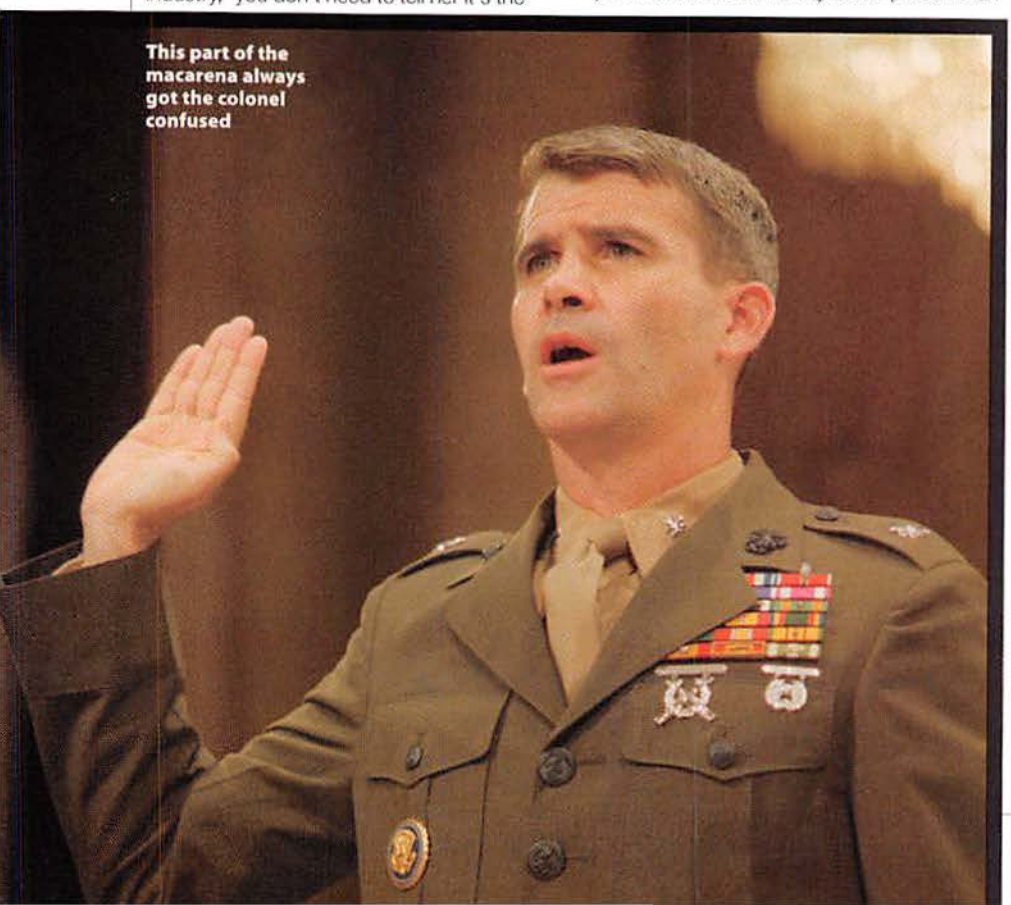
Rule Four: Lie in a Self-Deprecating Way

When amateurs lie, they often do so in a self-glorifying manner: They missed a work deadline because they had to get their elderly comatose neighbor to the ER; they were a no-show at the family reunion because they had to accept a National Magazine Award for their last *Maxim* article. Here's the news: These excuses suck. "It's inherently difficult to believe that someone you know well is a morally better person than you always thought," says L.A. clinical psychologist James Baity. That's why when you need to get out of a really big jam, the most effective lies are those that cast you in the *worst* possible light. Your target may believe you're pathetic scum—but they'll never believe you'd make up such embarrassing/sleazy/horrific things about yourself.

"Like an acorn, I'm small and bitter."

Missed a drop-dead critical meeting with your boss? Tell him (in hushed, halting tones) that you caught your wife humping your next-door neighbor the night before, then you got so drunk you vomited on yourself and passed out on the sidewalk. You really think he's gonna challenge you on the details?

One *Maxim* staffer—we'll call him "James Heidenry"—recalls how he slept through the final college exam of his senior year, one that couldn't be made up and was essential to graduating. The next day he showed up at the prof's office bleary-eyed and disheveled. He told her a drunken experiment with anal sex the night before had caused rectal hemorrhaging and landed him in the ER; now he was petrified that his father, an army colonel, would find out and disown him. "I actually got teary-eyed," he recalls. "She just stared at me in shock and embarrassment. Then she let me take the test." No wonder none of us trust the guy.



This part of the macarena always got the colonel confused

Rule Five: Keep Track of Your Lies

"One of the problems of successful lying is that it's hard work," says psychologist Michael Lewis, Ph.D. "You need to be very consistent in doing it."

That means nailing down the details. One of the easiest (and most humiliating) ways to give up the game is to flub the details of your story—yesterday you graduated from Harvard, today it's Yale. If your target has a better memory than you, you're history, dude.

Can't keep your story simple enough to remember the details? Keep notes. Carry a pen and a notepad if necessary. Better yet, shell out for a PalmPilot and file away incriminating details in a password-protected pro-

THE TRUTH ABOUT LIES #3

If you find you're getting lied to a lot, look on the bright side: It may be because you're a stud. A 1999 study showed that the more attractive you are, the more likely women will lie to you about income, career skills, and past relationships.

gram. Be consistent not only with your chief target but with anyone he or she might talk to. "One thing that trips people up is that they give different information to different people, who then compare notes," says Gini Graham Scott, Ph.D., author of *The Truth About Lying*.

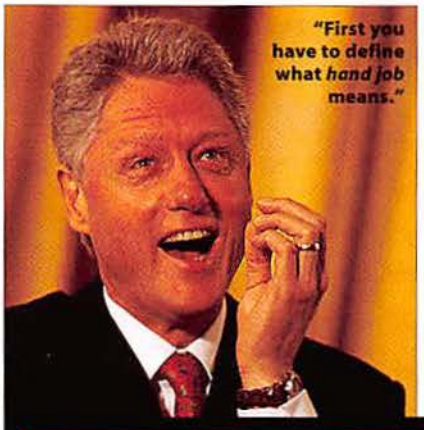
Just don't leave your notes in your back pocket when you put your pants in the hamper. Especially if your girlfriend does the laundry. Jeez, do we need to tell you everything?

Rule Six: Stay Committed

Once you've popped the top on a real whopper, there's no getting it back in the can. It lives, it breathes—it's alive! Now if you're going to escape with your hide intact, you have to remain committed to your lie. Staying on board is the only way you're going to get back to port. Accept the lie. Love the lie. *Be* the lie.

"When I'm trying to catch a liar, I watch to see how committed they are to what they're telling me," says L.A. County Sheriffs Department interrogation expert Sgt. John Yarbrough. "If I accuse someone of lying and they're not very attached to their story, a flag goes up. They immediately begin to waver."

Really good liars actually enjoy the process of deceiving other people. "The best liars don't show any shame or remorse because they don't feel it," says Cohen. "They get a thrill out of misleading others." The key: Think of lying as an enjoyable, harmless, albeit morally questionable recreational activity—like pro hockey.



Rule Seven: Don't Spaz Out

It's folk wisdom that all people fidget, touch their noses, stutter, and break eye contact when they lie. The truth: Only lousy liars spaz out in such obvious ways. Learn to maintain control. In his 1999 study of high school students, Feldman found that mastery of nonverbal signals was crucial in determining who got away with lies. (See story below).

A good example of someone *not* to emulate is Richard Nixon, whose sweaty, shifty-eyed demeanor earned him the nickname Tricky Dick. His arch-enemy, John F. Kennedy, by contrast, maintained perfect poise even while his mistress Marilyn Monroe sang suggestively to him at his birthday party, right in front of his wife, Jackie. A smooth operator if ever there was one. So take a lesson from Camelot: Be a Kennedy, not a Dick.

Rule Eight: Counterattack!

Like it or not, sometimes the cat gets out of the bag. When your target has clearly become suspicious, it's time to raise the emotional stakes. Think the Wehrmacht, December '44: You gotta go on the offensive. It may not win you the war, but it might buy you time.

"John McCain is a good example of someone who responds to accusations with aggression," says Stan Walters, author of *The Truth About Lying: Everyday Techniques for Dealing with Deception*. "What he'll do is drive you away from the issue so that you're forced to gather your resources to fight another scrimmage."

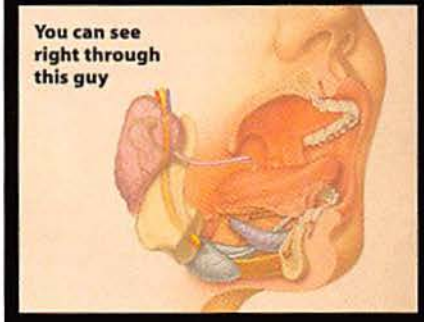
Say your woman has gone through your wallet and found a receipt for a massage parlor. You can accuse her of invading your privacy; complain that her habitual suspicion is a sign of mental illness; berate her insensitivity over what is clearly evidence of your back pain. Or mix and match. Too mean? There are other ways to divert her attention. Insult her. Confuse her. Tell her you ran over a bicyclist and caused $1,800 worth of damage to her Lexus. Anything to get her pulse racing and her perspective skewed. The options are limited only by your imagination and by the fiendishness of your black heart. ▶

THE TRUTH ABOUT LIES #4

People tend to lie in multiple numbers, says David J. Lieberman, author of *Never Be Lied to Again*. So if your job applicant says he worked six years at the last job, was in charge of 12 people, and worked 18 hours a day, odds are the numbers are all a product of his imagination. Hire him immediately!

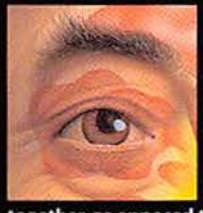
THE TELL-TALE PARTS

Your body language speaks volumes, says Mark Frank, who trains FBI agents in deception detection. Here's how to stop it from screaming, "I'm the most dishonest prick you've ever met."



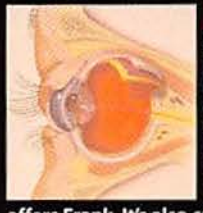
GLANDS: "Fear dries out the mouth, and the autonomic response causes sweaty palms, feet, and armpits," says Frank. Before going on a lying jag, use extra antiperspirant. And if you're gonna wipe your clammy hands on your jeans, don't make it obvious, fer crissake.

VOICE: " Fear is an avoidance emotion, so you have a tendency to use a quieter pitch," remarks Frank. "On the other hand, when you're angry, your voice tends to get deeper and louder." So keep it low, and don't come in barking like B.A. Baracas on meth.



EYEBROWS: According to Frank, when people lie, "you tend to see that classic wide-eyed, deer-in-the-headlights effect. This happens because at moments of stress, the eyebrows tend to go up and together, as opposed to just up. It creates a flattened look around the eyes because you lose the natural arch." Unless you're the owner of a Tom Cruise–like monobrow, someone will likely detect the change.

FACE: Be aware of split-second displays of emotion—experts call them microexpressions—that might reveal a state of mind different from what you intend people to see, such as a moment of terror followed by a smooth, calm denial. Most liars aren't even cognizant of these quick facial twitches. If you know you're going to be delivering a critical lie, practice in the mirror to gain control.



EYES: Your pupils will dilate noticeably when you're experiencing any kind of fear or excess excitement—and when you're being dishonest, you're generally experiencing fear. "It's called an orienting response," offers Frank. It's also called getting your ass nailed to a tree. Tell your accuser you just returned from a Phish concert. Or if it's a woman, tell her that it's an indication that you're aroused.

POSTURE: "Roughly 60 percent of the time, postural shifts occur after the truth is revealed," says Frank. "People sort of slump down and let it all out" even without realizing they're doing it. It's an involuntary release, and most people haven't the slightest idea that they're doing an imitation of a deflating balloon. So keep the girdle fastened tight, Captain Kirk—you're almost home free!
—Trish Ryan

TALL TALES

The only thing worse than being caught in a lie: having your lie live in infamy forever.

"Smoking has absolutely no adverse effects on the throat, sinuses, or affected organs."
—Final result of tests of Chesterfield cigarettes by researchers at Arthur D. Little, 1952

"I am not a crook."
—President Richard Nixon, November 17, 1973, nine months before he resigned his office

"There is absolutely no truth to the charge that we tried to save a few bucks and knowingly made a dangerous car."
—Penny-pinching Ford president Lee Iacocca, in his 1984 biography, on the Pinto's unfortunate tendency to explode during fender benders

"Read my lips: No new taxes."
—President George Bush, August 15, 1988, 22 months before approving a budget that raised taxes roughly $164 billion over five years

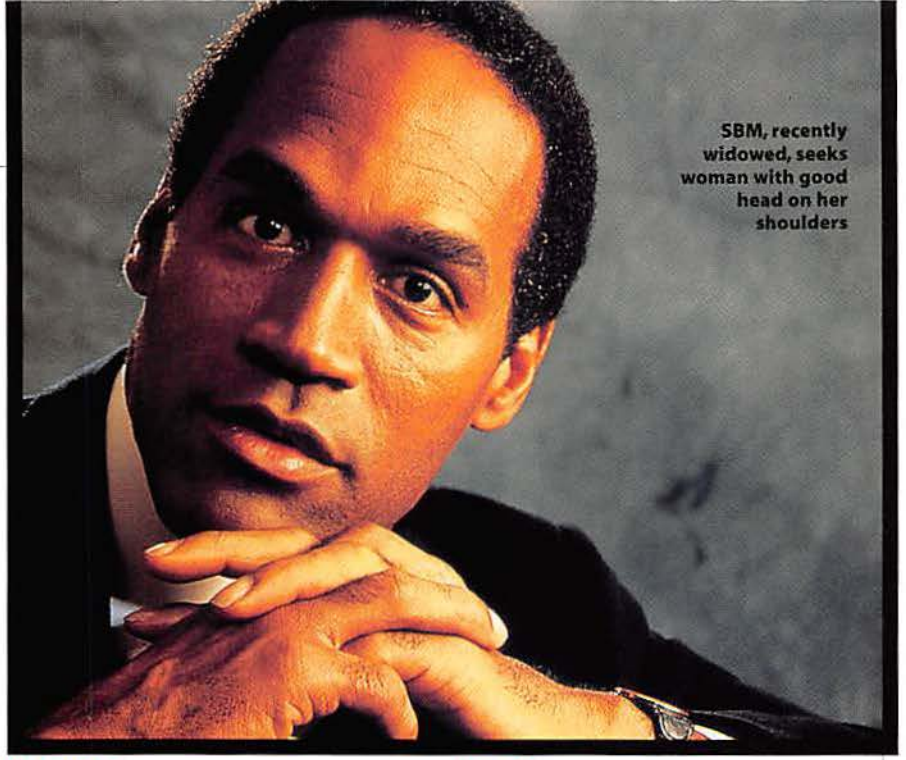
"I say we sing, and our producer says we sing. If we were not singing, who was in the studio?
—Rob Pilatus, one half of the Eurotrash pop sensation Milli Vanilli, disputing charges that they lip-synced through their Grammy-winning album,* Ebony *magazine, July 1990

"I will pursue, as my primary goal in life, the killer or killers who slaughtered Nicole and Mr. Goldman."
—Former football star O.J. Simpson, hours after being acquitted on charges of double homicide, October 3, 1995

"I did not have sexual relations with that woman, Miss Lewinsky."
—President Bill Clinton, January 26, 1998

"I'm hoping that public interest will die down shortly and I will no longer be a public figure."
—Who Wants to Marry a Multi-Millionaire *winner Darva Conger, February 24, 2000, 6 months before posing for* Playboy ***—Chris Silber***

Till death do us part. Or Wednesday



SBM, recently widowed, seeks woman with good head on her shoulders

Rule Nine: Use the Liar's H-Bomb

It's the cardinal rule of lying. It can extricate you from many potentially life-altering jams. It's a one-time-only Get Out of Jail Free card, a planeload of napalm dropped into the center of your situation. And you can never use it again. It boils down to the following simple, undeniable fact:

People will believe what they want to believe.

"To make a credible lie in the worst possible situation, you need to take into account the very specific perspective of your target," says Carolyn Saarni, Ph.D., coeditor of the book *Lying and Deception in Everyday Life*. "Know what they know. Be aware of how they view you and how far they're willing to have their convictions pushed."

People close to you—your girlfriend, buddies, family, coworkers—have formed a certain set of strong beliefs about you, and they aren't eager to see them shattered. Use this knowledge. When suspicions are running high and your lies aren't working, it's time to gather all the chutzpah you've got and roll out the classic line: "Look, you *know* me. You *know* I wouldn't lie about that. *Right?*" You've turned the situation back on the accuser. They have just a moment to decide whether they want to throw out everything they thought they knew about you. In most cases, they won't.

So it's true: *Every* U.S. president has had a mistress

Rule Ten: Let's Make a Deal!

Hard, cold, tangible proof that you're pond scum is about the worst thing a liar is liable to encounter. But when the fat lady is drawing a deep breath and getting ready to cut loose, there's still a strategy you can use to escape the worst—a process shrinks call bargaining.

Introduce doubt, or extenuating circumstances. "You want to soften, or totally eliminate feelings of responsibility for the lie," says Ithica College psychology professor Mary DePalma, Ph.D. "If you can decrease responsibility for blame and the anger that goes with it, you're looking at a much better outcome."

One of the most famous practitioners of this is our First Fabricator, Bill Clinton. "He's gotten away with a lot of lying, and he's actually pretty bad at it," says Walters. "But he gets people to sympathize with him, to believe that deep down he's a good person." And while Clinton did apologize in vague terms for causing pain, he never specifically confessed to anything.

Refusing to confess is the mark of a true pro. The British royal family—perpetrators of centuries of debauchery, beheadings, and ugly mistresses—are perhaps the most renowned practitioners of this rule. Their unofficial motto: Never apologize, never explain.

Words to live by. If your girl says you've been pulling the wool over her eyes, or if your boss announces he's caught you red-handed, just tell them *au contraire*—you've been acting like a prince. Not the truth, exactly, but isn't that the point? M

THE TRUTH ABOUT LIES #5

Research has shown that more than half of the time, when a person prefaces a contentious statement with "To be honest" or if he asks if you trust him, dishonesty and deception are foremost on his mind.

What guy doesn't like a little extra now and then?

Introducing the newest member of the Tequiza Family. Without the added sweetness or lime, its extra bold Tequila taste is anything but ordinary. It's Extra-ordinary.

©2000 Anheuser-Busch, Inc., Brewers of Tequiza Extra Beer (Ale in TX), St. Louis, MO

With these five actresses playing sexy barmaids in the hot summer flick *Coyote Ugly*, happy hour just took on a whole new meaning.

Bar Belles

What would you expect to find inside a dive bar named the Coyote Ugly Saloon? Not these lookers, for sure. But that real-life hole in the wall in New York City's funky East Village features not only tequila as the house drink, George Jones on the jukebox, and customers' bras dangling from the ceiling but also a pack of feisty female bartenders who pour the shots, strut their stuff on top of the bar, and scissor the necktie off any uptight Wall Streeter stupid enough to order a spritzer.

Even if such a saloon didn't exist, Hollywood would've had to invent it. So it's not surprising that movie producer Jerry Bruckheimer, justly famous for such babe and boom! fare as *Flashdance*, *The Rock*, and *Armageddon* (not to mention this summer's *Gone in 60 Seconds*), has co-opted the concept, lacquered on a coat of high gloss, and gathered up five femme fatales to play the ballsy barmaids of *Coyote Ugly*. After a cross-country search that reportedly included Jewel and Jessica Biehl, New Jersey native Piper Perabo was picked to play the lead role of a shy, aspiring songwriter who makes the rent by slinging drinks at the saloon. Surrounding her are such sister coyotes and fellow screen newcomers as sexily confrontational Bridget Moynahan, who plays the bar's hellcat, and innocently sensual Izabella Miko, its resident Lolita. Best known in the cast are former *ER* star Maria Bello as the been-there-drank-that bar owner and supermodel Tyra Banks as a luscious law student.

So before the movie has the whole planet trying to buy these gals a drink, we thought we'd round up the coyote pack for a group howl.

By Stephen Rebello Photographs by Davis Factor

TAPPING THE SOURCE

Maria: The Coyote Ugly bar of the movie is lots tamer than the real thing. There's a real power trip going on with the girl bartenders in these types of saloons, which is, "Now we're behind the bar, and we have what you want." At one of the places in New York, I did what these girls did: I jumped on the bar, danced, and grabbed a beer bottle from this big football player kind of guy and poured it down his throat. Of course it spilled all over him. I mean, here was this strapping guy letting a woman pour beer over his head, and he still thought it was cute!

Tyra: I checked out one of these bars, Hogs & Heifers, with my hairdresser. It was really insane, a lot rougher than the bar in our movie. I just wanted to observe from the back, but the babes behind the bar started yelling, "Girl, you'd better come on up here!" So I climbed up on top of the bar and danced. They wanted to hang my bra from the ceiling with all the others, but I managed to get out of there with my underwear intact.

'It takes a lot of guts to get up on top of a bar and dance.'

Piper: The real Coyote Ugly Saloon was smaller than I imagined but, otherwise, just about what I expected—dim, dark wood, an old jukebox playing lots of country-rock from the '80s. It was...interesting. I like hole-in-the-wall bars much better than chic places. There are a lot of bars where you have to be dressed a certain way, be good-looking, and pay a $100 door charge to get in and be treated like crap. At Coyote Ugly, the attitude is, "We'll treat you like crap for the price of a drink." When I told the bartender I was going to be in the movie, she told me all about what it was like to work there, then said, "Let's do some shots together. What do you want?" I said, "Uh, well, I'll do shots of whatever you do." She yells, "All right! Johnnie Black!" We did them until I was, like, "Whoa!" That woman didn't mess around.

Bridget: Yeah, there's a lot of playfulness and flirtation going on in those places, but the women are, like, "I'll give you what I want to give you, and you'll be satisfied with that. And hey, if you don't like it, get the fuck out, because it's my place." House rules, you know.

Izabella: The big thing in our movie is that the guy customers can't touch the girls. You can cheer, you can sing, you can clap—you cannot touch the girls. It's very much about desire and guys wanting to do something so bad, looking at the girls and building up this...you know. For the girls, you feel like you're in power, and you are. Women over the years have gone through so much, and now we accept our secret powers of how to make you men melt down. Today a woman can have control of her man totally. We can make you men work for us, do whatever we want you to do.

Piper: The movie makes a funny statement about what it means to be a strong woman. The fact that these women not only run the bar, but own it, is pretty interesting. That said, they still have a guy bouncer at the door.

STARS IN BARS

Bridget: I was in this crazy bar years ago with a bunch of friends, and for some reason, I wound up on the table,

1

Piper Perabo

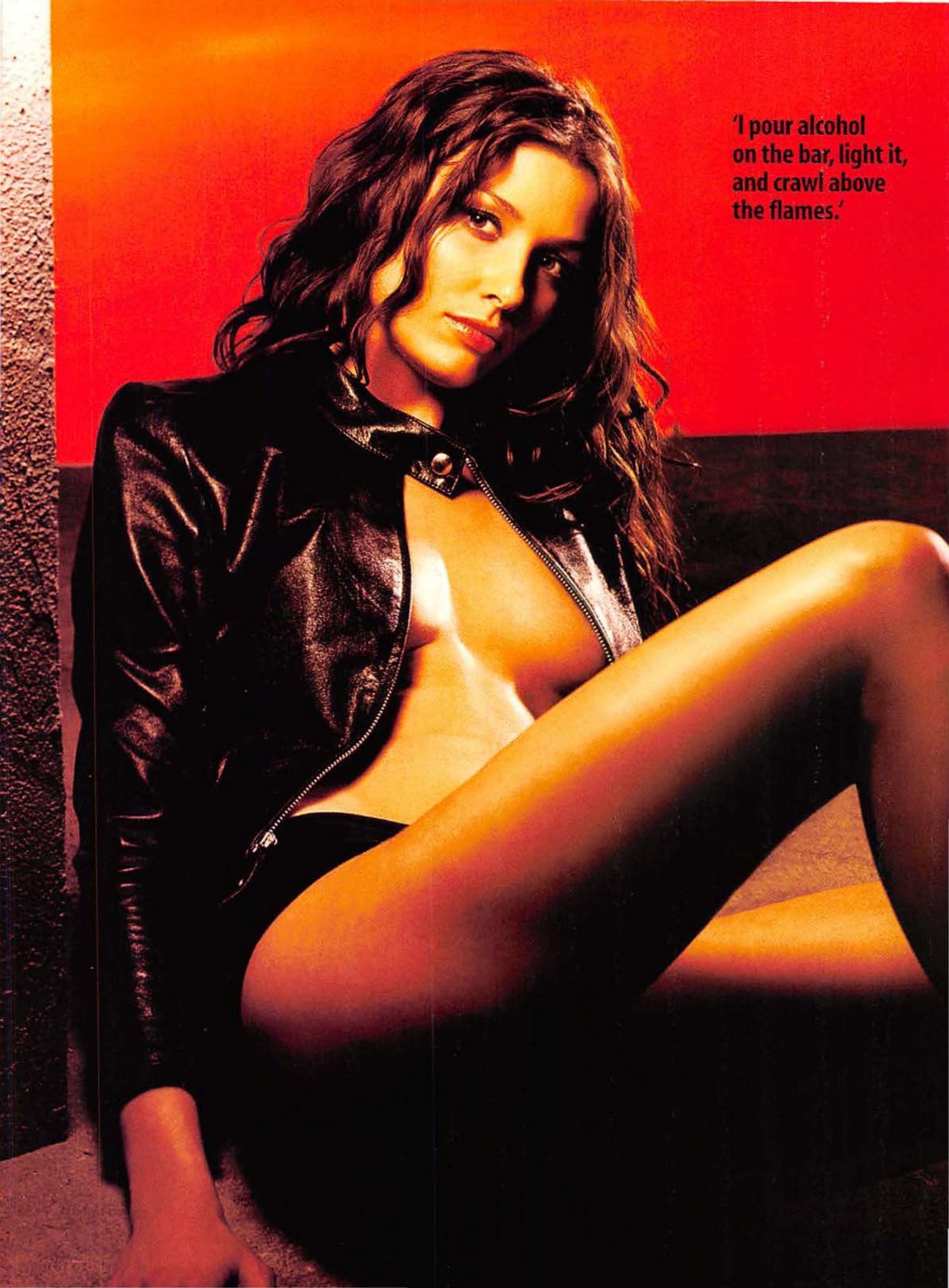
Vital stats: Born in 1977 in Toms River, New Jersey (also famous for its Little League World Series champion baseball team). "The first time I read the script, I was amazed because there were so many similarities between Violet [her *Coyote* character] and me. I grew up in New Jersey and moved to New York and worked in a bar before I got my first acting job."

Before she got *Ugly*: Appeared in the recent hip-hop-in-the-heartland satire *Whiteboys*, and as FBI agent Karen Sympathy in this summer's *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle*.

Show time: Piper took a crash course of voice, guitar, piano, dance, and bartending lessons before hopping on the movie-set bar. "At first I was really scared. But after a few takes, I felt better about it. I mean, the crew and the extras are all told to cheer no matter what you do."

Last call: "I'm really kind of a lightweight when it comes to drinking. But I'm not one of those pink- or blue-Hawaiian-tropical-drink girls. A cold can of Schaefer is fine for me."

'I'm not a tropical drink girl. A can of Schaefer is fine.'


'I pour alcohol
on the bar, light it,
and crawl above
the flames.'

dancing. I slipped right off the table and landed on my back, which was not a good thing. But I stood up, and I was riding a motorcycle that night, so I yanked on my helmet, walked out, jumped on my bike, and roared off. My friend sent me a magnum of champagne for making such an exit.

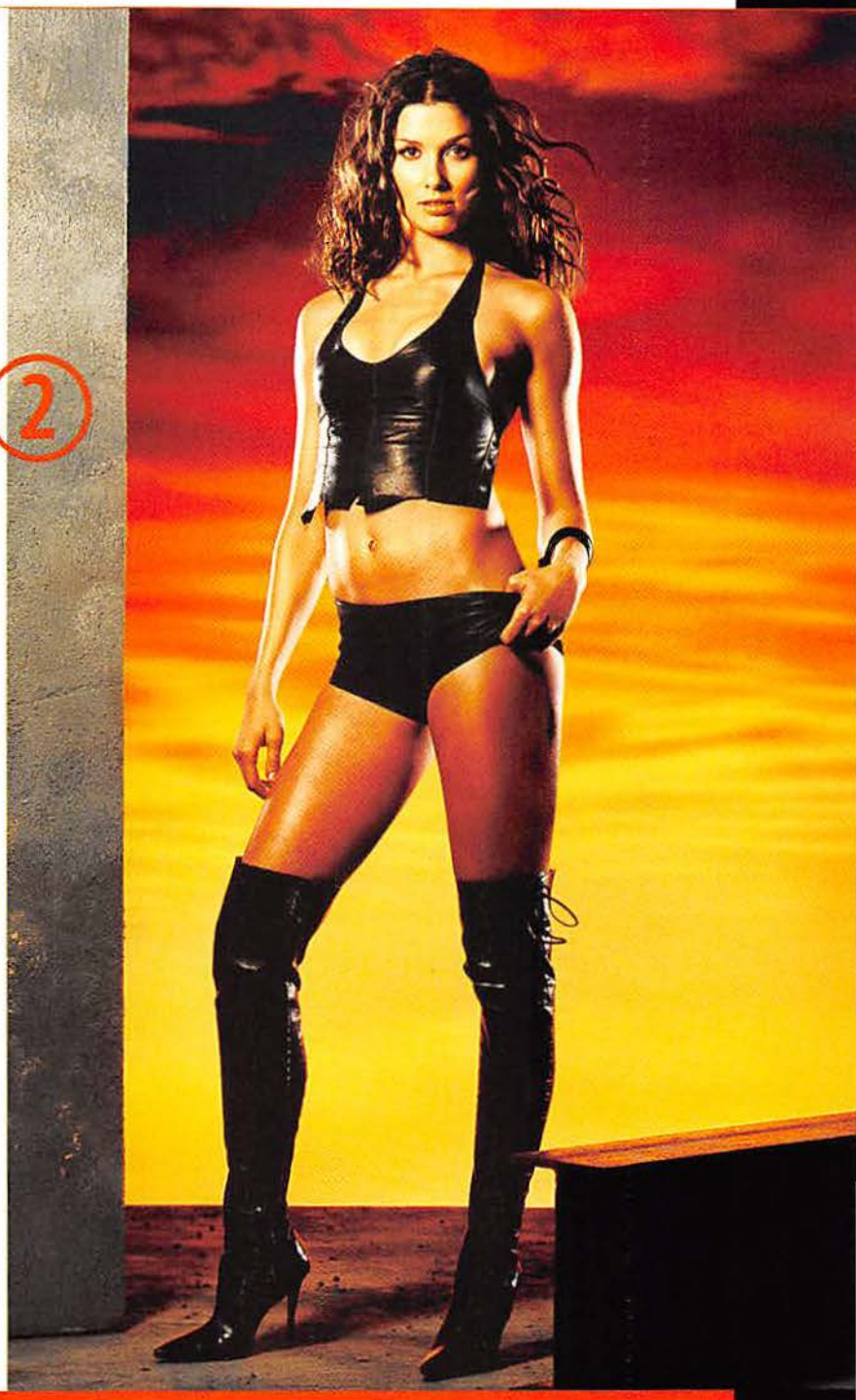
Maria: I remember being 22, living in Greenwich Village, and going with some guys who were friends of mine to check out an S&M club. I walk through the door and the first thing I see is a paunchy 60-year-old man wearing an orange G-string in a cage, getting whipped by a woman dressed like Laura Ingalls from *Little House on the Prairie,* only with no panties. I had a few drinks, and after a while a guy came up to me and said, "May I lick your feet?" I was, like, "Ewwww, no!" That was probably the least erotic place I've ever been in. My image of an erotic bar is a smoky Southern joint with sawdust on the floor and sweaty people dancing really close to blues and drinking Budweiser from a can.

Tyra: I'm so not a bar girl now. This whole movie was total acting for me. But when I was 15 or 16 in Los Angeles, I had a fake ID and was hitting Roxbury and places like that serious for two years. The bouncers would be, like, "This looks fake," and I'd be, "No, I swear, it's not." I even did weird accents, like "I haf lost ze passport and I do not know where eet eez." I was really skinny and wore cutoffs and thigh-high boots. I liked college guys, but none of them ever liked me. They could tell I was just a skinny little girl.

Piper: When I first moved to New York, I worked as a cocktail waitress, and I was terrible at it. Just terrible. You have to carry a lot of drinks on a tray, of course, and I don't have a great sense of balance. Take one drink off the tray on the wrong side and the whole thing falls. I did a lot of that. At first the manager said, "Oh, that's OK, don't worry about it." But once you start dropping three or four trays a night, they start taking it out of your tips. And unlike at Coyote Ugly, I had to keep my mouth shut and smile no matter how the customers were behaving. Telling people off also doesn't get you big tips, although I did it anyway. I wasn't a good cocktail waitress, so luckily I got my first acting job about a month later.

Izabella: Well, first of all, I'm only 19 years old, so I haven't been in a lot of bars. I didn't even know the difference between this alcohol and that alcohol. For me, it was all the same. So for the movie, I had to learn, Oh, this is whiskey, this is tequila.

'I can't say I'm the right flavored coffee for everyone.'



Bridget Moynahan

Vital stats: Born in 1972 in Binghamton, New York, and raised in Long Meadow, Massachusetts, Bridget chose to join the high school soccer team over the drama club. "I was an athlete, and I grew up with brothers and male cousins. So like in the movie, I'm used to fighting for my place in a traditionally male environment."

Before she got *Ugly*: Appeared in indie flicks *Whipped* and *In the Weeds,* and has a recurring role as Natasha, the fiancée of Mr. Big, on HBO's *Sex and the City.* Her next movie project is *Serendipity,* with John Cusack.

Coyote mating season: "I feel optimistic about getting into a very good, positive relationship. I don't have any question about that. It's going to happen when the timing is right. But I can't say that I'm the right flavored coffee for everybody."

Last call: "Vodka straight up, nothing in it, just right to the point. I don't even know what a lot of those fancy drinks are."

THE *FLASHDANCE* FACTOR

Piper: After I got the role, everybody started telling me, "Oh, my God, they're making a *Flashdance* for 2000," and though I saw it a long time ago, I didn't watch it again because I was afraid of just copying the women in that movie. Really, I'm not as much a film buff as I should be. I don't even own a TV.

Maria: *Flashdance* is one of my all-time favorite movies. I *was* the small-town gal who could never possibly dream she would become an actress. I copied the whole look from that movie. I tore up old T-shirts and tied them in my hair for headbands.

Tyra: I saw *Flashdance* when I was, like, 10, so all I remember is a cutoff sweatshirt, welding, some dancing feet, and a nasty, sexy scene where Jennifer Beals was doing stuff to a guy under the table with her feet.

'We can make you men do whatever we want you to do.'

WOLVES IN SEXY CLOTHING

Maria: The hardest thing about making this movie was the amount of time spent on hair, makeup, and clothes. On *ER*, hair and makeup was, like, 20 minutes—pull your hair in a ponytail, there ya go, bye. This was like a two-hour process every day, which I kind of abhor. It's hard for me to sit still. I had to take breaks every 20 minutes. Our *Coyote* outfits all have a similar vibe, but each girl has her own take on it. Mine is skimpy leather and jeans and little T-shirts, kind of like a tomboy.

Izabella: My character loves attention, and that shows in her clothes. Her outfits are really colorful and everything matches. That's why she gets up on the bar. She wants guys to look at her.

Tyra: It's not like anybody was dowdy. Even Piper, who's supposed to be the sweet one, was looking fine with her tight, sexy stuff on. But I've never been shy. I love to show off. Basically, I'm a drag queen.

PICK-ME-UPS

Tyra: A guy walked up to me in a mall and was talking, trying to flirt, and he finally says, "Hey baby, I'm a doctor. If you ever need me, here's my card." I looked at the card after he walked away, and it said he was a gynecologist. I never called to find out if it was just a prank or not.

Piper: I'm a bookworm, so you're going to find me in a library, not a bar. Even in college, though, I'd go to places surrounded by a bunch of friends. It would take a guy with a lot of guts to single out a girl who's surrounded by people. I always traveled in packs. Like a coyote. *[Laughs]*

Bridget: It blows me away, some of

3

Izabella Miko

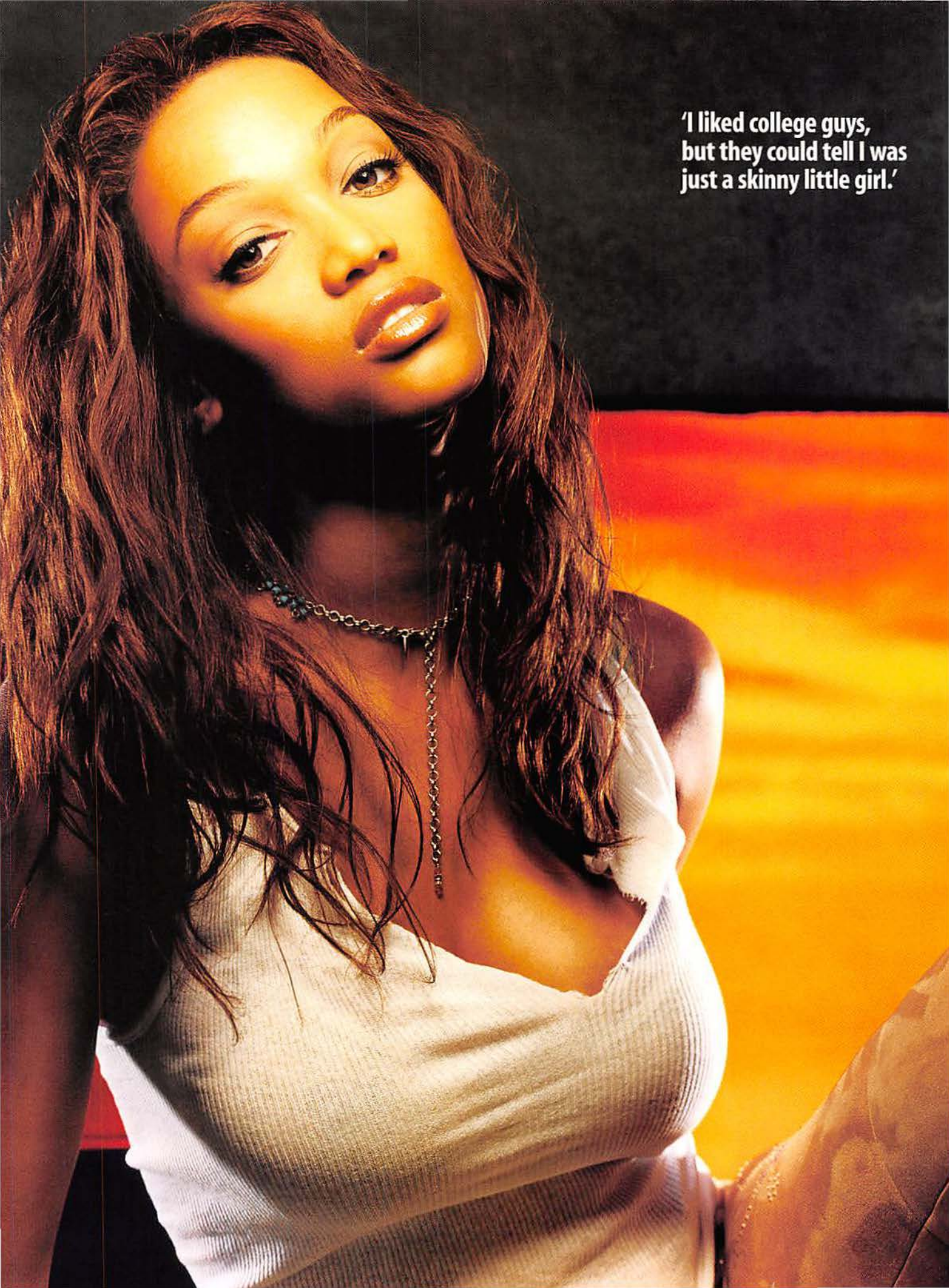
Vital stats: Born in 1981 in Poland, where she studied dance, voice, and piano at the Chopin Music School (sort of like the art school in *Fame*, only full of Polish kids) before being recruited by a choreographer to move to the United States and join the School of American Ballet.

Before she got *Ugly*: When a back injury put an end to her professional dancing days, Izabella briefly moved back to her homeland and appeared in numerous Polish films, including the zany laughfest *Lithuania, You're My Motherland.*

Mixology: "Men in Poland are a little more mature than men here. I don't know why. Here it's better to date a guy who is older. I love it when guys look you straight in the eye. I like that connection. A guy has to be confident—everyone notices his presence and energy—but not egotistical. Energy is so important. Nice cheekbones and teeth don't hurt, either."

Last call: "My favorite drink is a Malibu. It's a total girl drink—coconut liqueur mixed with milk and ice. Basically it's just a milkshake with a little alcohol. I discovered it in Poland when I was about 12 years old and we'd have parties. I wanted to try a drink, but I hate the taste of alcohol, so someone mixed me a Malibu."

'My character loves attention. She wants guys to look at her.'


'I liked college guys,
but they could tell I was
just a skinny little girl.'

the lines people use. I was in a restaurant-bar in Venice, and I felt this guy coming toward me—almost like radar. But he had the strangest strategy I've ever seen: He came up and nudged me on purpose, as if I was going to turn around and start a conversation. He had no idea I'd seen him maneuver the whole thing, so I spun around and said, "Don't ever push me again," and he was, like, "What?" I don't think he was ready for that response, and he called me some ridiculous name. I said, "Well, that's a good comeback." Bizarre. Needless to say, it didn't go well for him that night.

Tyra: Oh, now I remember another guy. I've said before in interviews that I want a normal guy boyfriend, not a celebrity. So this one guy came up to me and said, "Tyra, I'm normal. I ain't got a job, my car's in the shop, and I live with my mama." You know, that's a little *too* normal for me.

BARHOPPING

Maria: Dance on top of a bar? Little ol' me? Yeah, I have. I used to work at a karaoke club called Sing Sing. Maybe 20 people would show up a night, mostly Japanese businessmen who would sing the same songs, night after night, until I thought I'd go crazy. Sometimes, just to break things up, I'd jump on the bar and run around singing "I Will Survive."

Tyra: My character, Zoe, is a law student, which you probably wouldn't guess from all the tight leather she wears. There's a great scene where I body-surf through the bar crowd, and at the same time, I'm passing out my card, which says "Future Lawyer." That wasn't nearly as embarrassing as my audition. I had to dance to that Prince song "Kiss." I thought it would be for about 45 seconds, just to show that I could move, but it was the whole song. I never realized how long that song was, but then I just started having fun, smacking my lips and making air kisses. And here I am. Even so, I think this is the role where people will go, "Hey, Tyra can act." I'm usually the girl in movies who just goes, "Hi," but this character is more fun. I can show people that I have a crazy side and that I'm not just a sex kitten.

Piper: I danced on top of a bar for three months while making the movie. And if I ever had that urge in my system, that definitely took care of it. It takes a lot of guts to get on top of a bar and dance. It seems really, really high when you're actually up there, and once the bar is covered with beer, it gets really slippery.

Tyra Banks

Vital stats: Born in 1973 in Los Angeles. At 17 she was signed by the Elite modeling agency, and has since appeared on more than 20 magazine covers and made the Victoria's Secret catalog required reading.

Before she got *Ugly*: The supermodel made her Hollywood debut on *The Fresh Prince of Bel Air*. Has since appeared in *Higher Learning*, *Love & Basketball*, and male fantasies worldwide: "Oh, I definitely want to be a movie star: Most actresses right now have been models, but they weren't famous, so people don't know that."

Crowd pleaser: "Sometimes it's a mob and sometimes it's 10 people asking for an autograph. And if I'm wearing a baseball cap, people are, like, 'You look like Tyra Banks, but she's cuter than you.' And I say, 'She sure is.'"

Last call: "It's funny that I got this role, because I don't drink. When I go out with friends, they're happy if somebody sends over free drinks, but I could care less. 7Up with grenadine and a cherry doesn't cost that much. Sweet, pure, with just a little touch of badness going on with that innocence."

Maria Bello

Vital stats: Born in 1967 in Norristown, Pennsylvania. Attended Villanova University and planned to become a lawyer until she took an acting class for fun during her senior year and got bitten by the performing bug.

Before she got *Ugly*: Quit her role as headstrong Dr. Anna Del Amico on top-rated *ER* to pursue a film career. Has since starred as a recovering junkie in *Permanent Midnight* with Ben Stiller and a tough-as-nails ex-hooker in *Payback* with Mel Gibson. But it was her role on the short-lived spy series *Mr. and Mrs. Smith* that led her to learn Moi Thai, a Taiwanese form of street-fighting.

Suffering for her art: "I've been filming a movie called *The Lady and the Panda* in remote China for five weeks. My bathroom is literally nothing but two holes in the ground. And on the ceiling are all these cobwebs, and any minute 500 spiders can drop on your head. It's so disgusting. I went to the bathroom at 3 A.M. a few nights ago and just started crying and laughing at the same time, like, *Oh, my God, I want to go back to Hollywood.*"

Last call: "I like a fine scotch. That's where I am in my life right now—no tutti-frutti anything. Just a fine single-single malt scotch. In fact, I'd like one right now."

5

Izabella: Probably the craziest thing we do in the movie is the water dance. We dance on the bar with pitchers of water and splash it on each other. And I mean pitchers of water, not just little drops, so we get totally wet. And everybody in the bar gets soaked, too. It's wet…but it's hot.

Bridget: My character is a bit of a pyromaniac. I have a scene where I pour alcohol on the bar and light it on fire, then pull myself up on a rafter and crawl above the flames. It looks so hot on-screen, there ought to be a warning that flashes *Don't try this at home without a fire marshal.* And in other scene, I get the crowd worked up by spitting fire. Once the pyro expert on set assured me I wouldn't catch my hair on fire, I wanted to blow the fire out of my mouth. Then he warned me about a woman who had recently burned her face off. So we rigged it with a flamethrower next to my face instead.

'Dance on top of a bar? Little old me? Yeah, I have.'

WHY YOU'LL PAY THE COVER CHARGE

Maria: This is the kind of movie where, even if I wasn't in it and I saw the trailer with one of my girlfriends, we'd say, "Oh, my God, we've got to see that." The world is a lot more open now to women being expressive in terms of their sexuality. I don't mean screwing everyone in sight, but now it's perfectly acceptable to dress sexy and know that sexuality is a wonderful, powerful thing to have without worrying about being called a slut.

Piper: Guys will probably like the movie after one good look at Izabella and Bridget. Girls will like that it's the story of a girl who goes after what she really wants. It was a fun movie to make, and it'll be a fun movie to see. I mean, this is not exactly *Anna Karenina*, you know?

Bridget: I think both men and women will be attracted to it, but I'm not sure that men won't like it just because it has a pack of hot girls dancing on a bar. And I bet a lot of older men are going to see it, even though the movie is only rated PG-13.

Tyra: I think men will look at the movie just as men would: *Ooh, those women are sexy, and I'm going to see it, and tell my friends about, and maybe then see it again.* Women are going to see it and say, *I'm going to use some of that power tonight on my man and show him who's boss.*

Izabella: I see the movie as a lot like the girl I play in it: sexy, happy, a lot of dancing, everything colorful and beautiful. And really hot. M

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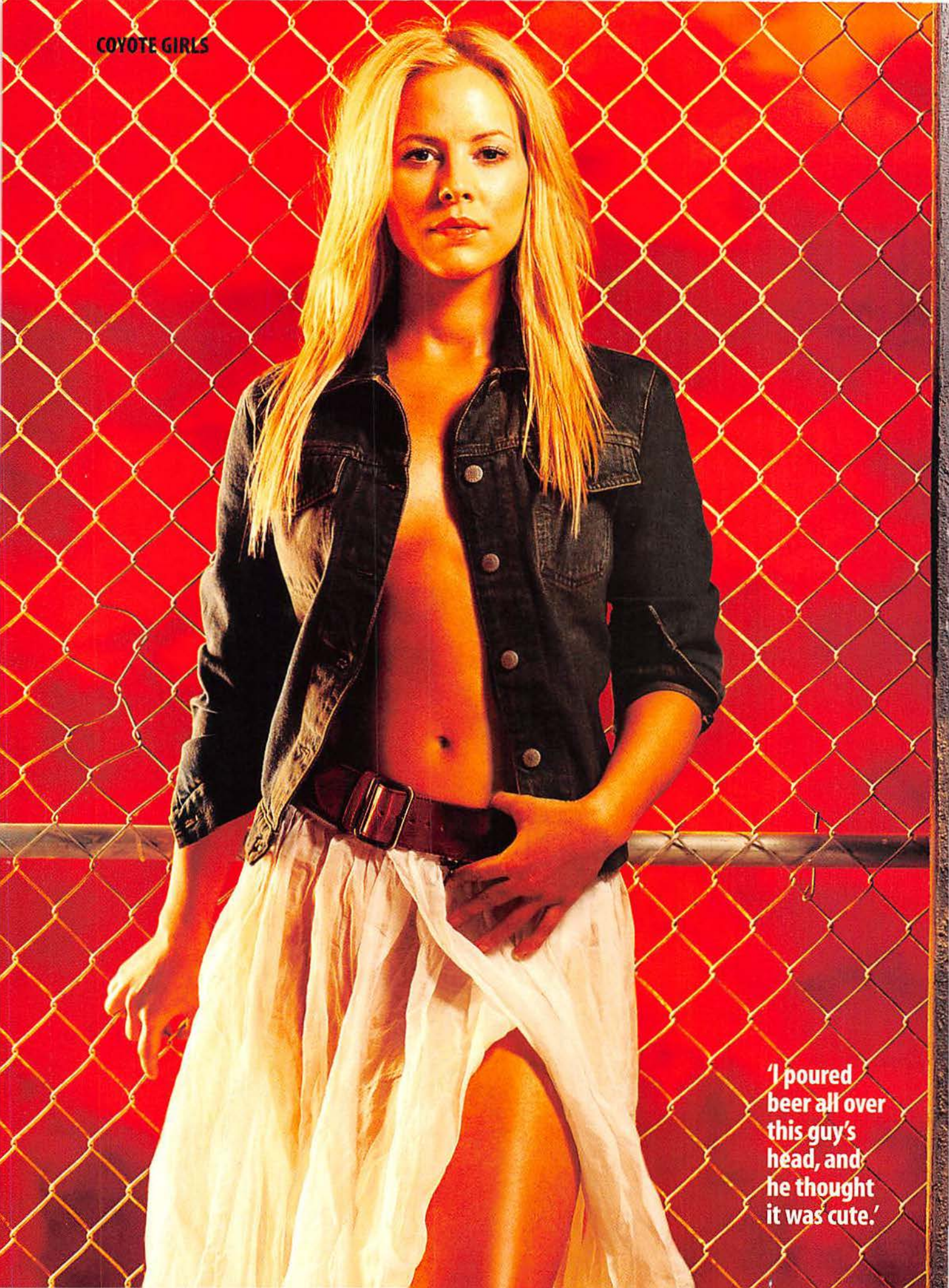
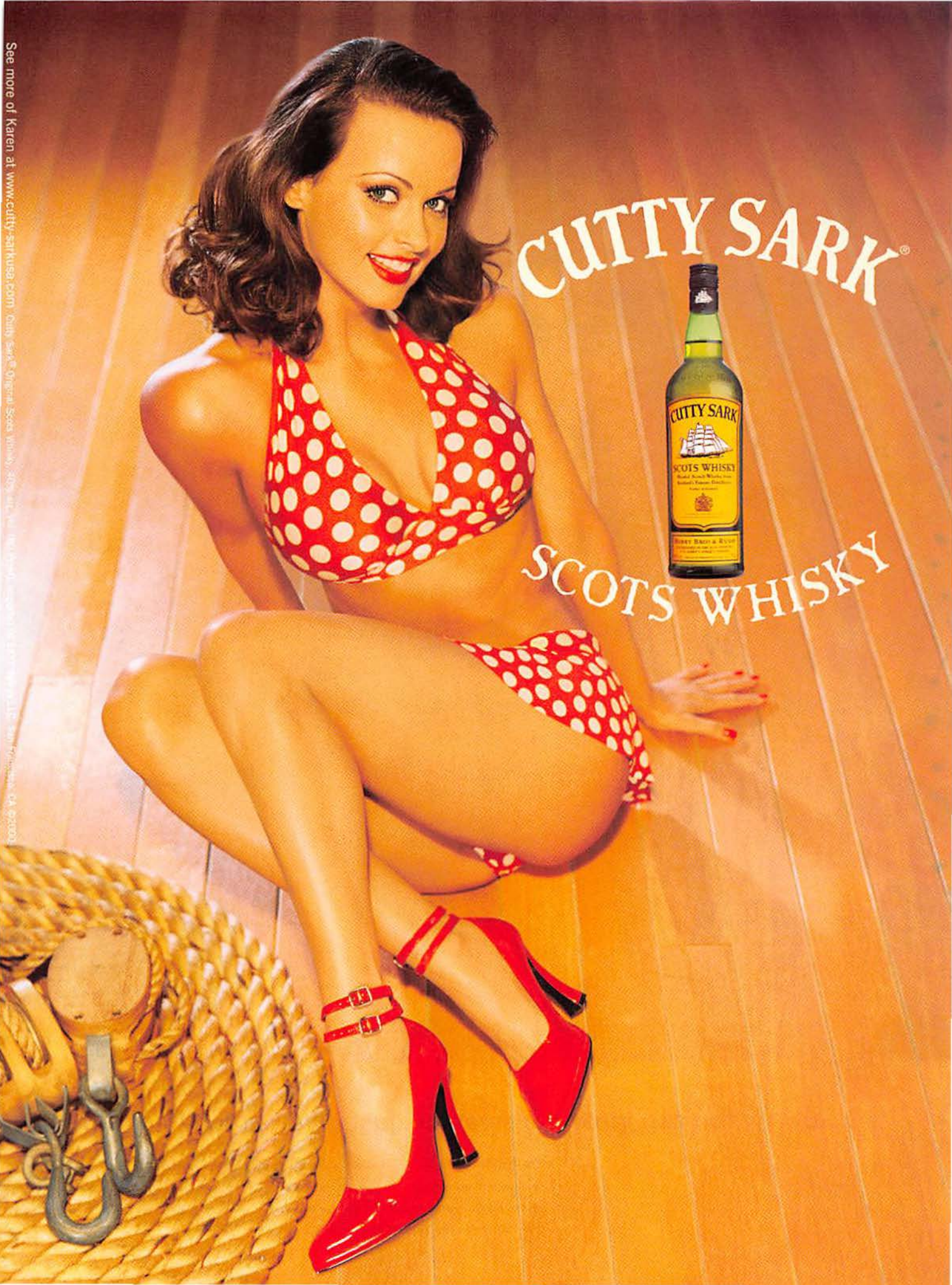


'I poured beer all over this guy's head, and he thought it was cute.'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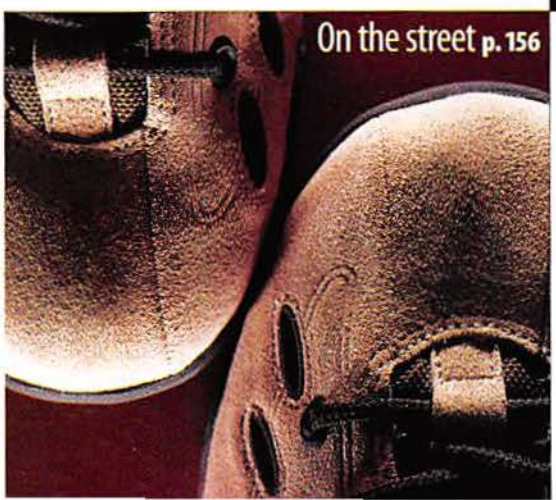

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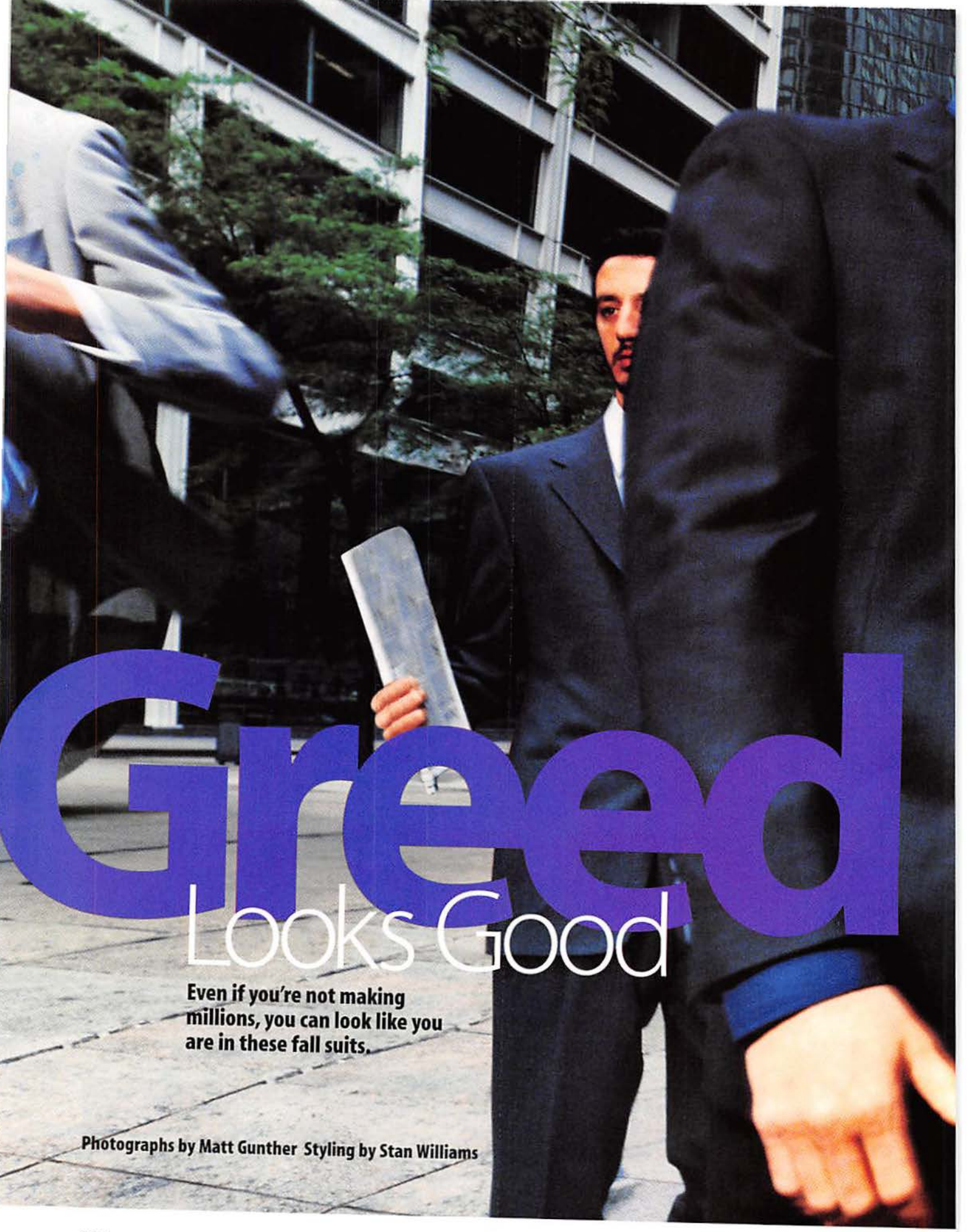
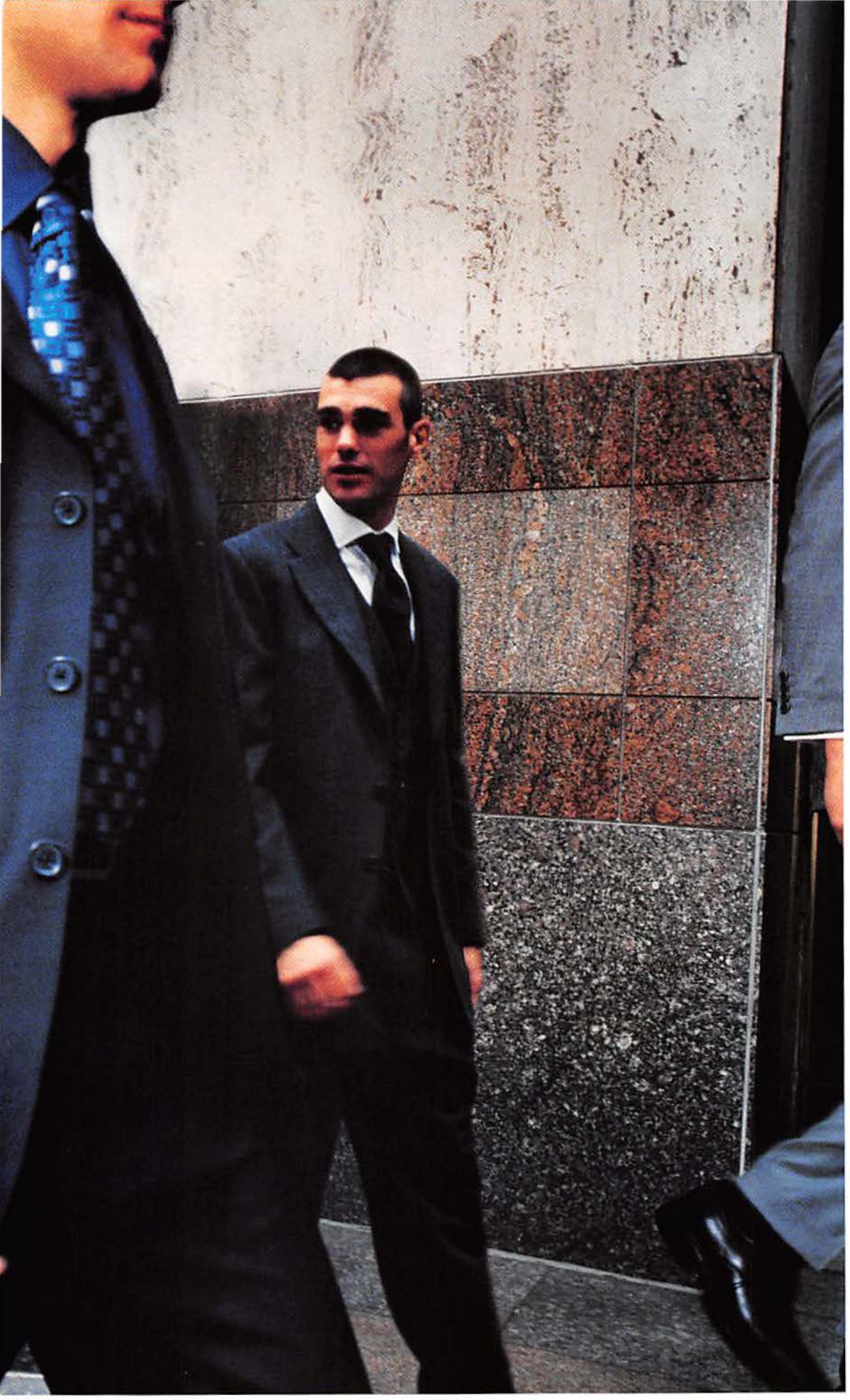
16 pages of the coolest clothes new



Greed Looks Good

Even if you're not making millions, you can look like you are in these fall suits.

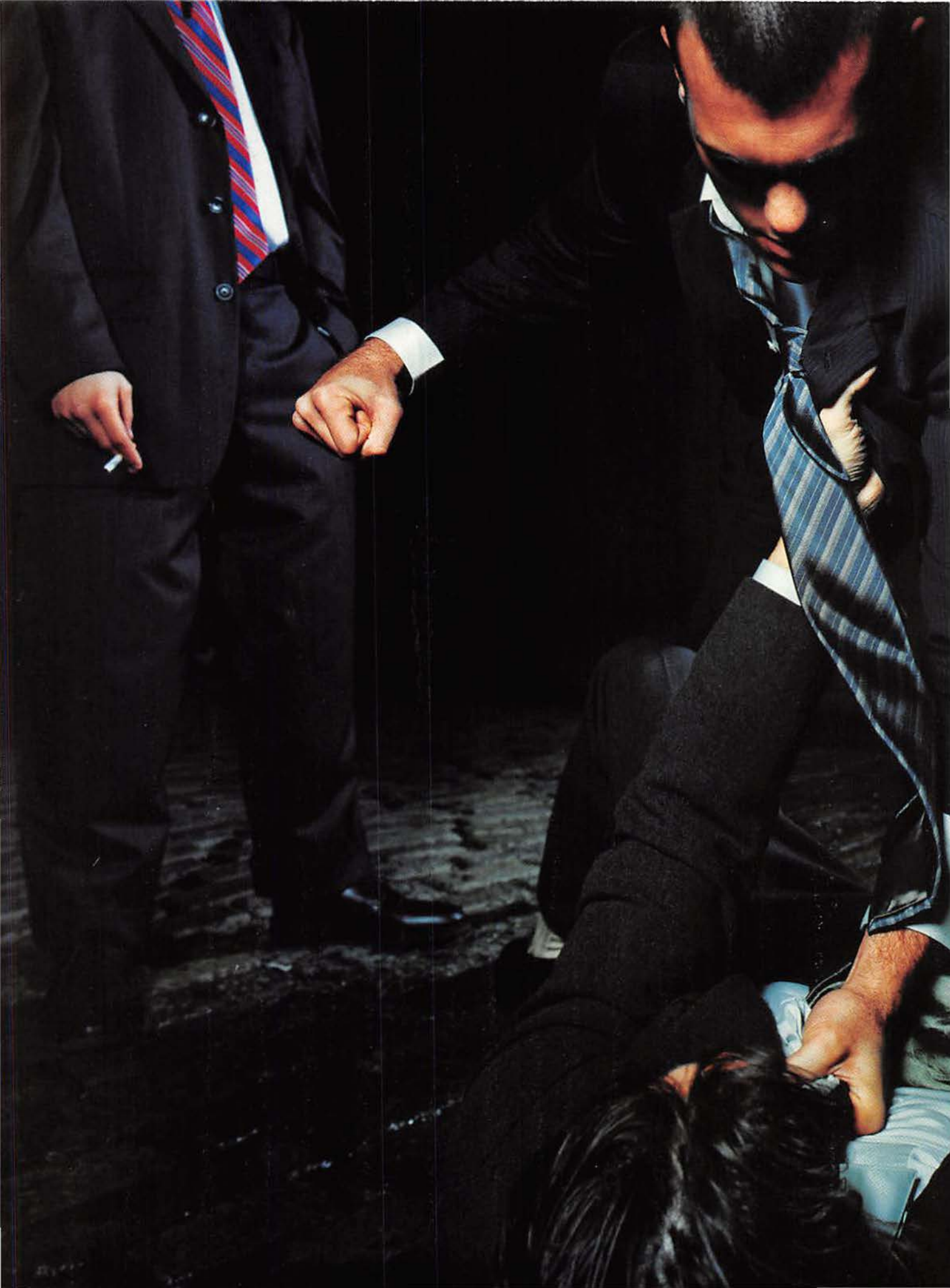
Photographs by Matt Gunther Styling by Stan Williams



POWER SUITS

FROM LEFT
Wool/viscose suit, $895, by Boss Hugo Boss; cotton shirt, $165, and silk tie, $110, by Best of Class by Robert Talbott. Wool/Lycra suit, $650, by Hart Schaffner & Marx. Wool suit, $450, cotton shirt, $50, and silk tie, $40, all by Tommy Hilfiger. Three-piece wool suit, $1,055, cotton shirt, $98, and silk tie, $85, all by Polo by Ralph Lauren. Wool suit, $495, and dress shirt, $50, by cK; shoes, $160, by Kenneth Cole New York

FROM LEFT Wool/cashmere suit, $425, by Chaps Ralph Lauren; shirt, $85, by Polo Ralph Lauren; silk tie, $110, by Best of Class by Robert Talbott. Wool suit, $650, by Hart Schaffner & Marx; handmade cotton shirt, $225, by Robert Talbott; silk tie, $65, by Polo by Ralph Lauren. Wool jacket, $295, cotton shirt, $40, and silk tie, $35, all by Claiborne. Wool suit, $495, stretch cotton shirt, $70, and silk tie, $45, all by Kenneth Cole New York



POWER SUITS

CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT
Stretch wool suit, $425, by Nautica; cotton shirt, $34, by Van Heusen; silk tie, $110, by Best of Class by Robert Talbott; leather shoes, $135, by Nautica. Wool suit, $475, shirt, $39, and tie, $35, all by Perry Ellis Portfolio; mercerized cotton socks, $23, by Mountain High Hosiery. Wool suit, $495, shirt, $45, and silk tie, $40, all by Wilke-Rodriguez; shoes, $160, by Kenneth Cole New York. Double-breasted wool suit, $595, cotton shirt, $40, and silk tie, $49, all by DKNY

Models, Chris Alex and Tim Durand for Click Model Management, Brendan Ivory for Ford Model Management, Herb Kusako for T Model Management, Ryan West for New York Model Management, Lanny Ward for Legacy Model Management, Lyndsey Prickett for Company Model Management, Christina Rostad for Elite Model Management

FROM LEFT
Stretch wool trousers from a suit, $1,200, by Ermenegildo Zegna. Cotton shirt, $225, silk tie, $95, and wool chalk-stripe trousers from a suit, $1,250, all by Canali. Pinstriped wool suit, $2,125, cotton/viscose/nylon shirt, $375, and silk tie, $115, all by Giorgio Armani. Wool jacket, $415, flat-front wool trousers, $310, cotton shirt, $135, and silk tie, $98, all by Cerruti. On her, from left: dress by Yigal Azrouel, shoes by Jimmy Choo; dress and shoes by Tom Ford for Gucci

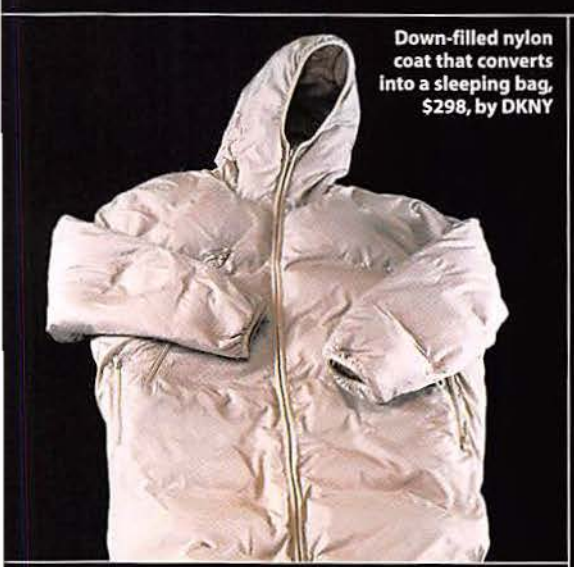
Producer, Caroline Schrank; styling assistance, Robyn Goldberg; tailoring, Darlene De Andrade; fashion intern, Christine Todd; hair, Ringo at Independent; makeup, Grazia Riverditi for Garren New York;

FOR BUYING INFORMATION see page 184.

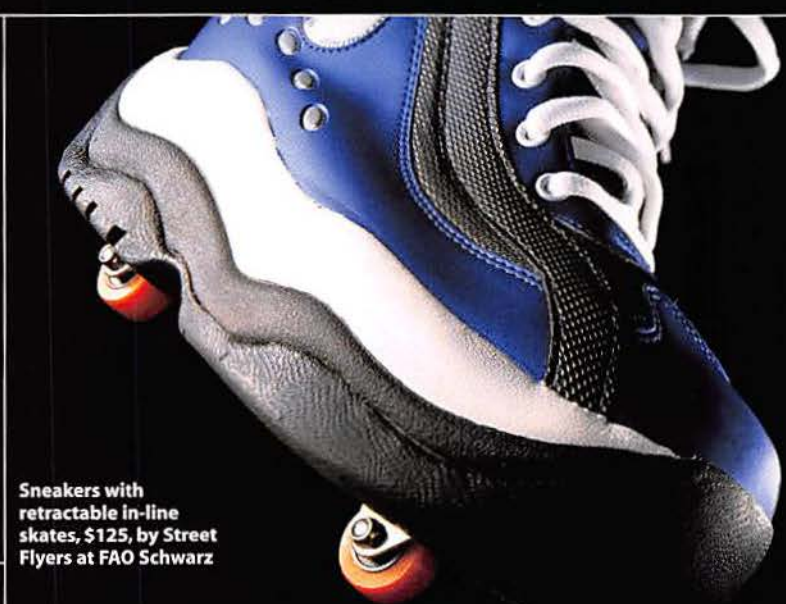
Quick Change

Photographs by Mark Weiss Styling by Kimberly Keily

Looks may deceive with this crop of gadget gear, designed with true function in mind.



Down-filled nylon coat that converts into a sleeping bag, $298, by DKNY



Sneakers with retractable in-line skates, $125, by Street Flyers at FAO Schwarz

Cashmere sweater with detachable water-resistant poncho, $625, by Issey Miyake

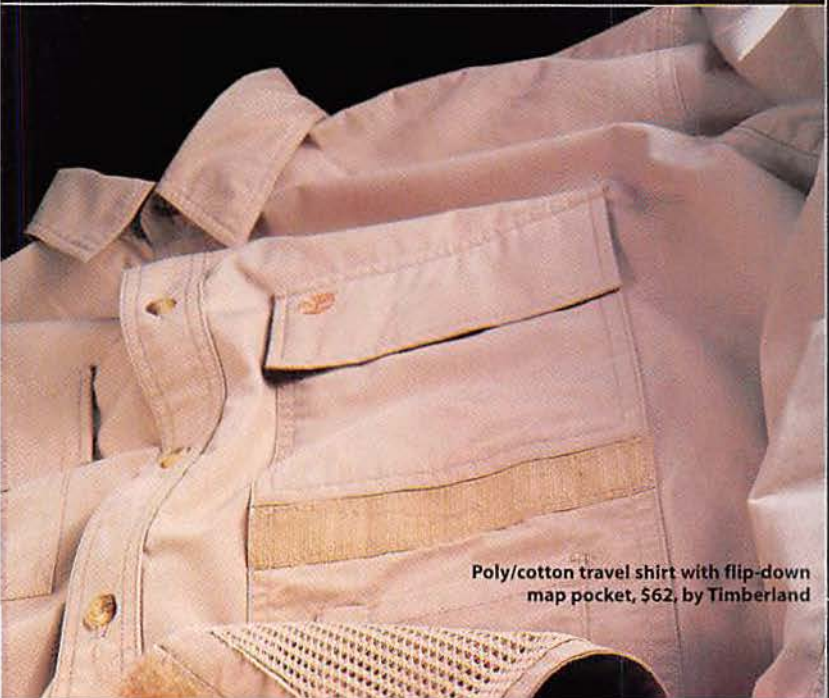
Steel World Time digital watch with 36 time zones, $125, by Nautica

Cycler's vest with emergency air bags, $495, by Allegri

Holster for cell phone and PalmPilot, $100, by E-Holster

MaximWear Wardrobe

Backpack with hard back-supporting exterior, $195, by Boblbee



Poly/cotton travel shirt with flip-down map pocket, $62, by Timberland

Water-resistant Neoteric vest with back pocket, $82, by Claiborne 2.0

Alpaca/nylon four-in-one coat, $895, by Final Home

For buying information, see page 184.

Quilted coat with miniature snaking reading light, $650, by Samsonite Travel Wear

Pen that holds magnifying eyeglasses, $60, by Microvision

WIN A TRIP TO THE BADDEST PARTY OF THE YEAR

The Grand opening of The Maxim Motel* on August 10, 2000. Check-in with a horde of celebrities in twenty themed rooms rockin' with eardrum-piercing live music all night long. Enter-to-win to party live with Maxim and the Bikini Bandits—the sexiest, bikini-clad outlaws you've ever seen—The maids have changed the sheets and stocked the minibars. But you've gotta register at Maxim Online to watch the whole thing go down!

*"Maxim Motel" is not affiliated with or sponsored by the Maxim Hotel & Casino.

COYOTE HUG-ME

You've seen 'em in print, now get the story of the *real* Coyote Ugly girls. We spent a full night getting hammered at the NYC honky-tonk and left with stellar pictures of the actual hotties who work the bar. Also, read the tales of the first guy to tend bar at the Ugly. (He's a Maxim Online staffer!) Plus: A guide to the best dive bars in America.

ANDRIJ FOR PRESIDENT

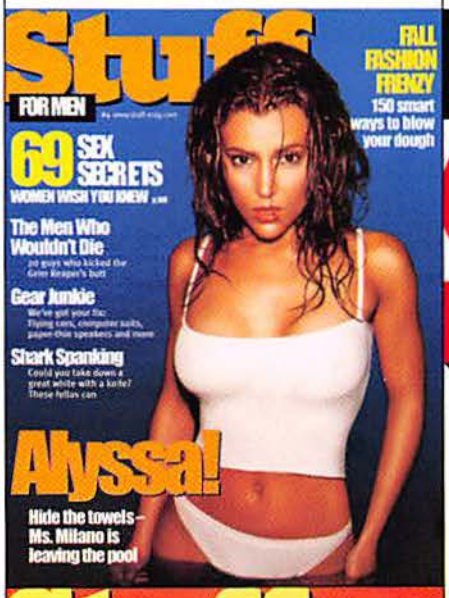
Forget Bush and Gore, we've got your new president right here! Maxim's very own Andrij Witiuk (all together now: Ahndree Witch-chuck) is set to throw his hat, as well as some other carefully chosen articles of clothing, into the political ring. Check his long, hard road to the White House at his official campaign web site: www.andrij2000.org.

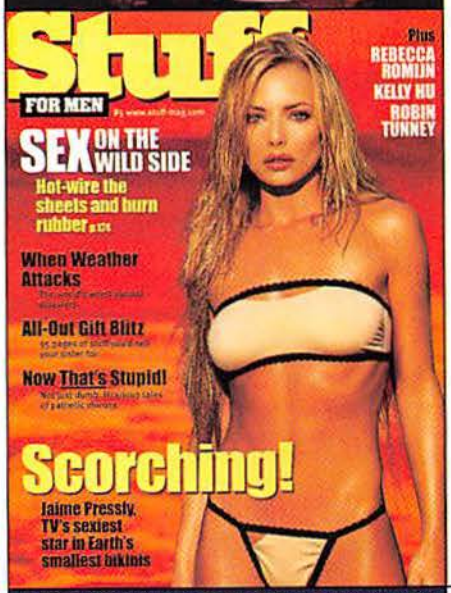
THE GREAT MAXIM FOOTBALL CHALLENGE

Bring your gridiron skills and head towards the most competitive football challenge on the Web! We give you one million *Maxim* points; wager them on every game to win outrageous weekly prizes. If you kick your enemy's collective asses, you'll be attending the Super Bowl in Tampa, FL. Sign up before the season starts and get a prize!

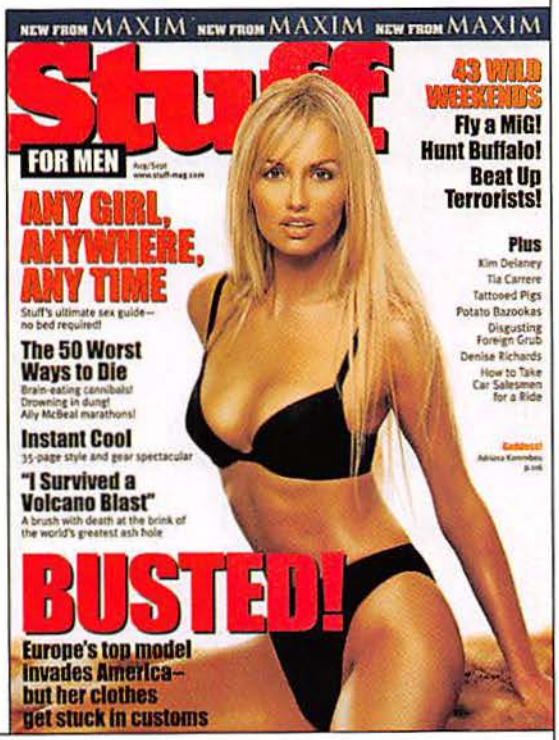
NEW FROM MAXIM

GET MORE GREAT Stuff FOR MEN


Stuff
FOR MEN
FALL FASHION FRENZY
150 smart ways to blow your dough
69 SEX SECRETS
WOMEN WISH YOU KNEW
The Men Who Wouldn't Die
Gear Junkie
Shark Spanking
Could you take down a great white with a knife? These fellas can
Alyssa!
Hide the towels—Ms. Milano is leaving the pool



Fantastic gear, awesome sex, great cars, amazing sports, hot previews, gorgeous models, madness and much, much more


NEW FROM MAXIM NEW FROM MAXIM NEW FROM MAXIM
Stuff
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Hunt Buffalo!
Beat Up Terrorists!
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Kim Delaney
Tia Carrere
Tattooed Pigs
Potato Bazookas
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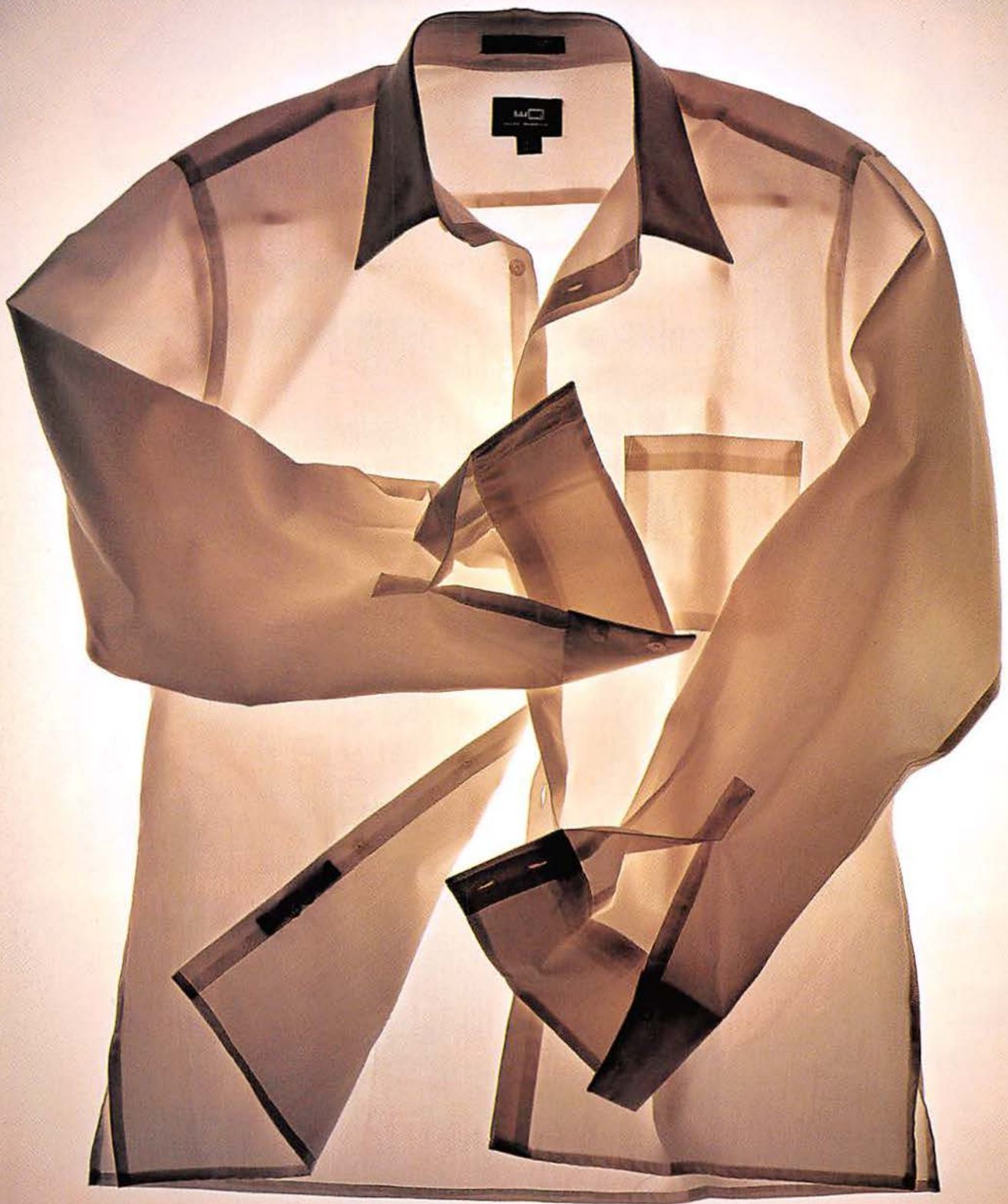

Double Duty

Wear it with a suit and tie? Or out to the clubs? You decide with this multipurpose cotton shirt, $40, by Wilke-Rodriguez.

Photograph by Nigel Cox

For buying information, see page 184

Deady Bear

Put Teddy on the most endangered species list and FUR FIGHTERS on your most wanted. A new kind of game has hit the scene. Part adventure-crammed shoot 'em up, part heavy petting and panting action. Play as all six armed animal liberators against the malevolent fat-cat, General Viggo. It's a raging romp of feline conspiracies, blazing animal combat and unrelenting beaver shots!

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TEEN T CONTENT RATED BY ESRB

Animated Violence
Comic Mischief
Suggestive Themes

Bizarre Creations

PC CD-ROM

Sega Dreamcast

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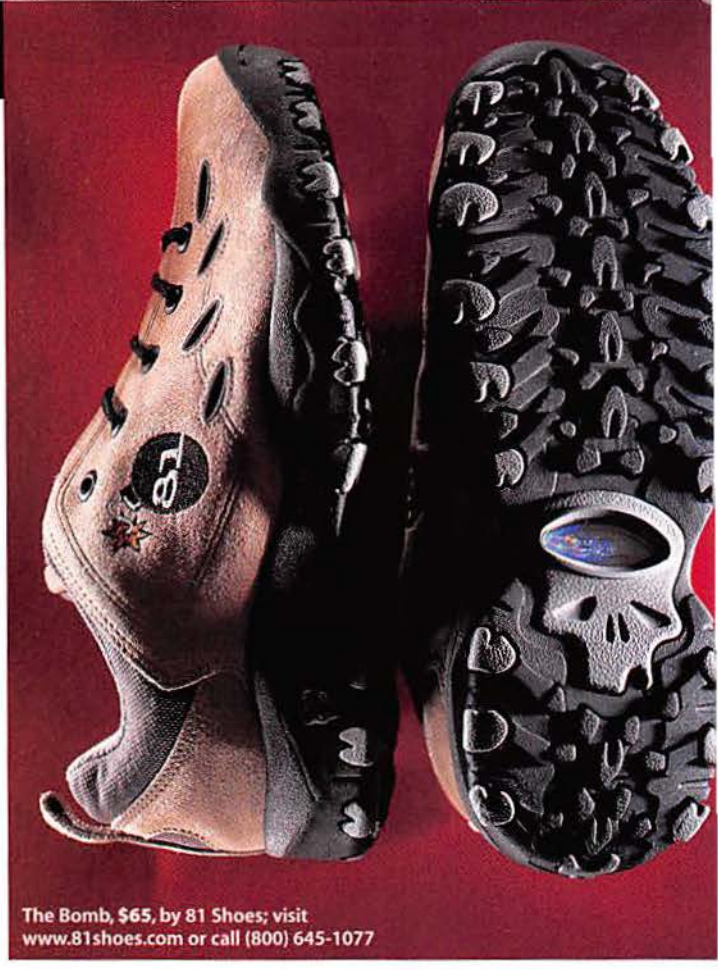
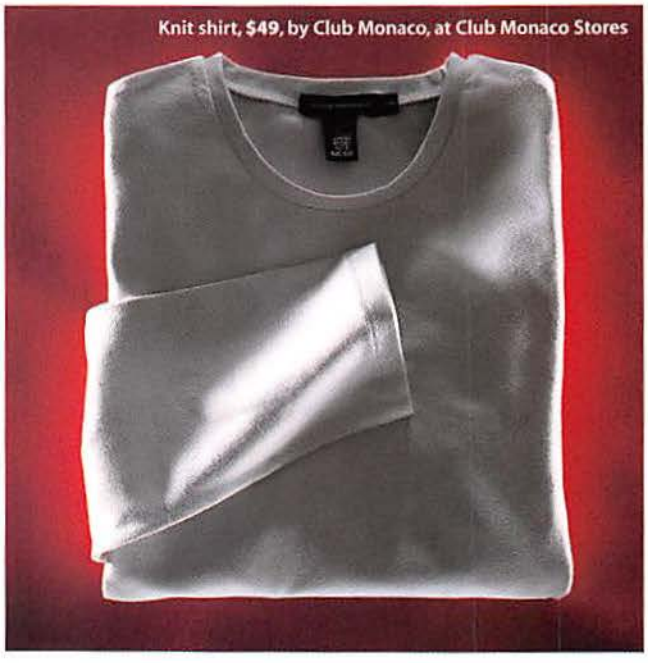
All-weather jacket, **$90**, by Weatherproof, at Macy's East and West, Filene's, and Kaufmann's



The Bomb, **$65**, by 81 Shoes; visit www.81shoes.com or call (800) 645-1077

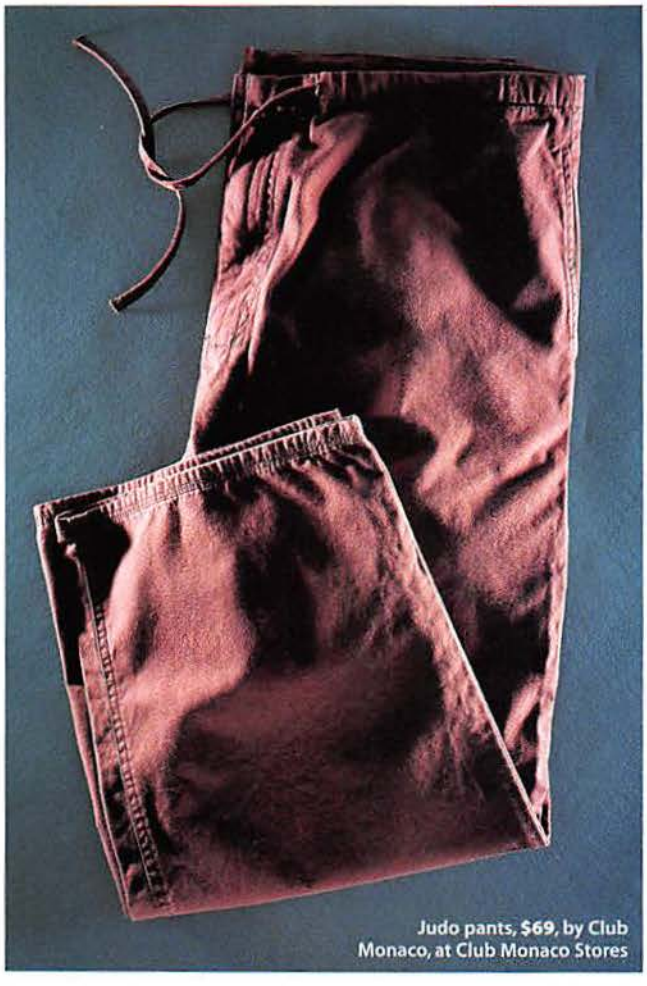


Knit shirt, **$49**, by Club Monaco, at Club Monaco Stores

Extra Credit

Don't worry about maxing out the plastic on these goods. They're such a value, you can pay cash!

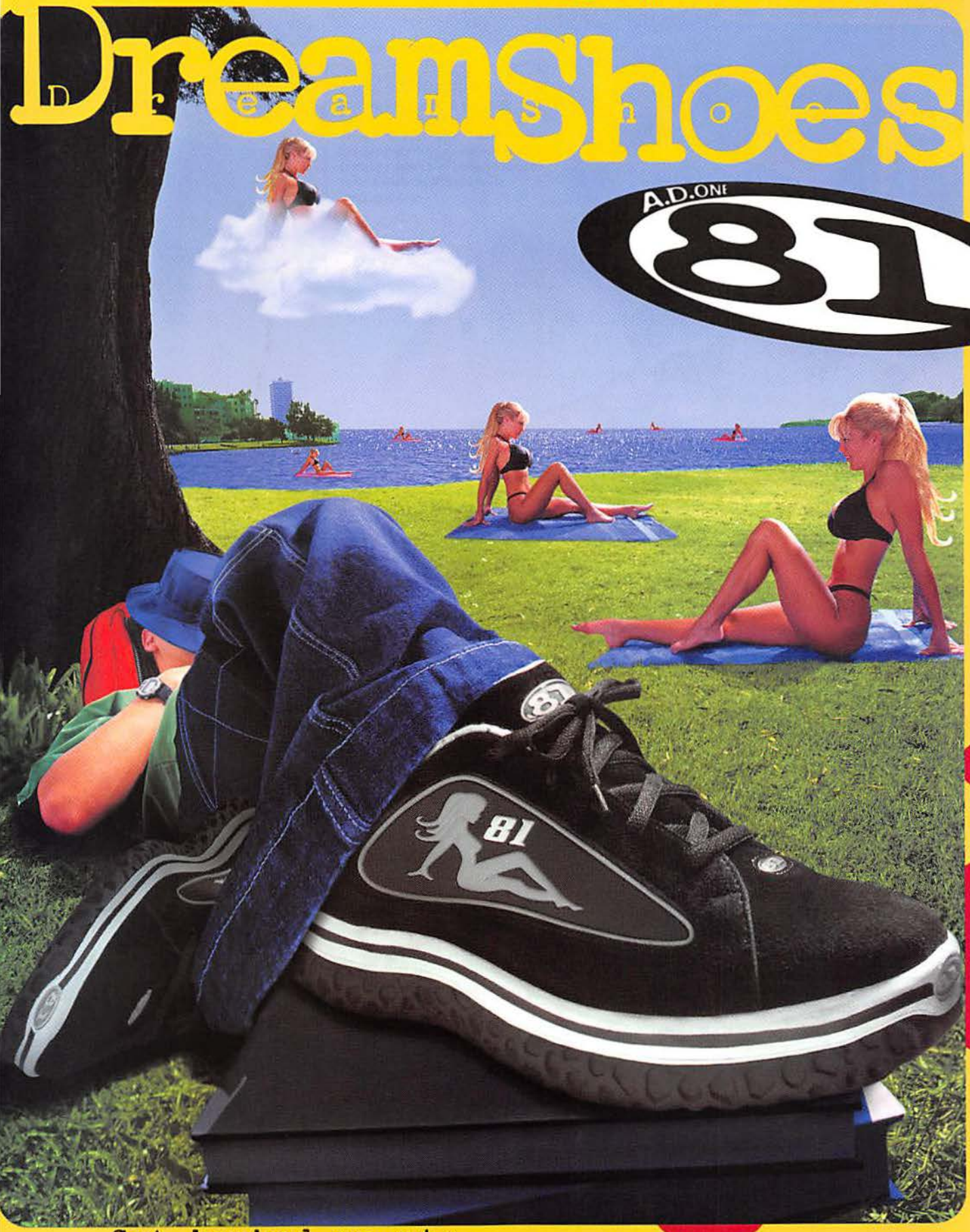
Photographs by Nigel Cox Styling by Robyn Goldberg



Judo pants, **$69**, by Club Monaco, at Club Monaco Stores

Slightly Twisted Footwear

DreamShoes



Get hooked up at:

81shoes.com or at your local GADZOOKS

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Time of the Signs

Show up on time and in style with the Astrographic watch by Zodiac. The $1,295 timepiece counts the hours with transparent hands housed in a sleek stainless steel case. Visit www.zodiac watches.com.

This Month's Label

From embroidered knits to studded shirts, Tom Walko's design focus is clean yet contemporary. This New York native has been creating his looks since 1996 and caters to the guy who likes cool clothes. Pick some up yourself at select Saks Fifth Avenue and Bloomingdale's stores.

Clean Squeeze

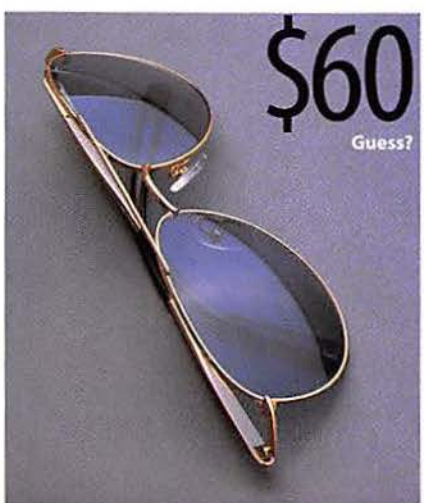
Stop dropping the soap and switch to shower gel. Try Biotherm Homme, $16, and Rykiel Homme, $25, both at department stores; and Alive, $8, by American Eagle Outfitters.

And No Kathie Lee!

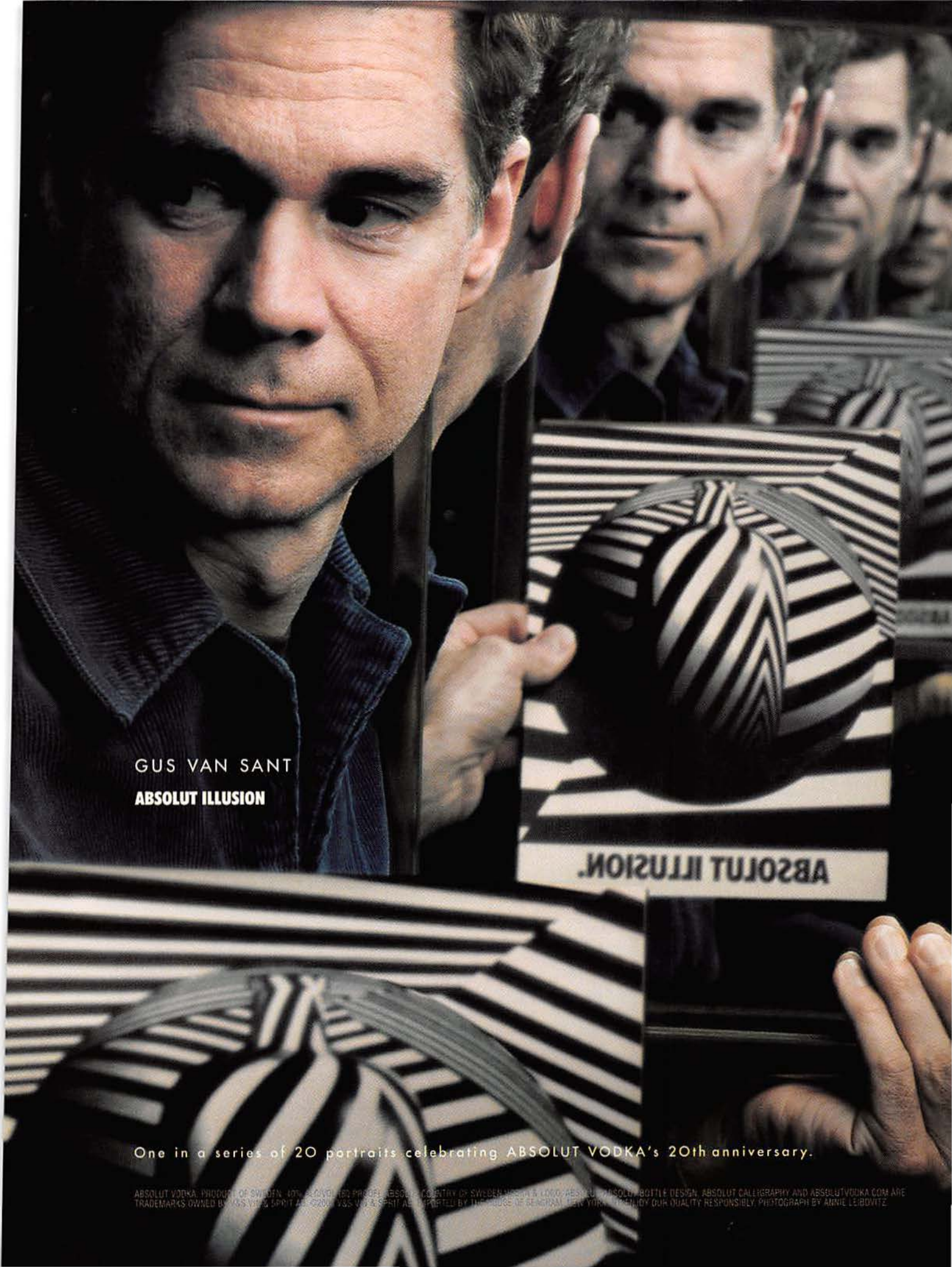
The final answer in men's style is Regis Philbin. The quizmaster has marketed his monochromatic look through Van Heusen (shirts, $40) and Randa (ties, $38). Cash in on his look at department stores nationwide.

Name Your Price

Get your motor runnin', head out on the highway, and look biker cool in a pair of aviator glasses from Guess?, Fendi, or Hugo Hugo Boss.



For buying information, see page 184. Photographs, Mark Weiss



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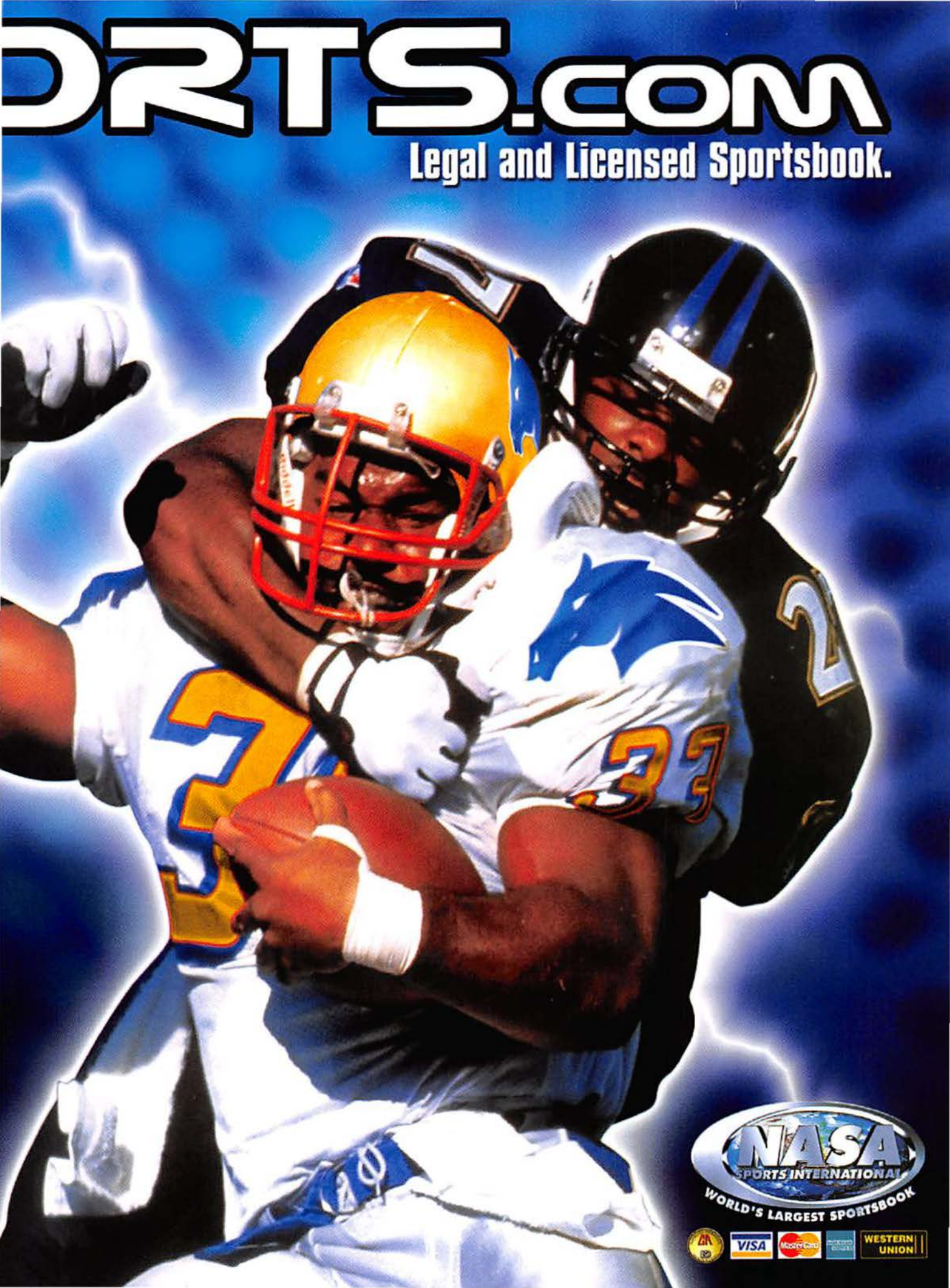
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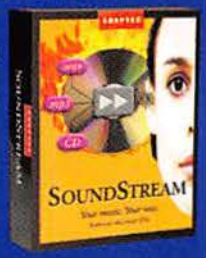

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Devil woman!
Liz Hurley in Bedazzled p.164

For new reviews every week, check out www.maximonline.com/entertainment.

"Damnation... nookie... hmm..."

PICTURE THIS

Bedazzled

The director of *Caddyshack* and a hubba-hubba Beelzebub make this a hot-as-hell pick.

When we heard that Brendan "The Forehead" Fraser was pulling down $12.5 million to star in the sequel to *The Mummy*, we figured he must have made a helluva deal with the devil. Our suspicions have been confirmed by the surprisingly funny new comedy *Bedazzled*, a contemporary remake of a psychedelic 1967 English flick you've probably never heard of.

Fraser plays Elliot Richards, a bumbling tech-support doofus who can't even persuade his coworkers to join him for a brew, much less score a date with office goddess Alison (played by demurely sexy newcomer Frances O'Connor). After a particularly humiliating encounter, idiot—er, Elliot—mumbles a little prayer: "Dear God, I would give anything to have that woman in my life." Apparently the Almighty resides outside Elliot's calling zone, because moments later he finds himself playing a game of pool with Lucifer herself instead. That's right, *herself*, because this particular devil in a red dress appears in the form of Brit babe Elizabeth Hurley, looking way naughtier than she does in those gauzy Estée Lauder commercials. (We always knew Liz was a bad, bad girl.) The easy-on-the-eyes Evil One promptly grants Elliot seven wishes to make his every dream come true, all for a low, low price—his immortal soul. Not a bad deal, considering most guys would trade their souls to Hurley for a stick of Juicy Fruit.

There is *one* little catch: The Piece of Ass of Darkness has a sense of irony to match her power (sort of like Ali Baba with an attitude). When Elliot wishes to be rich, powerful, and married to Alison—*poof!*—he wakes up as a Colombian drug lord, complete with cheesy mustache and instant fluency in Spanish. Less than thrilled, he wishes to become "the most sensitive man in the world." This time he becomes a sniveling fool. In fact, every wish, from rock god to basketball superstar, goes kablooey in his face. While this turn of events isn't particularly surprising, the bits *are* gut-busting funny, thanks to Harold Ramis, the writer-director behind laugh riots *Caddyshack*, *Groundhog Day*, and *Analyze This*. As you would expect, Ramis loads *Bedazzled* up with enough slapstick and babes to steer it well clear of chick-flick land. Because who wants to take the high road to hell?—*Brian Rosenkrans*

"Wanna break a Commandment or two?"

FLICK FLAK

Hell's Actors

Which movie Mephisto wins the Oscar for evil achievement?

Forget the horns and pointed tail: Lucifer actually looks like an A-list star. After all, playing the Prince of Darkness is a license to overact like the dickens. Here's our list of favorite flick fiends, ranked by sheer wretchedness.

1. JOHN MILTON (Al Pacino in *Devil's Advocate*, 1997) This bantamweight Beelzebub is a cheerleader for greed and screwing the other guy before he screws you. Yep, he's a lawyer. **Diabolical duds:** Power suits. **Pinch of darkness:** Boils baptismal water with his finger, is impervious to bullets, and most damning of all, hugs Don King. **Satanic verses:** "Who in their right mind could possibly deny the 20th century was entirely mine? I'm peakin' here."

2. DARYL VAN HORNE (Jack Nicholson in *The Witches of Eastwick*, 1987): Hell's belles conjure a "perfect" man. Quick as you can say "Cher is a skank," heeeeere's Jack! **Diabolical duds:** If purgatory were the Playboy Mansion, this silk-robed Satan would feel at home. **Pinch of darkness:** Makes church folk upchuck cherries and transforms into a bloated caricature of himself (like Jack himself.) **Satanic verses:** "[I'm] just your average horny little devil."

3. LOUIS CYPHRE (Robert De Niro in *Angel Heart*, 1987): The devil wants his due, so he hires Mickey Rourke to track down a crooner who sold his soul. **Diabolical duds:** Silk suits, pentagram ring. **Pinch of darkness:** Has pointy fingernails, makes blood flow down walls. **Satanic verses:** "I have old-fashioned ideas about honor. You know, an eye for an eye...things like that."

4. HARRY O. TOPHAT (George Burns in *Oh, God! You Devil*, 1984): He looks like an old Jewish comedian, but don't be fooled: He's *bad*. **Diabolical duds:** Scarlet ties, sweaters, and sport coats, plus red-tinted glasses. **Pinch of darkness:** Stays in hotel room 666, lights cigars off his flaming thumb. **Satanic verses:** "I love to scare the hell out of people."—*Maitland McDonagh*

PREVIEWS	FILM	STARS	STORY	SEX & VIOLENCE	WE SAY
	Nutty Professor II: The Klumps (Universal) Release date: July 28	Eddie Murphy, Janet Jackson	Lardass professor Sherman Klump (Murphy) battles suave alter ego Buddy Love (Murphy) for possession of a youth serum, which works its mojo on the rest of the rotund Klump clan.	Granny Klump gives a hot-tub gum job to a horrified Love man. That's violent enough for us.	Sometimes you feel like a *Nutty Professor*, sometimes you don't. With Murphy hamming it up as multiple Klumps, we feel it. Or that could be the meatball hoagie.
	Coyote Ugly (Touchstone) Release date: August 4	Piper Perabo, Maria Bello, Tyra Banks, Bridget Moynahan, Izabella Miko	A shy songwriter (Perabo) heads to the big city and winds up working in a rowdy joint where hot barmaids boogie on the bar, douse each other with water, and...oh yeah, serve beer.	The customers aren't supposed to put their grimy mitts on the girls, but that doesn't mean there isn't some back-alley howling at the moon.	Bars. Babes. Beer. Bar babes with beer. We're hungry like the wolf.
	Hollow Man (Columbia) Release date: August 4	Kevin Bacon, Elisabeth Shue, Josh Brolin	When a team of scientists develops a formula for invisibility, their leader (Bacon) uses his power to get away with all sorts of naughty stuff.	Our transparent Peeping Tom stalks a nubile, frequently nude neighbor. His transformation is like watching someone being dissected alive.	We see right through director Paul Verhoeven's ploy to update cheesy old Invisible Man movies with cutting-edge effects. We also see ourselves in line on opening weekend.
	Space Cowboys (Warner Bros.) Release date: August 4	Clint Eastwood, Tommy Lee Jones, James Garner, Donald Sutherland	A satellite is going to plunge to earth, and the only people who can stop it are a squad of geriatric ex-astronauts who lately have ridden more rocking chairs than rocket ships.	Houston, we have a problem with anyone in this cast taking off their clothes—even to change their Depends.	Hi-yo, silverhairs! Considering the cool cast, it's probably the only big-budget summer action flick that you *and* your granny will dig.
	Godzilla 2000 (TriStar) Release date: August 11	A guy in a foam lizard suit	Forget that overhyped American pile of iguana dung. This is Godzilla, Japanese style, stomping on cardboard cities and battling a $10.95 flying rock-monster from outer space.	It's hard for a 180-foot lizard to find a date. It's easy for a 180-foot dinosaur to squash tiny Japanese people.	They say he's got to go—go, go, Godzilla! But we'll only go see this at the drive-in. On free-nachos night.
	The Replacements (Warner Bros.) Release date: August 11	Keanu Reeves, Gene Hackman, Brooke Langton, Jon Favreau	When a pro football team goes on strike, a mismatched squad of outsiders gets a second shot at gridiron greatness. And guess what? They start winning!	With the cheerleaders on strike too, stripper subs give each other lap dances to distract the opposing team.	Go, team! This *Major League* meets *Wildcats* underdog plot should have its jersey retired, but the above-average cast manages to run some original plays anyway.

EJECTION SEAT

The Rents

Rewind? No problem. Be kind? They wish.

Jaws Anniversary Edition Way before *Saving Private Ryan,* Spielberg directed this blockbuster about people getting ripped to shreds on the beach. If you've only seen this terrific fish story on television, you haven't really seen it, chum. (July 11)

The Hurricane The true story of '60s boxer Rubin "Hurricane" Carter (Denzel Washington), who is wrongfully convicted of a bar slaying and sentenced to three life terms in prison. The sappy melodrama only seems to last two life sentences. (July 11)

Isn't She Great Bette Midler and Nathan Lane in the story of trash novelist Jacqueline Susann. This is what we call a test case video: If your girlfriend expects you to watch this, it's not going to work out. Get out. Now. (July 18)

Ride With the Devil Tobey Maguire joins Confederates during the Civil War. It's bloody, it's funny, and Jewel appears nearly topless. The South will rewind again! (July 18)

Magnolia Great actors (William H. Macy, Julianne Moore, Tom Cruise) whine about regret and sadness in a pretentious plot about regret and sadness. Stay awake long enough to see the bizarre downpour of frogs. (July 25)

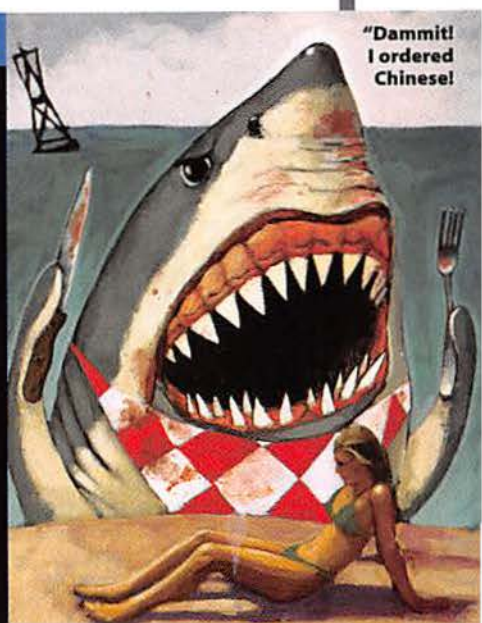
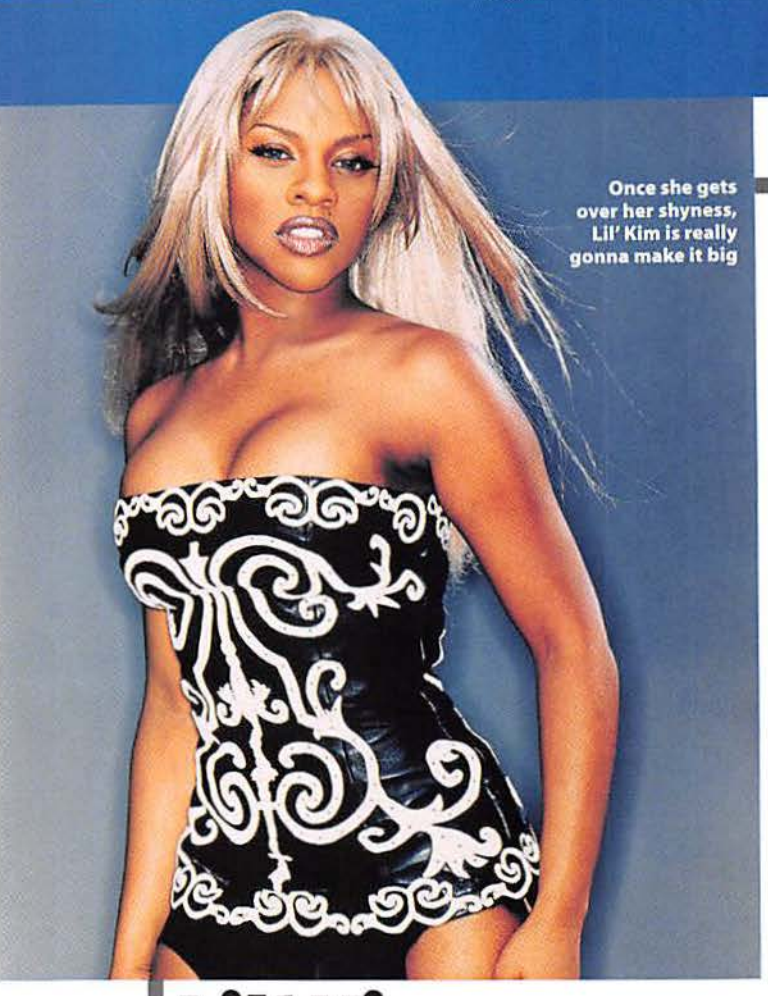


Illustration: Shawn Barber



Once she gets over her shyness, Lil' Kim is really gonna make it big

Lil' Kim

The Notorious K.I.M. (Atlantic)

"I'm nasty—worse than Howard Stern," Lil' Kim gloats on "Who's Number One?" And she's not kidding. Best known as the pint-size, bikini-wearing, foul-mouthed disciple of her gunned-down boyfriend, the Notorious B.I.G. (not to mention the sexpot felt up by Diana Ross on the MTV Video Music Awards), the brazen, throaty-voiced rapper's second album, *The Notorious K.I.M.*, is the nastiest stuff to spew from a girl's mouth since *The Exorcist*. During the 18-song erotic odyssey, the self-proclaimed Queen Bitch rhymes about everything from having sex on X to getting her favorite body part sucked in the back of an armored truck. And thanks to bleating electronic beats, samples from tunes ranging from the Sugarhill Gang's "Rapper's Delight" to Pat Benatar's "Heartbreaker," guest vocals from the likes of Sisqo and Grace Jones, and even beyond-the-grave raps from Biggie himself, the album is a feast for the ears as well as the groin. Often evoking the hip-hop and soul stylings of Lauryn Hill, Lil' Kim's *Notorious* isn't engulfed by her mentor's gigantic shadow, the way her 1996 debut was. On "Hold On," an updated version of the R&B classic "Ooh Child," Kim finds a way to beat the post-B.I.G. blues, joining Mary J. Blige for the towering chorus of "Things are gonna get better." However, as "Single Black Female," "Suck My D**k," and "How Many Licks" (hint: It's not about a Tootsie Pop) prove, nasty is still what Kim does best.—*Bill Crandall*

■■■□□

Johnny Cash
At San Quentin (Legacy)

Beyond all of the free food and the colorful uniforms, there's precious little to recommend prison. In 1969, though, San Quentin hosted one heck of a show. Originally released that year, *At San Quentin* has now been reissued with nine previously unheard tracks, including "Fulsom Prison Blues" (a favorite with the captive audience). More laid-back than you'd expect (Cash jokes about his guitar-case dope stash), The Man In Black isn't starting any riots here, just giving some 400-pound ax murderers a chance to unwind.—*David Peisner*

■■■■□

Eve 6
Horrorscope (RCA)

The members of Eve 6 were fresh out of high school when they scored a huge breakout hit with 1998's "Inside Out," so we were willing to chalk up the frightening blandness of their punk-pop to youthful folly. This time around they can't hide behind their pimples. Though they've got more jittery energy than Robin Williams on a 36-hour coffee binge, they seem to think shoving as many words as possible into each line (and even rhyming a few) somehow distinguishes them from the 873 modern-rock bands they sound just like. The horror.—*Victor Blair*

■■□□□

Morcheeba
Fragments of Freedom (London/Sire)

Imagine a swanky lounge where Shirley Manson rubs elbows with Herbie Hancock and Biz Markie tosses back cocktails with ABBA and you'll have a good idea what Morcheeba has got cooking. Knocking down the stylistic walls that made earlier albums sound like Portishead for poseurs, this British outfit turns the lights down low and serves up a knee-quivering concoction of soul, jazz, hip-hop, funk, and pop. OK, the band members are still slaves to their influences, but with grooves this good, bondage seems like a damn good time.—*D.P.*

■■■□□

Elastica
The Menace (Atlantic)

Overflowing with forget-me-not melodies and the suggestive purrs of Justine Frischmann, Elastica's bratty guitar-pop struck a nerve in 1995. Since then the band has turned into a pop-music Bigfoot, becoming the subject of rumors and sightings but offering nothing to back it up. The follow-up wasn't worth the wait. *Menace* contains a few provocative highlights, but the group's fixation with '80s punk lite hasn't abated, and the sticky hooks that powered hits like "Connection" have vanished. Maybe they should have called it *The Phantom Menace*.—*D.P.*

■■□□□

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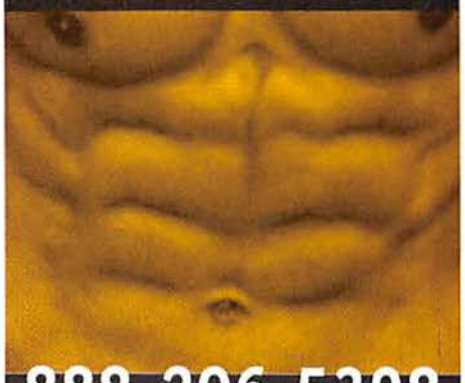

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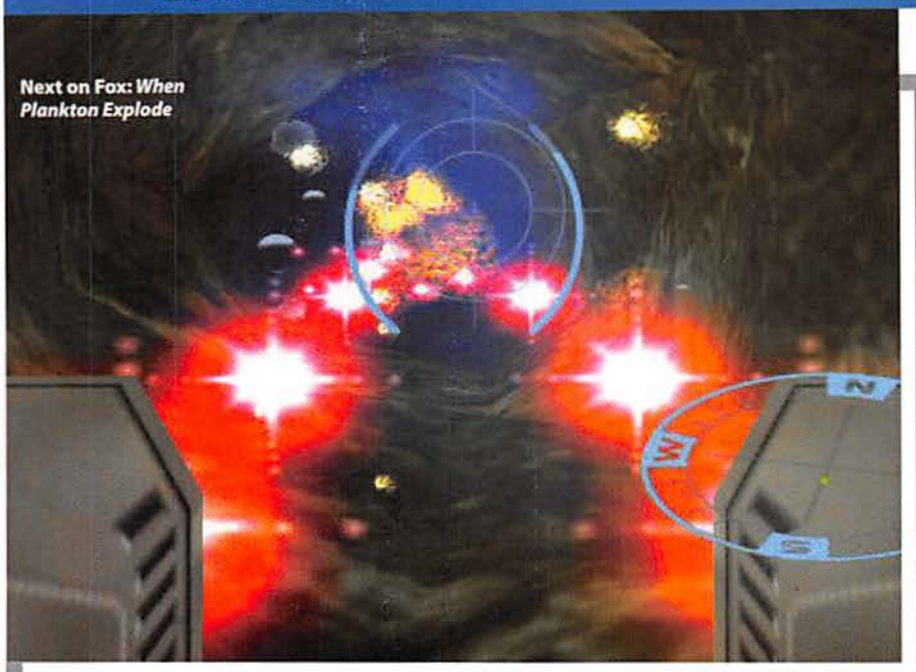

H_2-OW!

Aqua Blam!

Baby got dorsal

Beat the crap out of the heat with these three new water-based video games.

They say life's a beach. We say it's too freakin' hot out there. If cranking up the A/C isn't keeping the sweat stains off the sofa, play a trick on your blistered brain by diving into some new games. It's better than dumping ice cubes down your shorts. Unless you're into that.

Deep Fighter

(Ubi Soft—Dreamcast, PC)

Featuring more mutant aquatic life than a Chernobyl Red Lobster, this combat-heavy sci-fi action-adventure epic is like a Nova special gone horribly wrong. Piloting several high-tech minisubs, your mission is to safely transport the population of an underwater city away from a raging undersea war. But these waters are hostile indeed, requiring you to blast your way through pirates, radiation-spewing spiders, and other nasty sea creatures that make Jaws look like a smallmouth bass. Luckily your arsenal goes beyond mere torpedoes to include plasma guns, magnetic grappling hooks, and even a weird "attractotron" that lures horny yellowfish (used to provide dinner for your crew). Be careful, though, Skipper: Spill too much blood in the water and hungry piranhas will attack your ship. Two periscopes up!

■■■■□

Ecco the Dolphin: Defender of the Future

(Sega—Dreamcast)

Tired of games in which all you do is dismember opponents and blow shit up? Neither are we, but this environmentally friendly adventure game offers enough twists to make us take the bait. As Ecco, the most heroic dolphin since Flipper, you zip through 3-D seascapes (from cloning labs to the psychedelic ruins of Atlantis) populated with coral and turtles so realistic, you'll mistake your TV for a glass-bottomed boat. But your real porpoise, er, purpose is to thwart time-traveling pirates. To collect clues, you'll ram bloodthirsty sharks (dolphin unsafe!) and use sonar to stun bad guys. You can even become invisible, which means you shouldn't have to jump through hoops for minnows at Sea World ever again.

Let us spray

■■■□□

Surf Riders

(Ubi Soft—PlayStation)

If your surfing expertise extends only as far as watching the Hawaii episodes of *The Brady Bunch*, this cheesy arcade-style surf simulator is for you. Playing as one of five fictional surfers, you choose from among 15 boards and ride the waves at beaches in Hawaii, France, Japan, California, and Australia. Paddle ferociously as an enormous curl crests above you. Tap a button to stand up on the board, another to crouch, and still another to pull backflips and midair spins, all accompanied by the groovy twang of surf music. Then, just like in competition, a panel of judges scores your performance. Sure, it sounds gnarly, but the frustrating control interface and primitive graphics make *Surf Riders* a wipeout.—*Avi Fryman*

■■□□□

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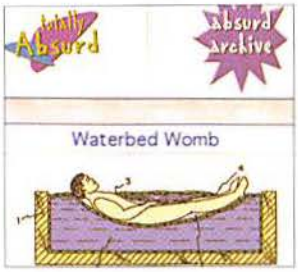
SURF REPORT

Outta Sites

Oh, what a tangled Web they weave. We find the good stuff.

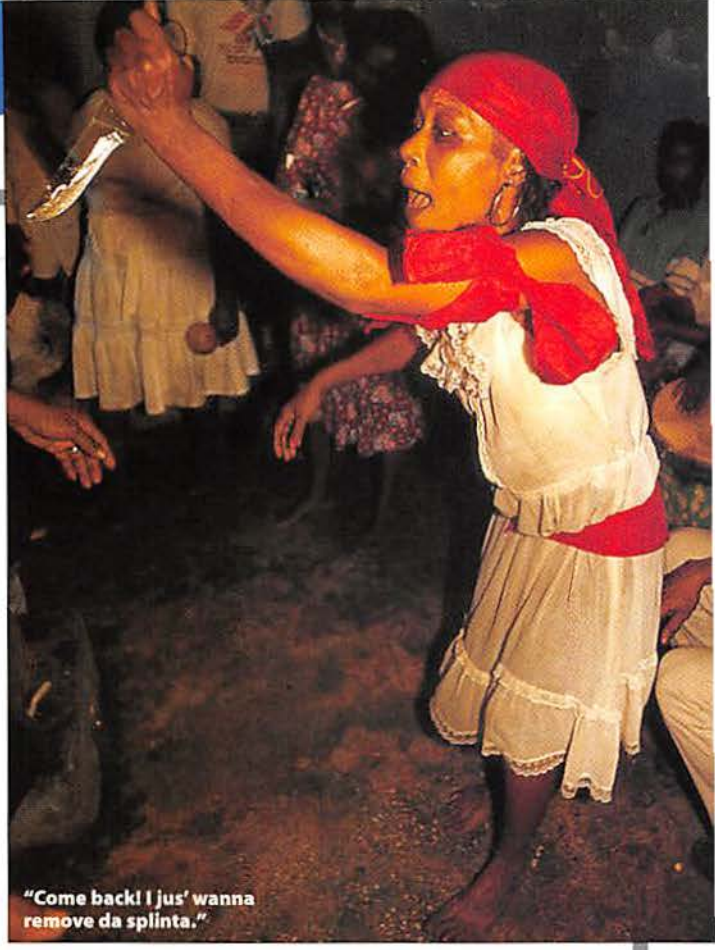
Love E-merican Style

If this Web site had a theme song, it would be Cheap Trick's "I Want You to Want Me." Catering to shy Romeos and bashful Juliets, eCrush.com lets you make a lust connection with the gal you've got the hots for without risking the inevitable sweaty palms, awkward silences, and, well, humiliating laughter that can come with declaring your affection in person. After signing up, you simply list the name of the lady you've got a thing for. If you also type in her E-mail address, the site will even notify her that someone has a crush on her. Then she comes to the site and lists her own crush. If the name's yours, both parties are notified of the match. Hint: To maximize your chances of hooking up, use the phone book to list the entire local female population. (ecrush.com)—*Michael Dojc*



Contraption Junction

You may think American ingenuity reached its peak with the invention of the George Foreman grill, but one look at Totally Absurd's collection of wacky, totally real patents will let you know that Mother Necessity is alive and...weird. Who can deny the inspired genius behind such a contraption as Toilet Landing Lights, for nocturnal bathroom trips ("Waterproof indirect lighting is placed under the rim of the toilet, adding a beautiful, almost mystical glow")? Other choice inventions are the combination Trash Burner & Barbecue Pit, the Motorized Ice Cream Cone, and the Big Ash Bib, oversize neckwear that catches hot cigarette ashes while you drive, leaving your hands free to play with the radio. Go stick that in your light bulb and smoke it, Thomas Edison! (totallyabsurd.com)—*Shane Mooney*


"Come back! I jus' wanna remove da splinta."

Virtual Voodoo

The only problem with good old-fashioned voodoo is the icky mess, what with all that rolling in chicken blood, digging up corpses, and burning innards. Now PinStruck.com combines third-world vengeance with no-fuss high-tech communication. Just fill out a form providing the E-mail address and physical characteristics of your unsuspecting (but, hopefully, superstitious) victim and the site will zap him an ominous message that he's been *[cue scary music]* cursed. When he links to the site, he'll find a spooky image of a gored voodoo doll

personalized with his name and a note of your choosing (anything from "I love you" to our favorite, "It's not over yet"). Perfect for bosses, Baptist ministers, and hosts of *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire* (pinstruck.com)—*S.M.*

NET GAIN

"C'mon, I don't care if you're my sister. I'm horny."

Download This

Cool crap you can use!

Mouse per Hour

Now we know why our wrists are so sore—it's because our mouse is running a desktop marathon every day. The Mouse Odometer 3.0 program actually records how many miles (or meters, for you metric snobs) that hardworking little mouse ball travels and even tells you when it has tracked the equivalent of Mount Everest, the Iditarod trail, and 21 other famous landmarks. Now if we can just score it an endorsement from Gatorade. (introspectsoftware.com/Odometer)

Bookie Monster

You'd never dream of starting your own bookie operation, but if you "have a friend who wants to," Backyard Bookie is the best bet. Using features modeled on the tote boards of real racetracks, you, er, *he* can set up his own little parimutuel party and offer the same sorts of betting the big boys do, including exactas, trifectas, and daily doubles. The program displays the odds, prints bettor tickets, and records payouts. You can even modify it to work with other sports like dog racing and football. Alas, busting kneecaps to collect debts must still be done the old-fashioned way. (www.backyardbookie.com)

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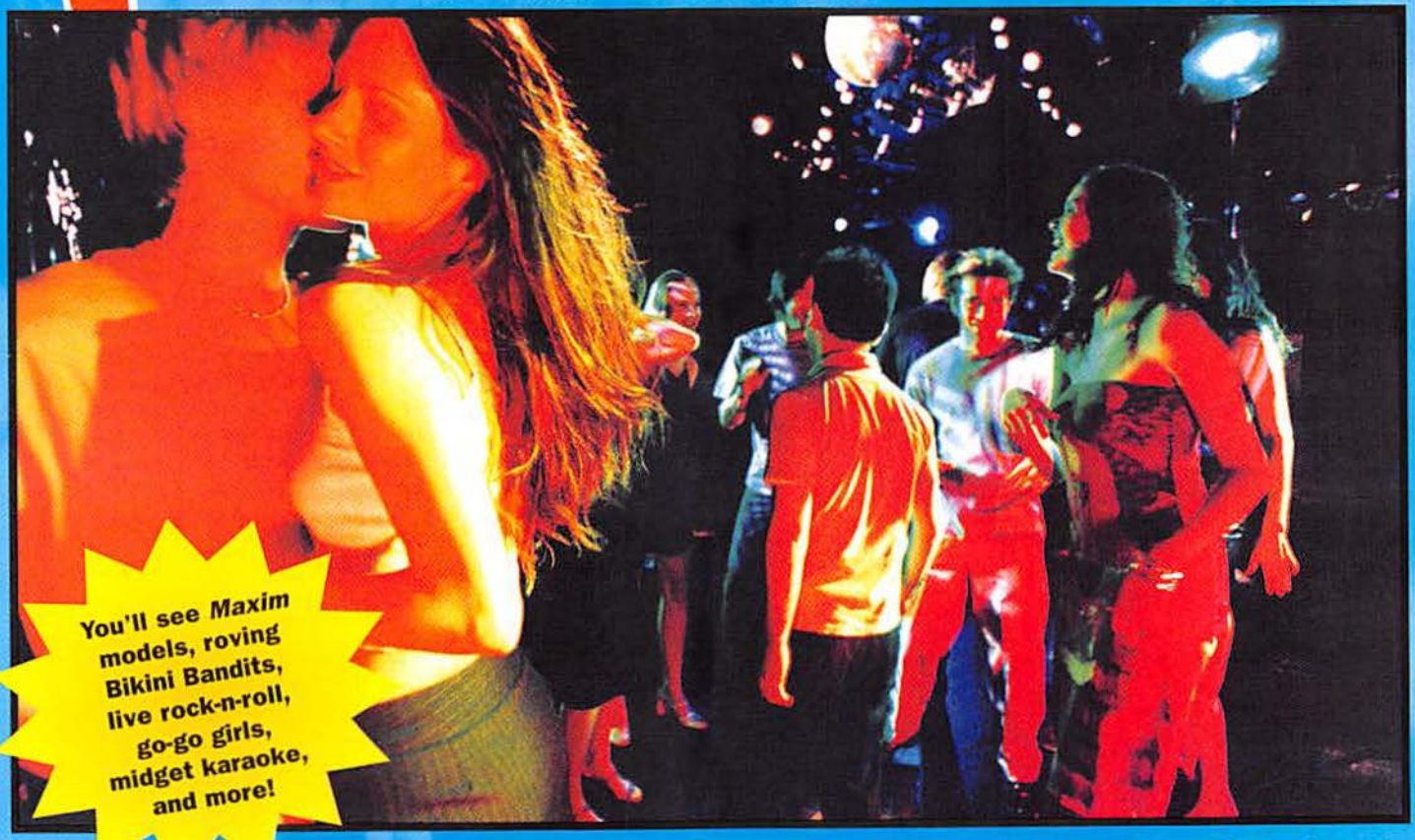

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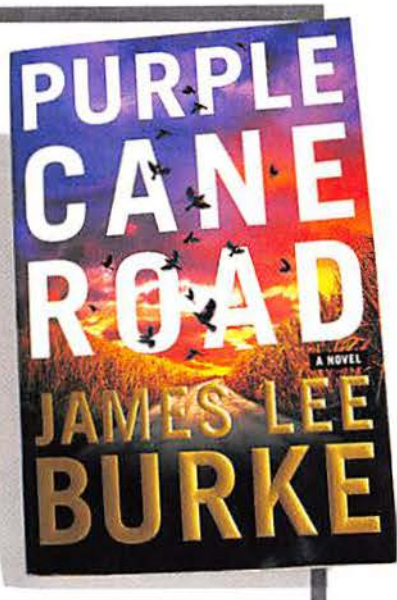
Purple Cane Road

By James Lee Burke (Doubleday, $24.95)



Starring in his 11th hard-boiled crime yarn, former New Orleans detective Dave Robicheaux is still struggling to stay off the sauce. Of course sobriety probably would be a breeze if it weren't for the mutilated bodies that keep popping up wherever he goes. Adding to the Jesus-I-need-a-beer factor this time is Robicheaux's discovery that his long-lost mother was a slut. Whether she was a ho or not, he swears to hunt down her killers. If you're familiar with the seediness of author Burke's previous books, you won't be startled at the Night Gallery of characters Robicheaux encounters on his quest, including a police liaison who keeps the head of a Vietcong in a jar as a souvenir of Nam, and a murderer who could be president of the Lorena Bobbit Fan Club. Toss in a hit man intent on romancing Robicheaux's daughter and you've got a gripping, serpentine plot that matches the treacherous bayou setting—and our hero's equally swampy psyche.—*Steven Lee Beeber*

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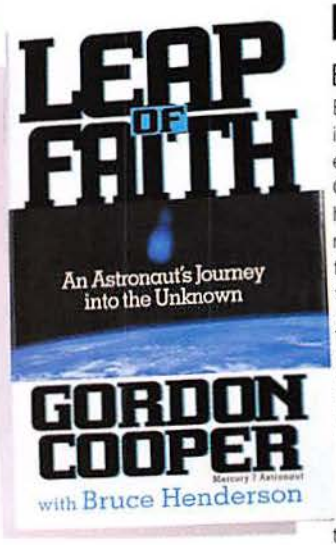
Leap of Faith

By Gordon Cooper (HarperCollins, $25)



Back when the country still got its moon rocks off on space exploration, Gordon "Gordo" Cooper was among the most heroic of astronauts. In his new memoir, he proves he was full of the right stuff, allowing himself to be prodded, frozen, and subjected to G-force experiments that had him literally sweating blood—all to win the honor of being blasted into orbit atop 200 tons of fuel. But the rest of Cooper's tale has us thinking the air in the stratosphere might have been a little too thin. Shortly after hearing about some UFO sightings, he began spotting the suckers. He then teamed with a "telepathic" partner to receive "advanced technologies" from aliens. So what does he conclude when the partner says that his trip aboard a UFO has been canceled because the little green men are squabbling? That the government is involved in a cover-up, of course. Hey, rocket man, last we heard, NASA didn't stand for Not Altogether Sane Anymore.—*S.L.B.*

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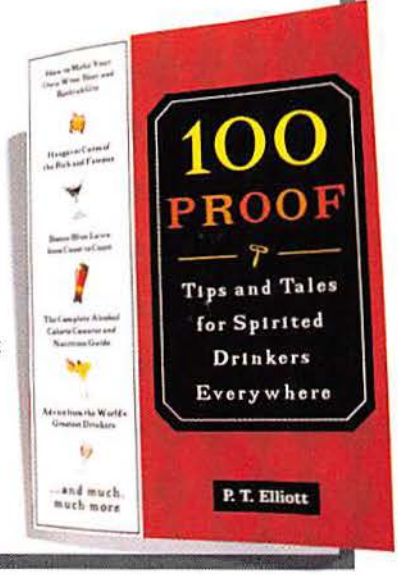
100 Proof: Tips and Tales for Spirited Drinkers Everywhere

By P.T. Elliott (Plume, $10.95)



Usually we'd say that books and booze go together like Sunday school and crystal meth, but this "indispensable barstool companion" makes focusing your bloodshot eyes worthwhile. Though slim as a hip flask, *100 Proof* distills a lot of info, from history (the Chinese chugged suds as early as 800 B.C.) to directions for making your own Prohibition-style bathtub gin to an admiring look at some legendary guzzlers (Winston Churchill knocked back a whiskey and soda every day—right after breakfast). There's even a handy 10-page map section detailing coast-to-coast liquor laws—info we've never seen collected in one place before. But if you're foolish enough to actually drink a Mat Shot—the high-octane runoff from a bartender's spill mat—we suggest you start reading the Bible instead. —*Brian Rosenkrans*

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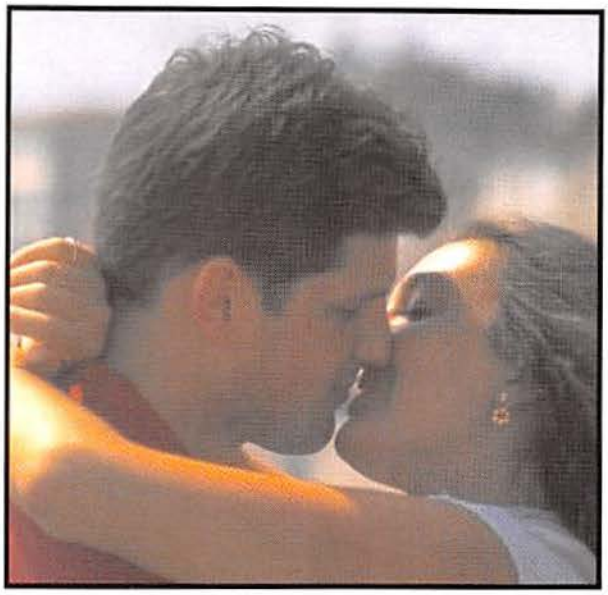
Photographs, Robert Glasgow



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Barred from your favorite drinking establishment? Stop your whining and put together your own killer setup at home.

By Todd Katz Photograph by Satoshi

WMF KINGS SHAKER ($75)

The skinny: Put those day-after shakes to good use by grabbing the King Shaker from German manufacturer WMF. This quintessential deco bar staple features an easy-grip design, built-in strainer, and brushed-metal finish. The three-part stainless steel construction breaks apart easily for washing and quickly reassembles to form an unbreakable watertight seal. **Field test:** Yeah, it makes great friggin' martinis. What else do you wanna know? *(WMF, 800-999-6347)*

THE WURLITZER ONE MORE TIME-PRINCESS CD JUKEBOX ($3,995)

The skinny: Too drunk to load a CD? With a jukebox all you need to do is press a button. This thing holds up to 120 CDs, eliminating the need to stop drinking to put on more music. Its compact design allows you to mount it on the wall or on a countertop. **Field test:** The LS120 speakers allowed our neighbors to appreciate our musical taste. *(Wurlitzer, 800-987-5480)*

KEGMAN 'GRAND DELUXE' DRAFT TOWER ($262)

The skinny: Wanna put your fridge to good use? Drill a hole in the goddamn thing and convert it into a giant beer dispenser! You supply the CO_2 tank and KegMan provides the tap, tubing, valve connectors, and optional stainless steel drip tray. To pay for it all, invite some minors over and charge 'em $12 a pint. **Field test:** Uh, be prepared to destroy a few fridges while setting this baby up. *(KegMan, 860-292-6633)*

LUMICHRON NEON CLOCK ($545)

The skinny: The folks at Lumichron let you create your own unique bar clock by giving you dozens of styles, colors, and decorative elements to choose from. You can include any text (no matter how tasteless!) and preview your ticker using the Clock Builder program at their Web site (www.lumichron.com). **Field test:** This baby timed an hour way more accurately than an intern counting to "3,600 Mississippi"—24 times in a row! *(Lumichron, 616-774-2869)*

THE WINE ENTHUSIAST MINI DISTILLING MACHINE ($229)

The skinny: With this steel-plated distiller, you can rekindle the fascination sparked by your first chemistry set while getting loaded in the process. Made in Italy, it transforms wine into killer brandy in 15 minutes. It can even cook up some moonshine (beware of the ATF). **Field test:** We turned a bottle of Thunderbird into a "drinkable" brandy, then told our art director it was the good stuff. Idiot. *(Wine Enthusiast, 800-648-6058)*

KITCHENAID ULTRA POWER 5 SPEED BLENDER ($130)

The skinny: Nothing can destroy a summer party faster than a busted blender (except when a pal confesses that he likes you "in another way"). KitchenAid's top-of-the-line blender, with a 4.8 amp motor, is virtually jam-proof. And the stainless steel carafe will make it through more wild parties than your brittle skull will. **Field test:** It took 15 seconds to mix cubes and tequila into the smoothest froth. *(KitchenAid, 800-541-6390)*

COLUMBIA LABORATORY ALERT BREATHALYZER ($395)

The skinny: Sure, this toy can keep you from running down old ladies, but what's *really* fun is using it as a radar gun for your liver. The LED screen displays blood-alcohol levels to .001%. Also included: a case and reusable mouthpieces. **Field test:** We disguised our breath by eating cigars, but it still tracked our descent into delirium. And it was a piece of cake to operate, even after blowing .024. *(Columbia, 800-952-2181)*

THE J. PETERMAN COMPANY SILVER-PLATED BAR SET ($100)

The skinny: When it comes to mixing perfect drinks, you're gonna need more than your fingers. Nestled in this retro-cool bar set's green velvet case are a silver-plated ice scoop, a spoon stirrer, a serrated knife, a double measurer, and a bottle opener. **Field test:** We ran over each item with a '74 Ford Maverick. Result: an ugly pile of scrap tin. But these tools worked just fine when used properly. *(J. Peterman, 212-370-0855)*

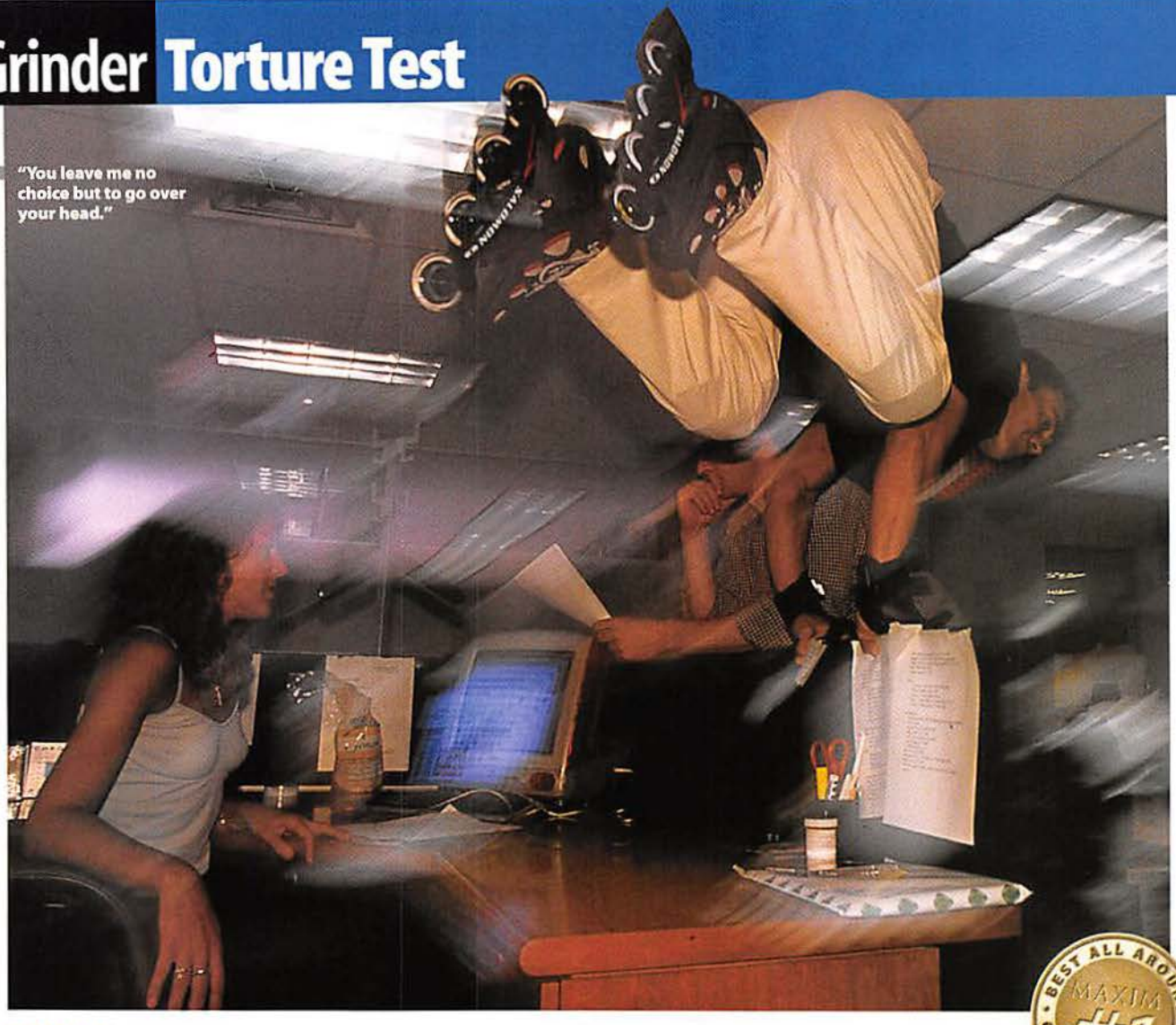
SCREWPULL 'ELEGANCE' BY LE CREUSET ($230)

The skinny: The Screwpull is the world's most effortless uncorker. Just stick your bottle under it, clamp it in place, push down the lever, then pull out the cork (Note: Not for screw-tops, dumb-ass). The zinc-plated Elegance model, Le Creuset's latest, comes with a stand and a foil cutter. **Field test:** Our girlfriends effortlessly yanked cork after cork—another step toward the inevitable obsolescence of men. *(Le Creuset, 877-273-8738)*

DIA BAR AND STOOLS ($4,785)

The skinny: Still storing your booze on the night table? It's time to cloak your alcoholism in some class. This steel-and-glass bar with leather-padded stools from Design Institute America features a smooth shelf for your liquor and a glass serving space. Only problem: It's so sharp, you'll be loath to ralph on it. **Field test:** This sturdy bar wouldn't budge, even when some hockey-loving editors checked each other into it. *(DIA, 877-678-4342)*

Hair & makeup, Ellen Koenigsberg for Utopia



"You leave me no choice but to go over your head."

ROAD KILL

Skate of the Art

To find out which are the most cutting-edge in-line blades, we strapped 'em on—for 16 hours straight. By Roy M. Wallack

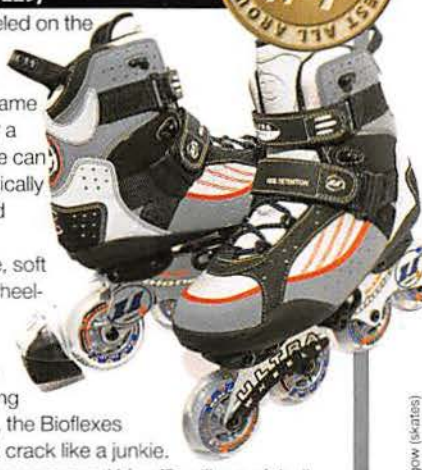
Remember 10 years ago, when you first saw a guy cruise by on a pair of in-line skates? You wanted to kick the crap out of him, didn't you? But instead you ran out and bought a pair. Nowadays, according to the National Sporting Goods Association, there're 24 million skaters out there—commuting, socializing, face-planting on pavement. And most are using the same cement-shoes-on-wheels they bought back when George Bush didn't have a W in his name.

Today's skates are soft and comfortable. They're loaded with new technology. And if that's not enough to get you to plunk down plastic, consider this, you cheap bastard: 50.6 percent of all skaters are women—and most of them are wearing *hardly anything*.

To get you up to speed, we gathered a bunch of the hottest new skates out there to see which are the fastest, most comfortable, and most appealing to the ladies. Then we recruited some testers—six L.A. roller hockey players who work within blocks of the famed Venice Beach skate path—and forced them to strap on a pair for an entire friggin' day, from the moment they awoke until they passed out. After all, if your feet are bloody after 16 hours of stoplights, stairwells, and toilet stalls, who cares how cool they look? Let's roll:

"Sir! You forgot your dignity!"

ULTRAWHEELS BIOFLEX EX11 ($229)



Lowdown: The Bioflex is modeled on the innovative ice skates worn by record-setting speed skaters in the last Winter Olympics. The frame is made of two pieces joined by a hinge in the middle, so the skate can flex like a running shoe—theoretically resulting in a more powerful and comfortable push-off.

Specs: Bioflex aluminum frame, soft boot, 80 mm wheels, 14-inch wheelbase. Weight: 3.85 lbs each

Looks like: Fonda's wheels in *Easy Rider II: Electric Boogaloo*

Sixteen-hour marathon: During our skater's morning commute, the Bioflexes absorbed crack after pavement crack like a junkie. Hours one through four: He tore ass around his office like a pinball until he plunged into a copy machine (game over!). "These skates flex and bend like Cindy Crawford, making for a hot, sweaty ride." Hours four through 16: Our guy darted around, pretending he was working, then jetted off to a roller-hockey game. "I had fewer cramps than a Midol poster girl."

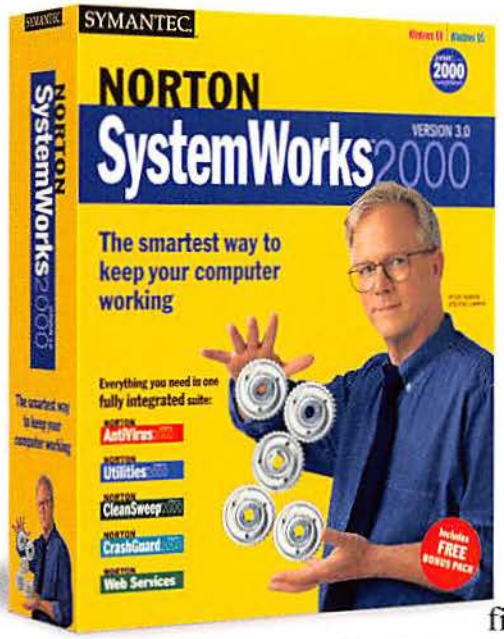
Horsepower: *Vroom.* "I had to deliberately slow myself down."

Chick magnet: The ladies swarmed our man, calling his skates "butt-ugly but intriguing"—like Lyle Lovett.

Bottom line: These sweet rides are fast and furious—the best value in the skate world. Ultrawheels should make enough bank on this model to hire a new graphic artist to redo the cheesy logo.

Photographs, charlesamuels.com (test); Robert Giangow (skates)

Forget About Your Problems.



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Ben Patterson, CNET.com*

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Grinder Torture Test

TECNICA MARATHON ($624)

Lowdown: This five-wheel skate is the dragster of the in-line world—a low-cut, hard-shelled boot built for speed.
Specs: Aluminum frame, 80 mm wheels, 14-inch wheelbase. Weight: 3.8 lbs
Looks like: A radical new penis pump
Sixteen-hour marathon: Our tester found the low-cut boot (designed for leaning forward at high speed) lacking in support, especially on bumpy terrain. "I said 20 Hail Marys the first mile," he said, "and I'm Jewish." But by hour two he was hauling ass. "The frames made turning difficult, with crossover step impossible," he said, so he barreled into a couple of busty females (oops!). Hours 10 to 16: The hard shell (essential for leverage) began to make his feet throb like a pair of cheap whores when the Navy's in town. "How much are you guys payin' me, anyway?" Answer: *Nada!*
Horsepower: Size matters. The long wheelbases pushed our guy to work faster than he gets there by car.
Chick magnet: Women flocked. "Even the guys dug 'em," he noted. "If anyone asks me to squeal like a pig, I'm *outta* here."
Bottom line: If you're an advanced skater and a speed freak, your skate has arrived. If not, you'd better have good insurance.

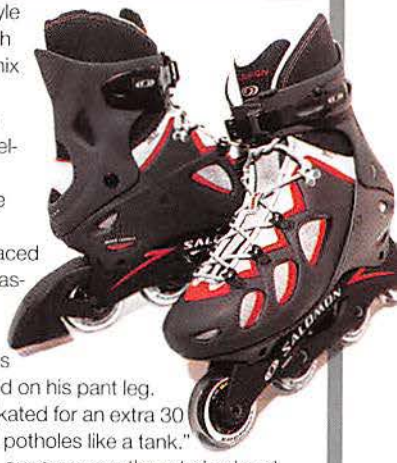
K2 CATALYST ($249)

Lowdown: At just three pounds, this is the world's lightest skate. Also key: K2's industry-changing "soft boot"—a comfy, padded bootie locked into a hard plastic ankle cuff.
Specs: 77.5 mm wheels, 14-inch wheelbase, plastic ankle-support magnesium frame
Looks like: Mutant striped bass
Sixteen-hour marathon: Soft boots *rule*. Our tester, owner of an eight-year-old pair of hard-shelled skates, was stunned during his nine-mile commute—"I felt like my feet were getting sucked on." Hour five: At an important client meeting, he launched into an ill-timed monologue about how the Catalyst's magnesium frame soaks up vibrations naturally. Meanwhile his boss became self-conscious when our towering tester remarked, "Jeez, I didn't realize your bald spot was so big." On the way home our guy turned on the speed and nearly ran down a nun ("Yup, the brakes work").
Horsepower: "An ethereal connection between neurons and pavement." Translation: The light weight and long wheelbase give more glide per stride.
Chick magnet: Several women stopped by to finger the wheels and stroke these silvery frames. Our man got more play in an hour than he's gotten all year.
Bottom line: The most comfortable skates on the market, bar none. Who the hell needs shoes, anyway? Live to roll, dude!

ROLLERBLADE DERBY ($190)

Lowdown: It's a skate! It's a boot! It's both, goddamnit! This "convertible" skate has two parts that snap together: a black street-worthy Asolo boot and a four-wheel frame.
Specs: Clip-on composite frame, 74 mm wheels, 12.75-inch wheelbase, black leather boot. Weight: 4 lbs
Looks like: The bastard love child of Dr. Marten and Tonya Harding
Sixteen-hour marathon: Our commuting tester almost got arrested for yelling obscenities after he nearly face-planted because of the skate's poor cuff support. "My ankles nearly gave way, along with my bowels." Hour three: His ankles nearly snapped again while trying to stand still at the urinal. Talk about getting pissed off. Hour six: He detached the wheels for a meeting with his boss, who asked if he'd just had a run-in with Richard Simmons (the stiff soles *do* make you walk funny). Hour 15: Sans wheels, the black leather boots helped him fit right in at a local biker bar.
Horsepower: Weak ankle support? Small wheels and low-end bearings? These in-line skates make you feel like you're *standing* in line.
Chick magnet: "Girls backed away as if I were Ted Kaczynski."
Bottom line: Although too gimmicky for serious skating, two of our testers were dying for a pair. "They're the perfect getaway vehicle," said one. "Walk in, shoot to kill, then silently roll away." Sure, guys.

SALOMON AC 7 ($150)



Lowdown: This skate is an old-style plastic hard-shell boot jammed with modern updates—like a dance remix of a Van Halen record.
Specs: Composite frame, 76 mm wheels, 13.25-inch wheelbase, heel-shock absorber. Weight: 3.6 lbs
Looks like: Bobby Orr's signature orthopedic slippers
Sixteen-hour marathon: As he laced these boats up, our tester was pleasantly surprised: "They fit like a glove, not a cheap skate." Hour four: While he was taking a leak, his skate slid into the urinal; he dribbled on his pant leg. Hour five: "These fit so well that I skated for an extra 30 minutes at lunchtime. They handle potholes like a tank." Hour 16: The AC 7's are so comfy, our guy wore them to bed and begged his wife to call him Mr. Big Wheel.
Horsepower: With smaller wheels and a short wheelbase, you only have the *illusion* of speed. (Bonus: Less carnage when you eat it!)
Chick magnet: The only women who liked 'em were two secretaries who'd just returned from a *Star Wars* convention.
Bottom line: The feel and fit of a top recreational skate, and you won't have to peddle your ass to afford 'em!

FINAL VERDICT	
ULTRAWHEELS BIOFLEX EX11	♿♿♿♿♿
K2 CATALYST	♿♿♿♿♿
SALOMON AC 7	♿♿♿♿♿
TECNICA MARATHON	♿♿♿♿♿
ROLLERBLADE DERBY	♿♿♿♿♿

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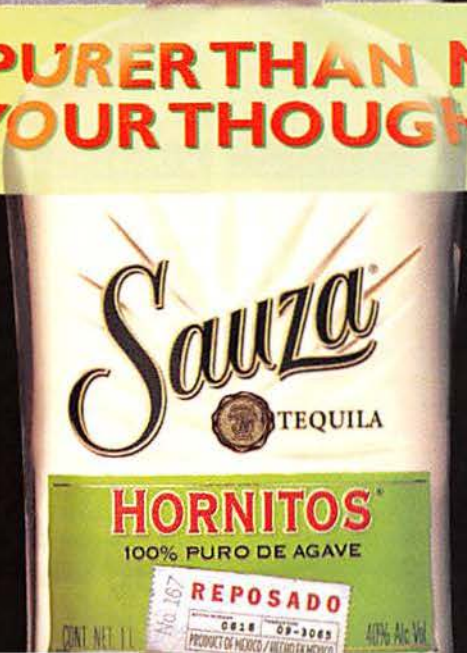

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Grinder Time Bomb

Marion Berry's clever disguise threw off the heat.

CHAIN GANG

Beat the Lock!

We tested our mettle against five badass bike locks. Which held us off the longest? By Chris Van Nes

It was the bicycle of your dreams—groovy banana seat, baseball cards in the spokes, a frame that handled a bumpy ride like a porn star. Then one day you left it outside a 7-Eleven and some goddamn punk made off with it. After years of therapy, alcohol abuse, and meaningless sexual encounters, you swore to yourself: You'd never let it happen again. We're here to help. We took five of the industry's top high-tech bike locks to a nearby metal shop, tossed the keys in the trash, then timed how long it took us to bust each open with some hard-core street tools—a hacksaw, a set of three-foot bolt cutters, and a 6,500-degree, highly focused electrical welding tool called a plasma torch (hey, you never know). Here's how long it took us to turn each lock into scrap iron:

TREK DREADLOCKS CABLE ($17)

Specs: Six-foot-long, 10-millimeter-thick steel cable encased in vinyl, with steel-bolt lock. Weight: 1.5 lbs

Hacksaw test: Snap—60 seconds
Bolt cutter test: Crackle—58 seconds
Plasma torch test: Pop—nine seconds!
Overall: Ya, mon. The Dreadlocks is a great buy...if you live in a friggin' geriatric community. Sure, the compact cable—weighing just a pound and a half—is convenient to carry, and easily weaves in and out of your spokes and around your seat. But here in Times Square, we wouldn't lock up a pogo stick with it.
SCORE:

KRYPTONITE NEW YORK CHAIN ($90)

Specs: Thirty-nine-inch boron-manganese chain with nylon cover, casehardened half-inch steel shackle. Weight: 6.1 lbs
Hacksaw: No deal. After two minutes, we got spooked and ran.
Bolt cutters: Kryptonite says this lock can withstand 20,000 pounds of cut force—more than we could dish out.

Plasma torch: The chain lasted 16 seconds. We have a winner!
Overall: Kryptonite has so much confidence in this lock, they guarantee it up to $2,000. Sure, it weighs over six pounds, but with its "case-hardened triple-heat-treated trapezoidal link" chain, the thing performs. We're lucky these guys don't make chastity belts.
SCORE:

KRYPTONITE EV 3000 ($70)

Specs: Four-by-nine-inch heat-treated-steel U-lock, with double-deadbolt locking system. Weight: 2.3 lbs
Hacksaw: Never. Two minutes and our saw was duller than Al Gore.
Bolt cutters: Talk about heavy metal. Our industrial-strength cutters snapped like Joe Theismann's ankle.
Plasma torch: We fried this lock like a breaded clam in just eight seconds.
Overall: Kryptonite claims that its newest lock, with its "Kryptonium" double-deadbolt system, is the strongest U-lock on the market, able to confound troops of crack-addled bike thieves in a single bound. They're right. If you're into lugging a big, clumsy contraption around, this is your best bet.
SCORE:

SPECIALIZED WEDLOCK ($55)

Specs: Six four-inch hardened-steel links with stainless-steel rivets, rubber carrying case. Weight: 1.9 lbs
Hacksaw: Barely post-pubescent *Maxim* staffer Dave Itzkoff could grow a beard before you sawed through this lock.

Bolt cutters: Our tester moaned and groaned like Elvis on the can, to no avail.
Plasma torch: The Wedlock lasted longer than one of Liz Taylor's marriages—eight seconds.
Overall: Combining the strength of a U-lock and the flexibility of a chain, this convenient number folds into a rubber case that's smaller than a water bottle. Thumbs up!
SCORE:

SCHWINN BIKE SHACKLE DELUXE ($25)

Specs: Steel-shackled U-lock with chromoly steel crossbar, steel-cylinder dual-fork locking mechanism. Weight: 2.1 lbs
Hacksaw: The only thing that ripped open were the blood blisters on our torture tester's hands.
Bolt cutters: The Shackle busted in just 28 seconds. Hey, thanks for nothing.
Plasma torch: Snap!—in just nine seconds. Looks like you're walkin', pal.
Overall: Schwinn tosses around hard-ass terms like *chromoly cross-bar* and *dual-fork locking mechanism*. Truth is, this U-lock snapped faster than a drunken sorority girl's bra strap. But, hey, if you've got a good insurance policy...
SCORE:

Photographs, Satoshi (thief); prop stylist, Greg Meyer for Oliver Pho; Michael Kraus (products)

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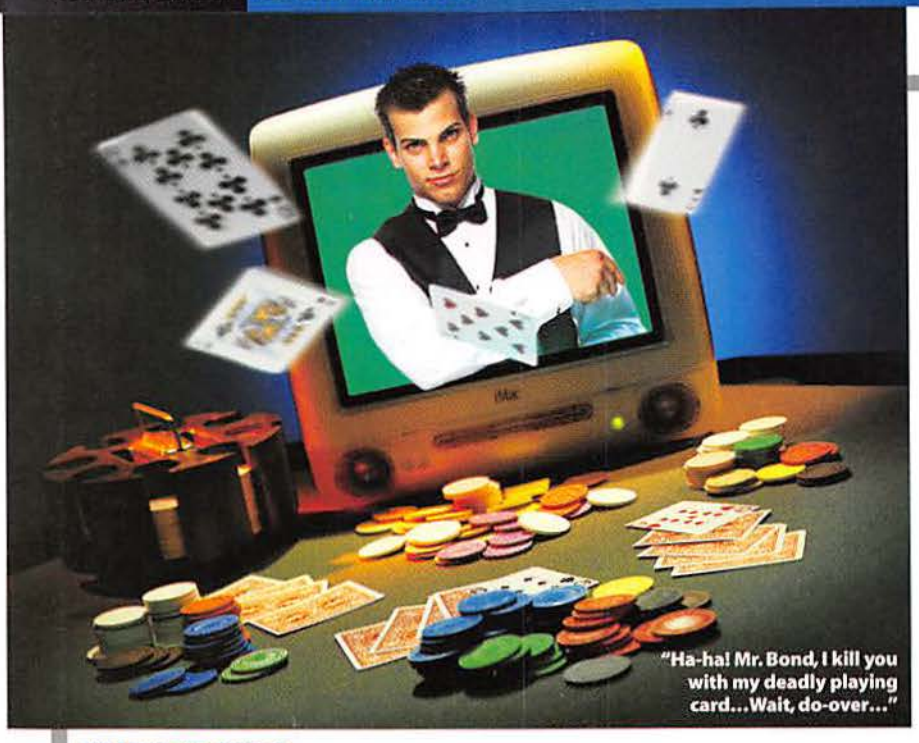


COMPUTER CHIPS

Roll the Mice!

Any idiot can blow his wad at an online casino. But which house rules? By Alex Straus

Once upon a time, Las Vegas was a special place, a town where guys made pilgrimages to blow their kids' college funds on cards and whores. Fret not, but those days are over. Now Sin City makes house calls; all you need is a computer and a credit card. Online gambling is of dubious legality in this country, but thousands of Americans throw cash down at the Internet's 700 offshore casinos daily. Most of these outfits use third-party software, which (supposedly) ensures that your odds are the same as in any Vegas house. So to get you rolling, we found some guys who regularly ride Lady Luck through cyberspace and cataloged their travels to four well-known casinos to see which has the best graphics, skimpiest sketch factor, and hottest bonus package (free cash!). They stopped at the sportsbook, blackjack, and roulette tables at each. Here's how they fared:

GAMBLERS PALACE (www.gamblerspalace.com)

The dice: This site's licensed in Costa Rica. Within five minutes of logging on, we were high rolling. Minimum bet: $1
Blackjack: Groovy graphics and sound effects add a touch of realism as you bet up to $250 on one or six deck games. Our tester had just one complaint: "The dealer tore me a new one. It must be fixed!"
Roulette: "Your cash value is listed right on-screen," said our guy, "and when you click on a bet, a banner lists your odds. This table's easier to play than any in Vegas."
Sportsbook: *Ka-ching!* Our tester put 50 fun tickets on the NBA Eastern Conference finals: the Pacers minus four against the Knicks. Indiana won by four. That's a push (you get only your bet back). But the site credited him with a win. *¡Gracias, hombres!*
Bonus: $20 on $250 deposit
Overall: This joint's so organized, our guy lost his shirt in minutes.

SPORTFANATIK (www.sportfanatik.com)

The dice: The proud owner of a Margarita Island license, this site runs on Starnet software, which took an agonizing 30 minutes to download. Minimum bet: $5
Blackjack: Even after downloading virtual strippers to frolic on his table, our guy bitched that "all is not bliss in Margaritaville." Of the 34 hands he played, 22 were either 12s, 13s, 14s, or 15s, and every time the house had an ace showing, it hit blackjack. After a half-hour, he was tapped out and fully aroused.
Roulette: Sportfanatik has the most realistic spinner, and unlike the other sites', it spreads out across your entire screen. "The play sure is fast," said our boy, "but the odds are the same. Roulette's a sucker's game."
Sportsbook: "The largest sports betting selection on the Internet" lets you throw down on anything from NHL games to Scottish soccer to whether or not Chelsea Clinton's still a virgin (OK, we made up the last one.) Thumbs-up!
Bonus: 10 percent on initial deposit
Overall: The naked girls are a nice touch, but what really puts this casino on top is its staggering variety (more than 30 casino games; a sportsbook that's longer than the Old Testament). We have a winner!

What, no dip?

OFFSHORE ACTION (www.offshoreaction.com)

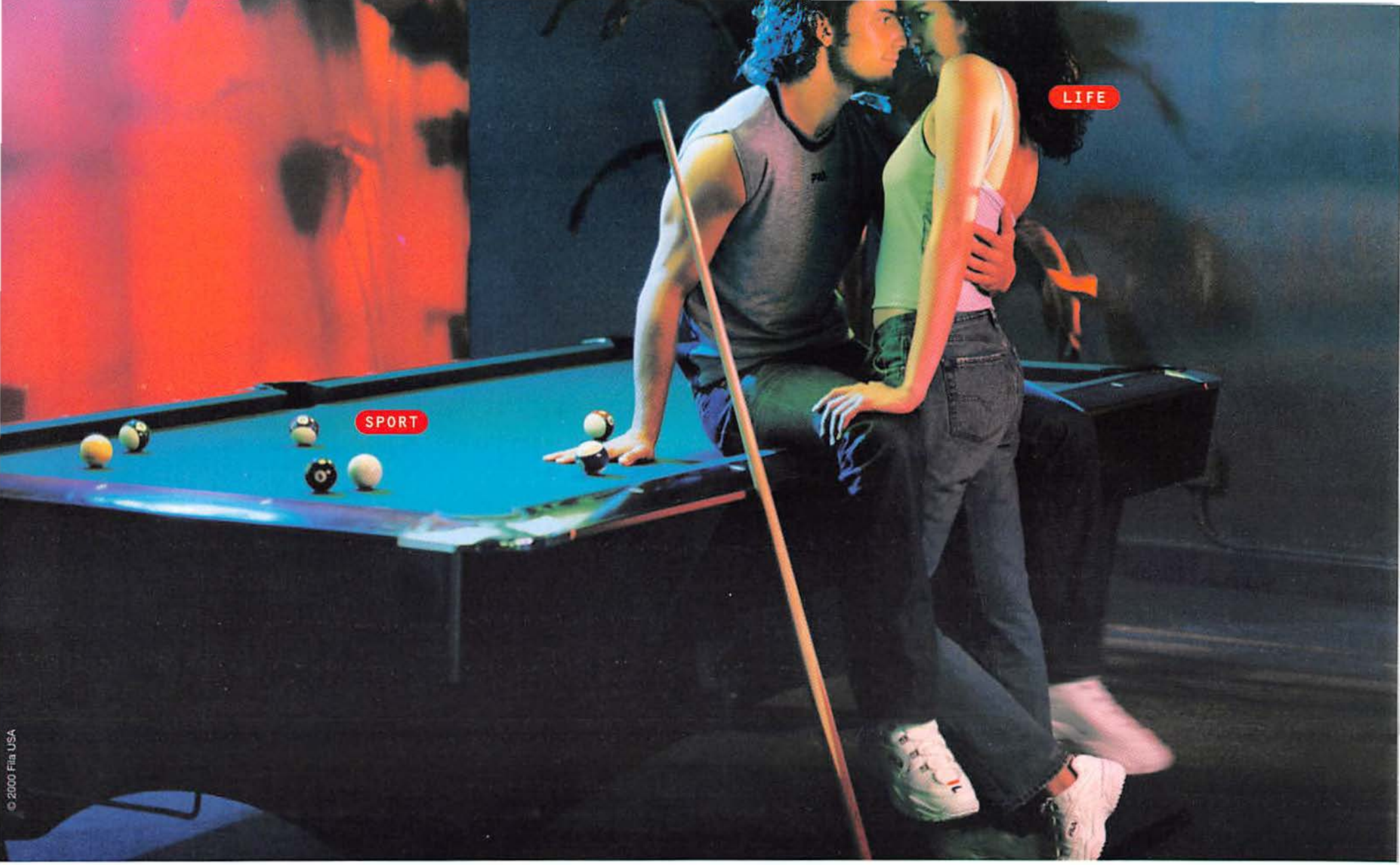
The dice: You can set up an account at this licensed Costa Rican house in less time than it takes to have a piss. Minimum bet: $1
Blackjack: These guys use the same software as Gamblers Palace, so the table is the same—conveniently organized, with listed betting options and cash on-screen. "I felt like a teenager scoring my first piece of ass," said our tester. "I blew my load in seconds."
Roulette: Our gambler's computer kept freezing mid-spin. "I got my cash back, but it was friggin' annoying, so I quit."
Sportsbook: With its yawn-inducing list of hockey and hoops games, our man found this book duller than a clothed stripper. He bet $5 on the Knicks to win the first game of a playoff series (idiot). But the site didn't log his bet or take his cash when he lost.
Bonus: 10 percent on initial deposit
Overall: A roulette table with seizures? A sportsbook that ignores your bets? If we want abuse, we'll spend more time at work.

HAVANA CASINO (www.havanacasino.com)

The dice: This house might be run out of Fidel's bedroom for all we know. It was listed as "Poisoned Beef" in a recent book on online gambling because of its consistent inaccuracies, but our guy logged on anyway (hmm...smart). Minimum bet: $1
Blackjack: The cheesy Latin music blew, and the dealer was slower than the smack addict in front of our building. But hey, our tester was up $200...for about 30 seconds.
Roulette: "Temporarily Unavailable." We held a vigil and kidnapped a little boy.
Sportsbook: This house claims to have a sportsbook. In reality it has a link to another site, where you have to start from scratch.
Bonus: 10 percent on initial deposit
Overall: *¡Mierda!* If this were a real casino, we'd have spilled our drinks on the tables and "missed" the urinal.

FINAL VERDICT	
GAMBLERS PALACE	
SPORTFANATIK	
OFFSHORE ACTION	
HAVANA CASINO	

Photographs, Satoshi (gambling table); Robert Glasgow (dealer, cards, chips)



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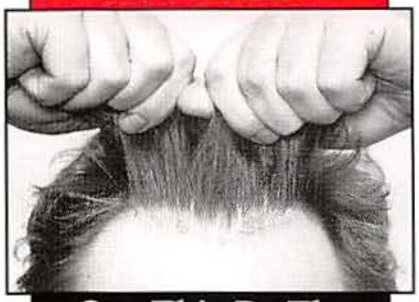

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BUYING GUIDE

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Page 140–141: Suit, $895, by Boss Hugo Boss, call (800) HUGO BOSS. Shirt, $165, by Best of Class by Robert Talbott, at Robert Talbott stores, and select Neiman Marcus and Saks Fifth Avenue stores; or call (800) 747-8778; or visit www.roberttalbott.com. Tie, $110, by Best of Class by Robert Talbott, at Robert Talbott stores; Zarah, Boston; and Anderson-Norton; or call (800) 747-8778; or visit www.roberttalbott.com. Suit, $650, by Hart Schaffner and Marx, at Marshall Field, Dillard's, and Nordstrom. Suit, $40, shirt, $50, and tie, $40, all by Tommy Hilfiger, at select department stores; or call (800) 798-998; or visit www.tommy.com. Suit, $1,055, shirt, $98; and tie, $85, by Polo by Ralph Lauren, at Polo Ralph Lauren stores. Suit, $495, shirt, $50, and tie, $43, all by cK, at Macy's, Bloomingdale's, and Dayton Hudson. Shoes, $160, by Kenneth Cole New York; call (800) KEN-COLE; or visit www.kennethcole.com.

Page 142–143: Suit, $425, by Chaps Ralph Lauren, at Macy's and Lord & Taylor. Shirt, $85, by Polo by Ralph Lauren, at Polo Ralph Lauren stores. Tie, $110, at Robert Talbott stores, Mitchells of Westport, and select Saks Fifth Avenue stores; or call (800) 747-8778; or visit www.roberttalbott.com. Suit, $650, by Hart Schaffner and Marx, at Marshall Field, Dillard's, and Nordstrom. Shirt, $225, by Best of Class by Robert Talbott, at Robert Talbott stores, and select Neiman Marcus and Saks Fifth Avenue stores; or call (800) 747-8778; or visit www.roberttalbott.com. Tie, $65, by Polo by Ralph Lauren, at Polo Ralph Lauren stores. Jacket, $295, by Claiborne 2.0, at Macy's West, Filene's, and Carson's. Shirt, $40, and tie, $35, all by Claiborne 2.0, at Lord & Taylor, Macy's, and May Company. Suit, $496, shirt, $70, and tie, $45, all by Kenneth Cole New York; call (800) KEN-COLE; or visit www.kennethcole.com.

Page 144–145: Suit, $425, and shoes, $135, by Nautica, at Lord & Taylor, Dayton Hudson, and Macy's West; or call (877) NAUTICA; or visit www.nautica.com. Shirt, $34, by Van Heusen, at Macy's East and West; Hecht's, Washington, D.C.; and Robinson-May, L.A. Tie, $110, by Best of Class by Robert Talbott, at Robert Talbott stores, and select Neiman Marcus and Saks Fifth Avenue stores; or call (800) 747-8778; or visit www.roberttalbott.com. Suit, $475, by Perry Ellis Portfolio, at Marshall Field, Dillard's, and Nordstrom. Shirt, $40, and tie, $35, by Perry Ellis Portfolio; visit www.perryellis.com. Socks, $23, by Mountain High Hosiery, at Mitchell's of Westport; Wilkes-Bashford, San Francisco; and Neiman Marcus; or call (619) 262-9202. Suit, $495, shirt, $45, and tie, $40, all by Wilke-Rodriguez; call (800) 44-WILKE. Shoes, $160, by Kenneth Cole; call (800) KEN-COLE; or visit www.kennethcole.com. Suit, $595, shirt, $40, and tie, $49, all by DKNY, at Bloomingdale's and Nordstrom.

Page 146–147: Suit, $1,200, by Ermenegildo Zegna, at Ermenegildo Zegna stores; or call (888) 880-3462. Suit, $1,250, by Canali, at select Saks Fifth Avenue stores; Richards, Greenwich, CT; and Gary's & Co., Newport Beach, CA. Shirt, $225, by Canali, at Taylor Richard's & Conger, Charlotte, NC; Boyd's, Philadelphia; and Garmany, Red Bank, NJ. Tie, $95, by Canali, at Syd Jerome, Chicago; Andrisen Morton, Denver; and Bloomingdale's. Suit, $2,125, shirt, $375, and tie, $115, all by Giorgio Armani, at Giorgio Armani stores; or call (212) 988-9191. Jacket, $415, trousers, $310, shirt, $135, and tie, $98, all by Cerruti, at Cerruti, NYC; or call (212) 327-2222.

Assume crash positions!

QUICK CHANGE

Page 148–149: Sweater, $625, by Issey Miyake, at Issey Miyake, NYC; and Barneys New York. Watch, $125, by Nautica; call (877) NAUTICA; or visit www.nautica.com. Coat, $298, by DKNY, at DKNY stores, NYC and L.A. Skates, $125, by Street Flyers, at F.A.O Schwarz. Vest, $495, by Allegri, at Zaö, NYC; Scott Hill, LA; and Theodore, L.A. Holster, $100, by E-Holster; visit www.eholster.com.

Page 150–151: Backpack, $215, by Boblbee, at Flight 001, NYC. Vest, $80, by Claiborne 2.0, at Macy's and Dayton's. Jacket, $650, by Samsonite Travel Wear, at Jeffrey New York, and select Marshall Field and Fred Segal stores. Pen, $50, by Microvision, at Flight 001, NYC. Travel shirt, $62, by Timberland; call (800) 445-5545. Coat, $895, by Final Home, at Final Home, NYC; Barneys New York; and Bloomingdale's.

DOUBLE DUTY

Page 154: Cotton shirt, $45, by Wilke-Rodriguez, at Macy's West; or call (800) 44-WILKE.

NAME YOUR PRICE

Page 158: Guess?, $60, at Guess? stores and Macy's. Fendi, $200, at Fendi stores; Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; and select Sunglass Hut stores. Hugo Hugo Boss, $338, at Myoptics, Selima Optique, and Wellesley Optical.

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p.11: missile: Ryan Nolan/Leo de Wys; banana: Davies & Starr/Tony Stone; soldier: Susan Meiselas/Magnum; explosion: Danny Lyon/Magnum **p.14:** frog: J. Carmichael /Image Bank; devil: John Lund/Tony Stone; fan: Al Bello/Allsport; Scooby: Everett Collection **p.30-31:** rugby: Welsh Hooker/Colorsport; bowling ball: Photodisc; glass eye: James Stevenson/Science Photo Library/PhotoResearchers; vulture: Koos Delport; Frank Lane Picture Agency/Corbis **p.34:** Scooby: Photofest; skydive: courtesy of Paradigm Entertainment Group (x2); condom: Corbis Royalty-Free; Goodyear: FPG **p.36:** bacteria: Medichrome; gloves: Corbis Royalty-Free; ax: FotoFantasies **p.38:** psychic: MPTV; newsboy: Archive Photos; Davey: FotoFantasies **p.40:** testicle festival: Chip Simons; Prudhomme: Allan Tannenbaum/Corbis Sygma; Maison: courtesy of La Maison de Sade; clown: Richard Hutchings/PhotoResearchers; donkey: Larry Angler/Photri; Woodstock: FotoFantasies; penguin: John Warden/Tony Stone; Pee Wee: Steve Schapiro/Liaison Agency; nudists: Eric Hapj/Sipa **p.41:** baby: Phototake; brain, eye: Medical Images; nose: Visuals Unlimited; cigarette: Steve Taylor/Tony Stone; heart: Joseph R. Siebert/Custom Medical Stock; skin: Grant Heilman; nipple: Ken Greers/Visuals Unlimited; milky way: Chris Butler/Science Photo Library/PhotoResearchers **p.42:** dog: Art Wolfe/PhotoResearchers; monkey: Image Bank; ants: Globe Photos; dog: Superstock; crocodile: Fritz Polking/Peter Arnold; jellyfish: William Amos/Bruce Coleman; elephant: Peter Arnold; fish: Voller Ernst/Photonica; alien: MPTV; Elian: Reuters Newmedia, Inc./Corbis; Pokeman: Neal Peters Collection; Reno: Robert Trippett/Sipa; Castro: AP Photo/Jose Goitia; mustache: Reuter/Rick Wilking/Archive Photos **p.44:** hydrant: Peter Langone/International Stock; addict: Everett Collection **p.46:** buddha: Photodisc; Madonna: Alec Michael/Globe Photos; Crosby: Andrea Renault/Globe Photos; Horry: Donald Miralle; O'Neal: Alec Michael/Globe Photos; Bryant: Fitzroy Barrett/Globe Photos; Martin: Celebrity Photo; Ritchie: Lisa Rose/Globe Photos; Muniz: Reuters/Rose Prouser/Archive Photos **p.48:** drug lords: Angel/Liaison Agency; sequence: Sandia National Laboratories/ Photodisc (x4) **p.50:** golfball: Photodisc; Yeltsin: J. Bourg/Liaison Agency; J.R.: MPTV **p.54:** devil/angel: Elle Schuster/Image Bank; devil: Index Stock; shark: Shooting Star **p.56:** girl: Iain McKell; fish: Irving Shapiro/Medichrome; canoe: Photofest **p.58:** couple: Archive Photos; hand puppet: Cathy Crawford/Nonstock; megaphone: Index Stock; **p.60:** couple: Photofest; listening lady: Superstock; **p.62:** Tony Stone **p.64:** Knicks: New York Post/Corbis; Kournikova: Corbis Sygma; **p.66:** fight, from top: David Klutho/ Sports Illustrated; AP Photo/Tom Pidgeon (x2); soccer fans: Colorsport/Andrew Cowie; soccer players: Drew Farrell/Scottish Viewpoint; **p.68:** fans: Al Bello/Allsport; fight: Bettman/Corbis; fan: Ezra Shaw/Allsport **p.84:** smiley face: Jose L. 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Sargent/Liaison Agency; explosion: Danny Lyon/Magnum; stealth: Leo de Wys; US soldier: Reuters/Jose Miguel Gomez/Archive Photos **p.108:** body bags: Corbis/Bettman **p.118:** Milli: Steve Granitz/Retna; **p.119:** Milli: Neal Preston/Corbis; Carrey: Neal Peters Collection; nose: Phil Banco/Tony Stone **p.120** Milli: Neal Preston/Corbis; nose: Phil Banco/Tony Stone (2); George: Photofest; Pinocchio: Walt Disney Pictures/ Shooting Star **p.121:** Milli: Neal Preston/Corbis; nose: Phil Banco/Tony Stone; Clinton: Dennis Brack/Black Star; medical illustrations, clockwise from left: Phototake (x4); Anatomyworks/ Medichrome; **p.122:** Milli: Neal Preston/Corbis; O.J.: Westenberger/ Liaison Agency; Nixon: AP Photo; Conger: Tom Rodriguez/Globe Photos; nose: Phil Banco/Tony Stone **p.163:** Hurley: Antoine Verglas/Corbis Outline; Li'l Kim: Marc Baptiste/Corbis Outline **p.164:** from top: MPTV; FotoFantasies; Everett Collection; FotoFantasies **p.166:** Li'l Kim: Marc Baptiste/Corbis Outline **p.170:** voodoo: Maggie Steber/Liaison Agency; mice: Jane Burton/Bruce Coleman; bookie: Bob Thomas/Tony Stone **p.188:** clockwise from top: Witold Krassowski/Network/ SABA; Archive Photos; Robert Glasgow

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p.14: leopard bra & panties: Frederick's of Hollywood **p.32:** bra & panties, Laura Urbinati from H. Lorenzo of Beverly Hills; top, Costume National; shoes, Dieo Dolcini from Diavolina Shoes **p.75:** shirt, Rene Lazard; trench coat, Nautica **p.76-80:** all clothing by Norma Kamali **p.82:** suit, Hickey Freeman; **p.84-86:** Andrij; Hart Schaffner and Marx; security 1; tie, sunglasses, belt and shoes, all by Kenneth Cole; security 2; tie, Hugo Boss; belt and sunglasses, Kenneth Cole; girl 1; blazer, Giorgio Armani; skirt, Moschino Couture, bustier, On Gossamer; shoes, Walter Steiger; girl 2: blazer, Moschino Couture; skirt, Dolce & Gabbana; bustier, On Gossamer; shoes, Giorgio Armani **p.110-111:** hot pants, House of Field; boots, Sky Shoes; **p.112:** leather bikini top & mink, Carla Behrle; shorts, House of Field; feather neckpiece, Erickson Beamon; **p.113:** dress, Heike Jarick; panties, Fredrick's of Hollywood; necklace, Erickson Beamon; **p.116:** topless bathing suit, Cottage Industry **p.124:** Isabella; Elisabetta Rogiani, LA, CA; Bridget: jacket, Chanel; Maria: dress, Alberta Ferretti; Tyra top, Migelina **p.127:** leather outfit; Patricia Adams, available at Studio 109, NYC **p.128:** leather jacket, D&G Dolce&Gabana **p.129:** leather outfit, Patricia Adams, available at Studio 109, NYC; boots, Manolo Blahnik, available at Montana Rader, NYC **p.130:** leather bikini, Elisabetta Rogiani, LA, CA; leather leg wraps, Patricia Adams, available at Studio 109, NYC **p.131:** leather top, Patricia Adams, available at Studio 109, NYC; hot pants, available at Skirt Showroom, NYC **p.132:** suede pants, Roberto Cavalli **p.133:** top, Migelina, jeans, Helmut Lang **p.134:** jean jacket, Helmut Lang; skirt, Jean Paul Gaultier **p.135:** leather top, Patricia Adams, available at Studio 109, NYC

CORRECTION: In the June 2000 issue, Brittany Daniel was photographed by Aaron Rapopr;, stylist, Sylvia Ryder for Celestine; hair, Kali Hoefinger for Celestine; makeup, Agostina for Cloutier/Valerie of Beverly Hills; produced by Gwen Walberg.

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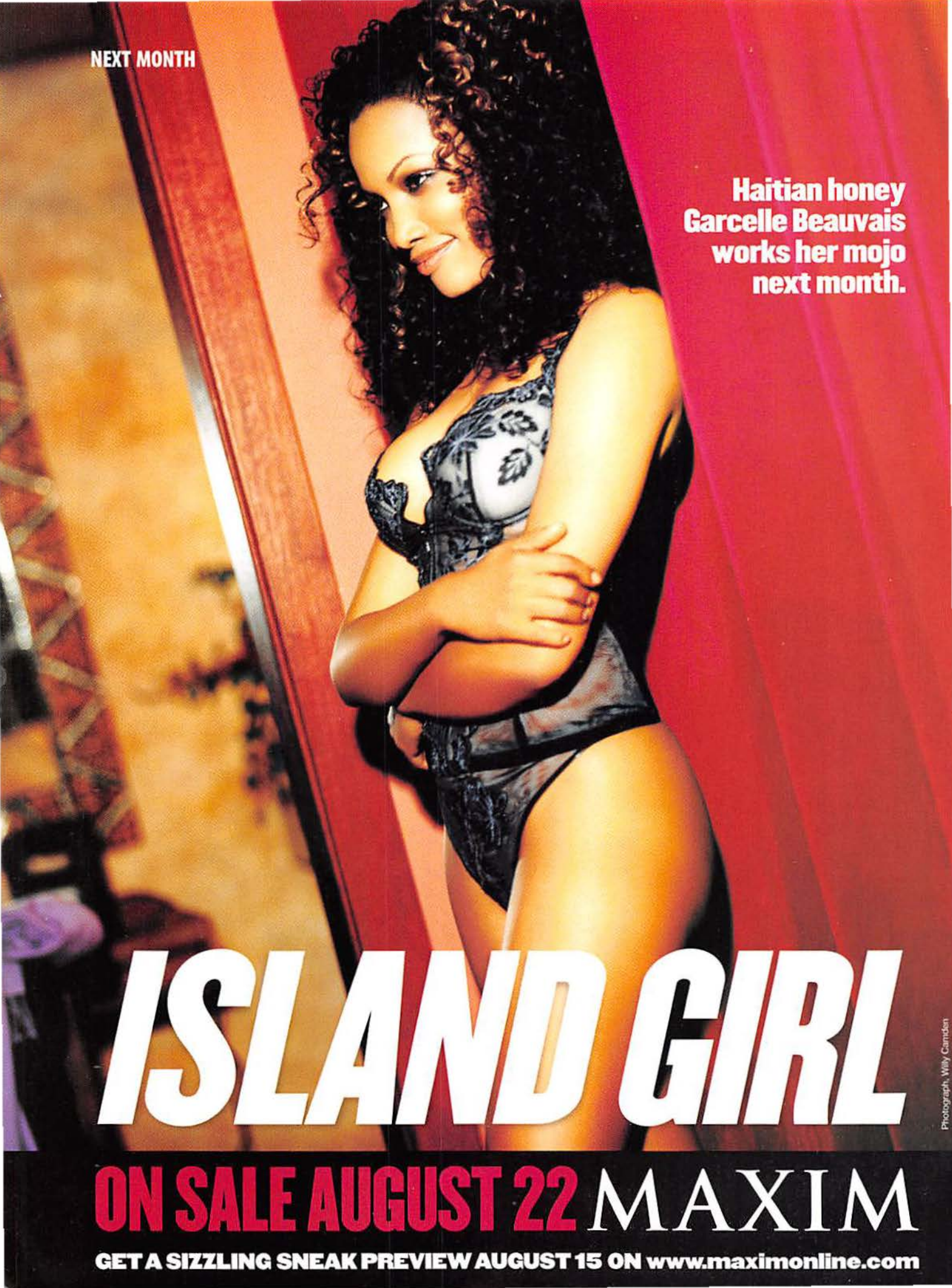
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Thomas F. Stoeger, Appleton, WI

Runners-up:
Blatant violation of the no-fly zone.
Geoff Hughes, Persian Gulf

"That's the last time I drop acid at the Gap."
Travis Cohen, OH

MAXIM (ISSN 1092-9789) is published 12 times per year by Dennis Maxim, Inc., 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 14th floor, New York, NY 10018; Tel (212) 302-2626. • Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. • POSTMASTER: Send change of address to: Maxim, P.O. Box 420234, Palm Coast, Florida 32142-0234. One-year subscription rates: for U.S., $17.94; for Canada, $24.00; for all other countries, $34.00 in prepaid U.S. funds. Subscription information: (800) 829-5572, outside the U.S. (904) 447-0212

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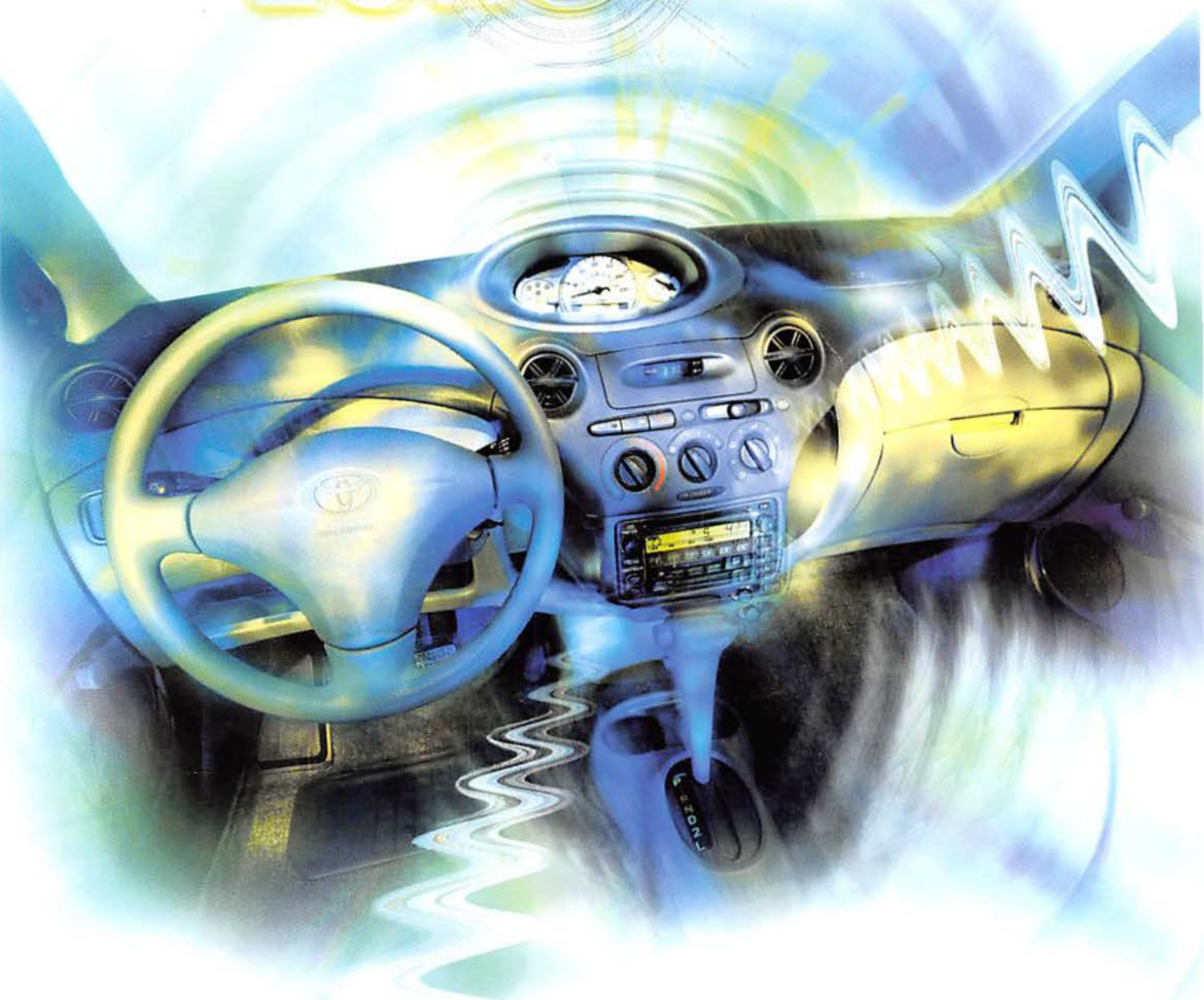

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